

OLD SOX

on

Trumpeting

E. T. GUNDLACH

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Gundlach

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Old Sox on Trumpeting



THE TWINS:—BIG BUSINESS AND BIG BOOSTING
But which is the father? And which is the son?

Old Sox
on
Trumpeting
By
E. T. Gundlach



1928

CONSOLIDATED BOOK PUBLISHERS, *Inc.*

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E. T. GUNDLACH



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Publisher's Preface

THE author of this intensely amusing, yet serious satire, attacking the alleged "bunk" in advertising, is one of the best known publicity men in the United States. Twenty-five years ago he founded the advertising agency of which he is still the active head; and during that time he has personally (note the ironical comment on page 66) handled many millions of publicity for clients of national and international reputation. He was the first to develop the use of coupons in advertising. Some of his headlines have been printed literally in hundreds of millions of copies of periodicals and are presumably known to most newspaper and magazine readers. (See the fantastic comparison between this class of "writing" and real literature on page 96.)

His more widely known work, however, came in connection with the war. In 1915 he was head of a publicity committee urging preparedness, and in 1917, after having served in the Infantry R. O. T. C., and having been transferred to the Quartermasters' Corps on account of defective eyesight, he resigned and was appointed Editor-in-chief of the Four Minute Men at Washington, D. C., writing the bulletins and the speeches.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Later he became associate director general of the Department of Labor's Propaganda Bureau, which had charge of the war industries committees, motion pictures, speakers bureau, newspaper releases and posters. (By the way, Mr. John F. Cuneo, President of the Cuneo Press, the printers of this book, was appointed by him as director of this poster division and served to the end of the war.) After the Armistice Mr. Gundlach was sent to Europe as chairman of the Labor Commission. Soon after his return he handled for some years the extensive government advertising of the United States Shipping Board.

Time will prove the test of the author's advocacy of more action type of advertising with wholly or partly traceable results. At any rate this book, in addition to the entertainment it affords as unusual comedy, will on the one hand warn many a business man by stimulating him to ask Socratean questions about the why and the wherefore of the way he is spending money on advertising vagaries, while on the other hand awakening others who (like the author's Helen) have superficially condemned *all* advertising because *some* of it is quackery.

CONSOLIDATED BOOK PUBLISHERS, Inc.

By S. H. Livingston, President.

“Transcriber’s” Preface

FOR MANY evenings last winter I tooted into my dictating machines about the principles of trumpeting. I had often been urged by my friends to compose such a manuscript; especially by those who expected to hear me trumpet something as martial as Sousa, and quite as heterodox as Stravinsky.

However, this job of writing a military march in $5/4$ time without first brushing away most of the accepted rules, proved rather arduous. Yes, even when chanting something which seemed to me quite simple, my mind was confronted at every turn by grinning fetishes whom I had to knock down before proceeding. Furthermore, as soon as I had trumpeted a new theme of my own, I was immediately beset by my own doubts and qualifications, so that I tore up my manuscript again and again and threw it in with the lumber of the fallen fetishes. Thus, amid such a hodge-podge of attempts to compose and efforts to destroy, the debris became mountainous.

That, oh experts and tyros in tooting, is the difficulty with any honest effort to set up theories on trumpeting: for the facts on mass-psychol-



THE FUNERAL PYRE

The lumber of the fetishes, my own manuscripts and my exploded theories feed the flames for my conclusions.

"TRANSCRIBER'S" PREFACE

ogy that we know to be correct, are few, and the ideas that we ought to know to be wrong, are indeed monumentally many. The one thing that I know to be true, in addition to my knowledge of my basic ignorance, is the fact that the fetishes are fetishes.

So one night when I was consumed with the problem of trying to fulfill and not to destroy, I thought of an old gentleman who had spooked around in my mind for many years. He had been conceived by me for a newspaper syndicate as a parallel to Mr. Dan Patchmore, McCutcheon's tramp. But I had thought of him more as a wise and questioning old rogue, quizzing those who expressed opinions too glibly on economics, politics and other topics of the day.

Well, I thought, why can't Old Sox ask questions about this trumpeting, instead of my trying to answer the questions?

And so I hied me to Athens, dug out the manuscript of Knotall, the youthful head of the trumpeting department of the merchant prince, Zeus-ikin. Therein I found just what I wanted to know, or rather what Old Sox had wanted to know, and couldn't find out any better than I could.

The manuscript was unearthed originally as a mere amusement. But when I had read it all, it seemed to me to summarize quite effectively what I had been trying to prove in my unfin-

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

ished symphony: namely, that none of the faithful know why they believe half of the dogmas in our trumpeting creed, and that some theories quite contrary to our faith may be correct; and at least deserving investigation.

While trying to amuse myself and perhaps a few others, I nevertheless had a serious purpose. This purpose can perhaps be stated by quoting a letter to a well known editor, a man whose name is known to every trumpeting expert in the United States. I had sent him, among others, the manuscript for criticism. His answer was a warning not to publish such material. So I wrote him as follows:

Dear Mr.——.

Whether or not my transcriptions help the "cause" of trumpeting is not primarily my concern. Old Sox points out that insofar as trumpeting helps the commonwealth, it is good and beautiful; and insofar as it may hurt the commonwealth, it must be bad and ugly.

I am as well aware as other trumpeting agents on what side my bread is buttered. My ideas so publicly trumpeted may cost me some of my butter; but I believe I will still retain the bread.

In fact, it was not my intention to transmit a merely destructive criticism. For Knotall inadvertently shows that Aristoteles with his simple arithmetic and Platon, the opponent of poetry, might perhaps be able to make trumpeting profitable (while of benefit to the public), if the merchant prince, Zeus-ikin, will "take a new tack".

If my transcription failed in making this constructive program clear, the little book has fallen short of one de-

"TRANSCRIBER'S" PREFACE

sired result. But, if it should, nevertheless, succeed in puncturing a few bloated "ideas", I should consider it not entirely a failure.

If the current "bunk" may be replaced by sound selling talk genuinely reducing selling expense, then the public will be benefited and trumpeting will be on a more solid foundation. In so far as the "bunk" cannot be thus replaced, and if then my little book should prove effective enough to cause in some measure the results you *fear*, then, with the volume of certain kinds of trumpeting ever so slightly reduced, the public will gain proportionately.

* * *

For helpful suggestions, the thanks of Knot-all's transcriber are due to the Daily Drama Dubs, Mr. Herman Reiwitch, Mr. Wm. E. Moore and Mr. Felix Morley; and to that Most Magnificent Monthly Meower, Mr. Edwin Balmer. For the proper local color in accurately portraying the customs of the early Athenians, including the manners of the merchants, the habits of the hetaeras, and the tricks of the trumpeters, I give credit to Dr. S. L. Sholley, and particularly to Professor B. E. Page of the Peri-Pathetic School. For I sat at the feet of Professor Page 35 years ago as his first disciple in the classics (Lake View High School, Chicago, 1891-1893); and later when he became a trumpeting client, I sat for many years in and on his head. The professor, furthermore, while reading the manuscript, was careful to delete any and all anachronisms, which I, in my

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

untutored way, had failed to spot. Credit—for reading my manuscript all the way through—is due to several classified climbers and horrible hucksters (degraded disciples of direct selling!) all of whom helped Old Sox in winding us into a knot.

As for the pictures—since some archaeologist might discover that these are not faithful copies from the tablets of Knotall, I'll admit frankly that they were prepared in modern times by Mr. Frank Farkas who, I am sure, will hereafter be regarded as quite the equal of Apollodorus. The pictures, you will agree, are good and beautiful, for they are necessary, in order to justify the price of the book.

* * *

One more point: While the transcriber of Knotall's manuscript feels that he owes no apologies to Knotall, nor to the merchant Prince, Zeus-ikin, nor to that King in trumpeting, the towering Tauros, there is one man to whom a word of deference seems due. That man is the superb thinker of the time of Knotall (in his youth a statuary, not a shoemaker) who started the world in the direction of clearer thinking about thinking; who forced analysis and definition of abstract fundamentals, thus destroying weak superstructures of thought and clearing the ground for better building.

"TRANSCRIBER'S" PREFACE

Though he, no doubt, amused himself at times with lengthy, and occasionally specious, arguments, for the sake of the intellectual bout, yet his ultimate and indefatigable goal was the good of the commonwealth; and his busy life was eternally spent to put a clearer mind and a purer heart into the human body.

With his death, the tributes to his greatness of mind and his grandeur of soul began; and since then, amid the changing ages wherever thinking men have gathered, through all the annals of our 2300 years, this bare footed simple Athenian has held the profound respect of mankind.

May we not forget this, while utilizing this noble character to clarify a sportful discourse on trumpeting!

E. T. GUNDLACH

Preface to Second Edition

“Preface to second edition”—sweet sounding words for an author to write! But keep it confidential, oh admiring reader, what it cost me to write those words “preface to second edition.”

The publisher graciously agreed to print 3,000 copies (instead of the usual 1,000 or 2,000 for a special book) on condition that I, unknown as an author, guarantee the sale thru circularizing to dealers and to the public.

I must confess that I felt a bit like the olive oil king, Zeus-ikin, whom you will meet in this book; he relished the idea of making money by trumpeting, but nilly-willy underneath it all, he yearned to trumpet because he had made money and wanted to become famous. Hence, with the cost of circularizing in my hands, it became an easy matter to create large sales—at \$10 each to sell a \$2 book. Thus at a cost of some \$10,000, the first 1,000 copies were moved.

I found myself unable to write a respectable circular on my own book—I then recognized the plight of the manufacturer who knows his goods so well that he cannot write about them

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

himself to the superficially interested public. So I secured outside talent to prepare better circulars; the selling cost of a \$2 sale dropped from \$10 to \$6 or \$5.

Then one day I gathered a few letters from 12 or 15 leading business men and hinted to several others that similar letters would be most welcome. These I gathered into a small circular. Instead of the publisher praising the book thru elaborate circulars, these letters told the story, or rather they told practically nothing except that the book should be read.

The little testimonial circulars were enclosed with a mailing in the hope that another two or three hundred copies might be moved off the shelves. Then the value of the simplest possible methods of selling as against any artificial, self-conscious elaborate "plans," showed itself immediately: the cost per sale dropped from \$5 to \$1 and less. The remaining 1,500 or 1,400 copies of the edition were quickly exhausted and orders from dealers began to come automatically as the result of a larger *action* by consumers, yea from the same dealers who had said "nay-nay" to all my "publicity" effort on this book. In other words, this comparison in results again proved the efficacy of the principle of simplicity in selling as advocated by Old Sox and Aristoteles, a principle promptly vio-

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

lated by me when I became hyper-conscious while tooting my own wares.

Instead of revealing my difficulties and my lavishness in getting "Old Sox" before the public, I might have said that the favorable comments by the earlier readers had caused the widespread demand for this book. But why such subterfuge to a reader who has already paid his two dollars?

Furthermore, I can afford to be frank in a preface! A preface is always a confidential document; few, if any, read it. For that reason, I have put into an appendix the things I am burning to say in a second edition; namely, an answer to those of my critics who profess that this book is a mere piece of buffoonery, when in fact it is an earnest, I might say a passionately earnest, effort to force closer and more sincere thinking on trumpet calls; and an answer also to those who claim that "Old Sox" is an attempt to put a mute on every trumpet, when in fact—to those who can read between the lines—it is a plea for louder tooting, brassier tooting and more of it, the kind of tooting that produces action, an immediate, or at least an early action, not merely a cumulative effect for something to happen some day.

E. T. G.

Preface to Third Edition

This preface is being written primarily to justify the headline; tooting the fact that there is indeed a third edition.

It is a relief, furthermore, to announce that "Old Sox," unlike his prototype, seems to have escaped the poison cup (which loomed up ominously while he was quizzing the experts through the first edition). In fact, his question method is gradually being recognized as a right basis for seeking truths as to trumpeting and hence "Old Sox" seems to be making friends among erstwhile enemies.

E. T. G.



on Love

The symposium

on Love

The skin you like to touch.

on Learning

Virtue:
Protagoras

on Learning

Taxidermy: — By
mail at home, 6 drach-
mas a moon.

on Statesmanship

The Republic

on Statesmanship

To Europe under
our flag, 120 drachmas.

FORTY YEARS LATER

Yes, forty years after I had prepared this manuscript, Platon and I were still fast friends. Of course I, Knotall, the trumpeting expert, paid for the dinners.

Knotall's Apologia

IT HAPPENS that I am now writing my memoirs (which every big trumpeting expert must undertake after 30 or 35 years of keeping everlastingly at it). These memoirs cover many important events, such as my sensational trumpeting for Cratylus, the great success of Demosthenes upholstery, the huge leather business built for Cleon Jr. kai-Ko by my tooting, and so on.

Incidentally I include the story of Tauros and Old Sox just as it happened forty years ago. This, largely to please Platon who became my life long friend as the result of our terrible "run-in" with his teacher.

KNOTALL

Athens, 360 B. C.

Special A-B-C Notice!

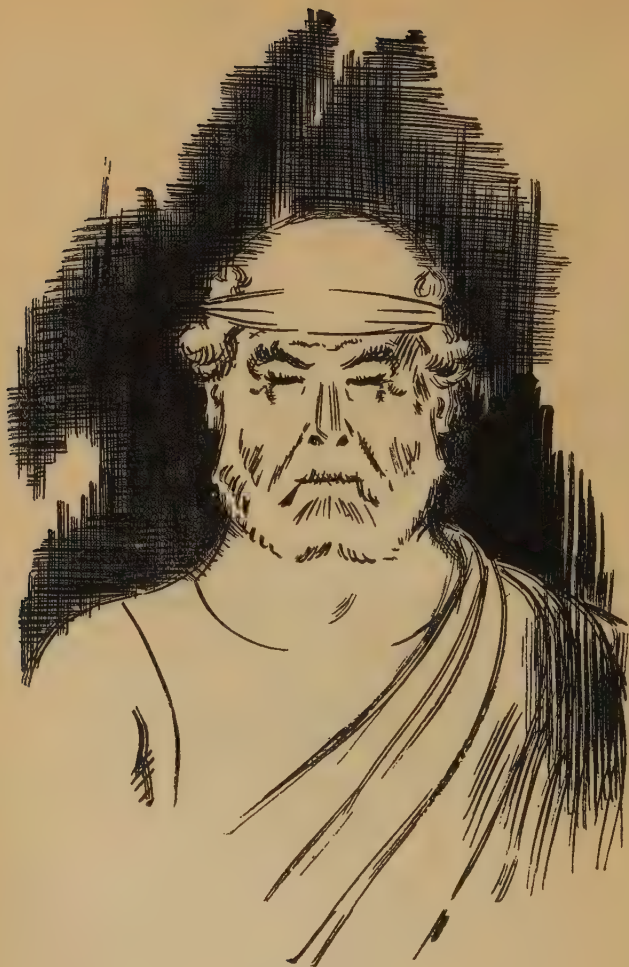
As for my accumulations of alliterations, I admit they'll become a beastly bore. But, my disciple, if thou be, indeed, brave enough to burrow through my book from the beginning to the back, bear with me; konsidering that I kan't komfortably keep up a kommon kind of konversation after having happily hit upon the habit of hewing out trumpeting headlines.—*Knotall*.

Part I

Tra-ra-ra! We're Off!

[At the home of Zeus-ikin's hetaera]

- I The Temptation to Trumpet.
- II Treking Toward Trumpeting.
- III What's a Agency? Is it a Amphibian?
- IV Tauros Trapped Into a Trade.
- V Then the Old, Old Trouble.

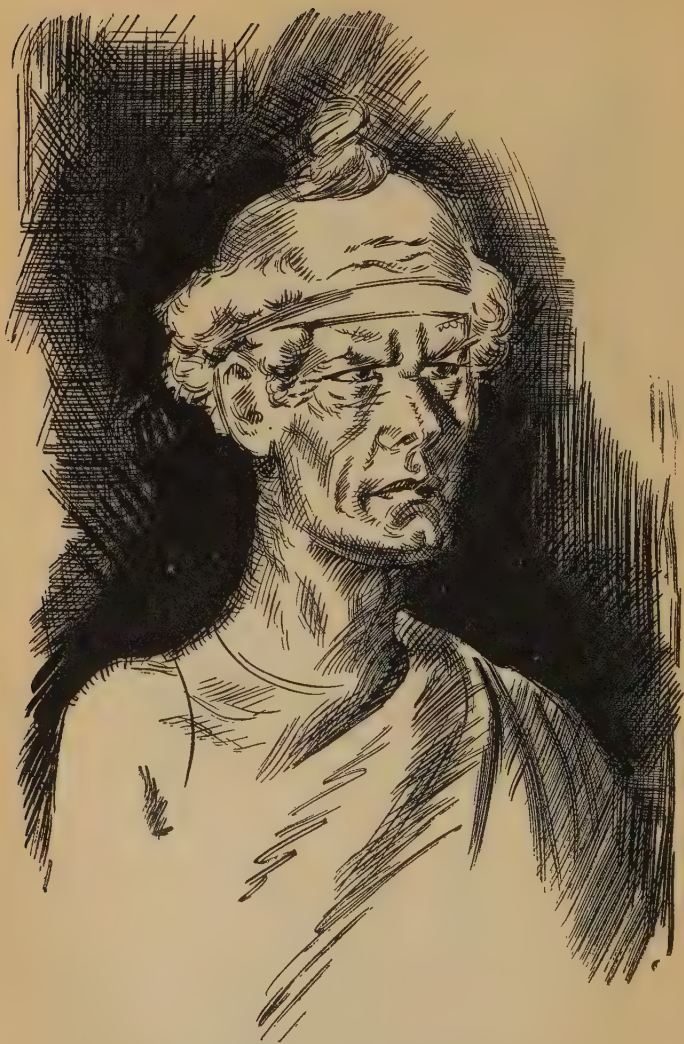


ZEUS-IKIN

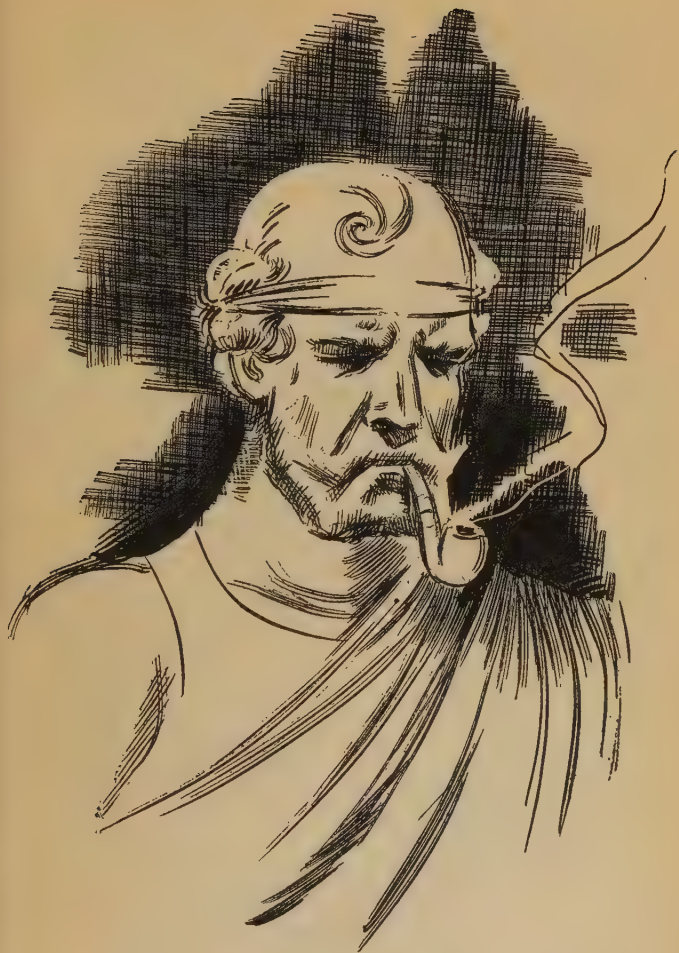
B. 453 B. C., near Athens; son of Graball, oil merchant; Founder of Zeus-ikin Kompany of Athens; rated A+1; Archon since 415 B. C. of Athenian Consolidated Oil Sellers; Member executive com., Piraeus Improvement Association; Basileos since 404 B. C., Attican Anti-Import-Tax League; Treas. Com. on Temple to Erichtheus.



HELEN, THE HELL-RAISING HETAERA



PUSHON POLUTROPOS
SALES MANAGER FOR ZEUS-IKIN KOMPANY



TAUROS PROPHETIKOS OLYMPOU

B. 449 B. C., Corinth; bought Muddlem & Fakem Trumpeting Agency at Athens, renamed Tauros Trumpeting Agency; Former Pres. Tip Top Trumpeting Trust; life member Committee for Truth in Trumpeting; author: "My Success at Forty"; In preparation: "My Profitable Tooting for 250 Millionaires."



BULLEM

Formerly star solicitor, now chief account executive of the Tauros agency and therefore the right bower and leading competitor of Tauros Himself.



HOTAIRO

B. 436 B. C., Athens; head of the Tauros Verse Writing Department, and highest priced poet in Hellas; Author: "The Connotative Value of Hexameters", "Truth Triumphant", "How I Made a Million as a Verse Writer", and many shorter publications of papyrus.



ME, KNOTALL

Just as I looked forty years ago, 5 years before I started
my now world-famous Knotall Trumpeting Agency.

CHAPTER I

The Temptation to Trumpet

The science of trumpeting made clear—Fame for Zeus-ikin!—But Helen raises Hell.

AN INVITATION of Zeus-ikin, the wealthiest oil merchant of Athens, we were assembled, seven of us, at a so-called banquet in the semi-fashionable home of Helen, his hetaera, who, for politeness sake, passed by the title of niece.

We knew full well why Zeus-ikin had invited us all to the home of Helen. For twenty years past he had never decided upon an important business policy until after he had had a good fight about it with his hetaera; whereafter he sometimes followed her advice and sometimes not. Tonight, Bullem, the brave, was to suggest a plan for Trumpeting of the Zeus-ikin Kompany's Olive Oil; and the question in the minds of all of us was, "What hell will Helen raise?"

Helen was sitting on the couch at the head of the banqueters sharing her little table with Zeus-ikin, who ate while half reclining against the wall to her left. Every now and then he kissed her fingers as she passed some dainty morsel into his mouth.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

It was pleasant to see how this couple, after twenty years of quarreling together, were still the same companions and lovers. Many a time Zeus-ikin had called me of an evening to Helen's home to compose some special sales-letter, or to write out a speech which he was to deliver next day as his own at a banquet of the Konsolidated Athenian Oil Sellers, an organization of which he was the founder and long the president. No matter what I wrote, Helen had to put her oar in; and many is the time that I had heard the couple threaten to bust up that night. But I always knew that no bust-up would come, since Helen was only a hetaera and there was nothing to bust.

When not toying with his hetaera, my master Zeus-ikin (the son of the oil peddler, Graball, and called Graball-ikin before he had become a merchant Prince) had all the sternness of manner to justify his name as a tin-god, or little Zeus, sitting amid a retinue of minor deities on a Mount of Olympus.

On the edge of Master Zeus-ikin's couch was the thin-faced old grouch, my immediate boss, the Zeus-ikin Kompany's sales manager, the much-traveled Pushon, dressed in a gray mantle with his thin hairy arms bare.

To the right of Helen on a couch all by himself sat the deep-thinking Tauros Prophetikos Olympou. He was simply clad in white with a

THE TEMPTATION TO TRUMPET

broad gold girdle. Sitting straight up, he was dipping his long fingers daintily into the meats while eating with grave dignity.

Be reminded, oh well-instructed reader, that this man is Tauros Himself of the Tauros Trumpeting Agency. The second name Prophetikos was forced upon him, so we are told, by his grateful clients; and the title Olympou was added after he had waxed rich. Tauros Prophetikos Olympou, he is always called by his slaves and by the special representatives of the Daily Drama Dubs and usually by other "reps".

Now about Helen's other two guests, sitting together on the other couch: first came Bullem whom I had heard Tauros affectionately address several times tonight as Di-kuros (co-ruler). This brawny-boned Bullem, clad in a flaming tunic of red with his purple mantle flung back, is the Tauros agency's chief contact man, or account executive (formerly called star solicitor; but times change, of course); and although but 40 years of age, he is reported to be making more money than the leading statesmen of Athens.

To the left of Bullem, and thus next to me, sat the Handsome Hotairo, the far-famed chief of the Tauros Trumpeting Agency's verse-writing department. Youthful, yet mature, full of vigor yet possessed of ideal delicacy, he was surely the trump card for Tauros to use in

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

“selling” his prospects. I liked the poet’s get-up. It was in keeping: a red and green flowing robe with pink spots, a striped tunic studded with beads; and a brilliant tiara in his perfumed hair. He was eating very greedily; which seemed excusable since this was a free meal, and he was only a verse writer in a trumpeting agency.

[Forgive me, oh men and hetaeras of Athens, if, in spite of my marvelous memory, cultivated through many, many years of statisticalizing, I get the dresses or other details inaccurately. For it is more than 40 years ago, specifically in the month of Poseidon 401 B. C., when I sat at that banquet; five years before I finally started my now Mediterranean-wide trumpeting agency. At the time of this banquet, Zeus-ikin’s sales-manager still called me his stenographer, although for three years past I had had the title of manager of the trumpeting department, while waiting for my Kompany to do some tooting.]

The banquet, let me explain further, had come about in this manner: Early in the morning, Zeus-ikin had arrived from Ceos (a small island at no great distance from Athens) with six galleys laden with olive oil. One of the slaves of Tauros, employed to keep watch at the Piraeus, upon seeing the ships approaching, had run post haste to Bullem, and Bullem, of course, met the oil merchant upon arrival at the harbor, saying that he did this to greet an old friend. Just what transpired after this meeting let us hear Zeus-ikin himself narrate.



THE BANQUET AT HELEN'S HOME

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"First let us pass the cigars," he said while Helen called a slave. "This brand," he continued, "is imported by me direct from Egypt; they cost one drachma each"—for in those days in Athens, while it would have been considered vulgar to quote the price of pig at table, it was not deemed improper to let guests know that a really expensive piece of nicotine was being served, and just how expensive. (But Tauros, being a real aristocrat, excused himself, and filled his pipe.)

* * *

READY FOR THE FIGHT—

NOW HELEN WILL RAISE HELL!

"Now then," our host continued, puffing at his cigar, and then slapping Helen familiarly on the knee (to show his affection or his proprietary rights, we could not tell which); "Now then, my dear niece, we know thou art engrossed in the study of sculpture and of the other muses, but since thou hast served such an excellent repast—he glanced around and continued after he had seen a nod of approval from each of us)—as a reward for such an excellent repast, I say, we will permit thee to listen while we discuss a matter of business."

We all applauded enthusiastic approval, es-

THE TEMPTATION TO TRUMPET

pecially Bullem who evidently felt that Helen must be "sold" before he could "close" his deal.

"The brave Bullem," my master began, turning to Helen as if she had not heard his story in the morning, "came to the harbor today to greet me with joy upon my safe return. When I surprised him by telling him that I had brought six huge galleys laden with olive oil, he took me on this afternoon for a little golf. My score, oh men of Athens, was 83, two up on Bullem.* At the nineteenth hole, Bullem told me of a wonderful selling plan we might work out if I could secure the personal guidance of his chief, the mighty Tauros Prophetikos Olympou, the head of the great Tauros Trumpeting Agency."

"The mighty Tauros?" Helen asked. "I thought he was in the real-estate business."

The poet Hotairo gave me a sly glance.

I saw Tauros moving uneasily on his couch and I could not help but snicker. The rich Trumpeting agent, among his many holdings of land in and about Athens, owned a tiny strip, not more than two square daktuloi, abutting the alley back of the Zeus-ikin warehouse. My master needed this alley badly for a private

*Bullem had a faculty for making the golf game interesting. He could shoot an 85; or if necessary he could play earnestly with a man who shot 110 and Bullem would shoot just 111.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

way; he had bought all the other abutting land, but his broker had quarreled with Tauros and Tauros being rich and independent had said that he would not sell his two square daktuloi at any price. Hence, Helen thought of Tauros only in connection with real estate.

[As for myself, frankly speaking, I more than suspected that this morning the interest of my master—who had always pooh-poohed my trumpeting department—had originally been aroused, not so much by a plan of trumpeting as by a chance to get “next” to Tauros. Now, instead, Tauros was next to Zeus-ikin! It is not the first time in the history of Athens that a plot of ground worth a few coppers had brought about an investment of millions of drachmas in trumpeting. In our Athenian days, 401 B. C., a golf game, a ride in a chariot, or the fact that a solicitor has a pleasing tenor, rather than an ugly base, are often decisive factors in causing both an investment of a million drachmas and the choice of the man entrusted with the expenditure.]

“The mighty Tauros, my dear niece, owns all the best trumpeters in Athens, Corinth, Sparta, the best everywhere,” Zeus-ikin explained, “and now he has kindly consented to command all these trumpeters to trumpet to all the Greeks about the olive oil I have imported.” He sat up on his couch and threw both his big hands on his chubby knees. Looking squarely into the eyes of his hetaera, as if challenging her to a combat, he added, “I believe it’s a great idea; and I’m for it.”

“And why, sweet uncle?” asked Helen.

THE TEMPTATION TO TRUMPET

"Stupid womankind!" the uncle cried. "Because this trumpeting will sell my six galleys of olive oil."

"And why, sweet uncle?" asked Helen.

Aha!

The fight was on! My eyes told me so from the look in Helen's eye; and my ears were instructed by the grunts of her uncle. Yes, he even growled something to the effect that Helen ought to know better about trumpeting; and I feared that he was about to drag the family skeleton out of the closet, by revealing that Helen had once many years ago worked for a short time in a trumpeting agency.

But no, no; he stopped himself; and he merely shouted to Tauros that if he had listened to his niece these twenty years, he would never have accomplished anything; instead of having a business twenty-five times as large as that of his father Graball, she would have made dad's business shrink to the size of one olive. Helen replied that if she hadn't stopped her uncle a dozen times, he would long ago be flat on his back, as flat as he was the morning she first met him (this dirty dig I'll explain later).

Yes, Helen was indeed adept at finding every argument for *not* doing things. And when Helen had quit quarreling, Zeus-ikin knew he had heard the worst.

The hetaera rambled on, telling us that she

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had warned her uncle against importing such a huge quantity of olive oil at one time.

Zeus-ikin sighed. He mumbled something about sending this hag to her bed chamber so that we men could enter into an intelligent discussion. But Helen did just what he wanted; she beckoned to the three slaves who were still in attendance, telling them to close all portals. She announced that everybody was going to stay right here and not go to the Andron.*

Thereupon, while winking at Bullem, my master filled Helen's goblet with wine and water, which he poured with his own hands from the Krater. Helen took a sip and then laughingly told Tauros that her uncle, after many quarrels with her, had established a trumpeting department just in order to have a

*The Andron was the living room, or men's room, and a talk such as this ordinarily did not take place in the dining room. In fact, a "wife" would not have been seen even at the dinner with the master's men friends present. But Pericles (who died a few years after Knotall was born), had helped along a new fashion. He lived with a highly respected and, as it seems, a most capable hetaera who entertained her companion's male Athenian friends and both the men and the wives of foreign dignitaries. Thus the older conventions were being thrown to the winds by these hetaeras. I am therefore inclined to believe that Knotall is not "spoofing" us in quoting Helen's awful crack about the Andron and is telling the story just as it happened in ancient Greece.—*The Transcriber*.

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"trumpeting department" like other big Kompanys; but with a solemn agreement that the department would stick to stenography and never do any trumpeting.

"Times change, thou silly niece," yelled Zeus-ikin. "Today everybody who amounts to anything trumpets, — as my friend Bullem clearly showed me today. Look at that fellow Demosthenes * with his sword factory. He

*A fine old gentleman was Demosthenes; what if he did marry the daughter of a barbarian? His sword factory employed some two hundred slaves. He always refused to trumpet his swords. But in later years when he started on a side-line, not closely allied to sword-making, it was easy for me to get his order for some 250,000 drachmas of tooting for his avocation, namely upholstery. He died about 15 years ago, leaving at least 100,000 drachmas to his son. But the guardians, not my trumpeting, robbed the boy of everything.

By the way I gave this son a trial in my verse writing department. But he had no style at all. Now they tell me he is trying to become an orator; it's pitiful.—*Knotall*.

[P. S. By the transcriber:—Read the Philippics of Demosthenes Jr., the most famous "reason-why" copy and the most powerful "do-it-now-closing-appeal" in 2300 years of literature. The "Philippics", far from being verbal pyrotechnics, "pulled" because they were so sane, so simple, so crowded with facts, so free from artistry and rhetorical effect. No wonder the trumpeting expert, Knot-all, whose copy must enthuse the sales force rather than the public, found that Demosthenes "had no style at all."—*The Transcriber*.]

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thinks he is better than I am, because he is a 'manufacturer' while I am 'only a merchant.' But I will show him something when I start a-trumpeting!" He calmed down a bit, then added, "And anyway, Helen, we've got to sell these here six galleys of oil. And then six more, then 60 more; and within the next year, 600 galleys more."

"Six hundred galleys in a year?" shrieked Helen. "Will thy trumpeting make all Athens bathe in olive oil?"

Zeus-ikin made no reply. There was a moment of silence, during which I pretended to study the multi-colored pebbles which covered the mud floor, (my master evidently had not yet gotten around to the new fashion of mosaics). Then Bullem began very quietly:

"In one year, sweet Helen, the trumpeting of Zeus-ikin's olive oil will build up 5,000,000 drachmas of good will."

"What is good will?" asked Helen, pretending not to be a business woman.

"Good will?" answered Bullem, acting a little up-stage, although he tried to conceal his amusement at such an elementary question. "Good will, sweet Helen, means that trade is established. The consumer demands the stuff because it is trumpeted."

"I don't understand," Helen retorted. "If I buy the stuff and like it, that is good will."

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And if I dont like it, that is bad will. So had we not better say that good will is made not by trumpeting, but by the use of the stuff, if the stuff is good?"

Zeus-ikin laughed. "Forgive my simple-minded niece," he said. "Her irritating method of cross-examination she has learned from the street corner philosopher, Old Sox."

Tauros raised his right hand solemnly. "As one who is older than thou, gentle Helen," he said in a low voice, "I advise thee to get thy instruction in the muses from some more respectable teacher than Old Sox, any one of the philosophers in the properly recognized schools."

Helen sputtered some words in defense of Old Sox, but her uncle put his hand over her mouth in mock-seriousness; I suspect he would have done it more vigorously in the absence of company. Helen pinched her uncle on his bare arm so that he hastily withdrew his hand. With her mouth free, Helen again turned to Tauros, saying:

"This olive oil from Ceos is all right. I have already tried it—it is good—extra good, and we will get the good will on it easily enough wherever we sell it, trumpeting or no trumpeting."

"Look, Helen!" said Zeus-ikin, while pulling

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Helen's left foot up to his lap and gently lacing her beautiful sandal;* "Look, Helen — the brave Bullem suggested—oh wise Athenian that he is—that I put my olive oil in small jugs and have my slaves mark every jug Zeusy's Own, stamping it with my signet ring."

"Then the name of Zeus-ikin," Bullem shouted, "will be on the lips of every Greek!"

"I'd rather see his *olive oil* on the lips of Greeks," Helen replied coldly.

She pulled her foot back to a more stable position on the floor.

Then sitting up straight and putting her shapely arms akimbo, she stared with her beautiful brown eyes at all of us—handsome, almost lovely-looking shrew that she is. "I know the weakness of my uncle," she said, "and thou, bunky Bullem, art playing on it as the god Pan plays on a reed." She pointed a

*When this reference to sandals was discovered in the Knotall manuscript, my trumpeting agency came very near to losing Phord kai Ko, of Brooklyn, importers of Greek fruit juices. For on the basis of our merchandise investigation, we had always illustrated the Athenians as sandal-less when at home. The president of the Kompany, Diosephosphord, had mildly criticised us several times for quoting wrong prices and occasionally forgetting to order the trumpet-toots; but this error about the sandals, he said, was "too much, too much." I finally placated him by discharging my merchandise investigation department.—*The Transcriber.*

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heavily be-jeweled finger straight at me. "There's that knick-knack—Knotall. He draws double the stipend he's worth as a scribbling letter writer, because he has a nodding acquaintance with a few trumpeters. So every time my uncle makes a speech at some dinky meeting, Knotall snoops around to the Daily Dramas and gets them to put in a little toot about that useless speech, and then Uncle Zeusy buys a score of tickets to the theatre for his friends to go and hear that toot."

"Hm?" mumbled Bullem, much interested; for now he saw more clearly where the land lay and whither to steer.

"Yes," shouted Helen slapping away the hand of her uncle who was again trying to cover her mouth. "And when he wanted one of the Magnificent Monthly Meowers to toot something about his ocean voyage last year just down here to Ceos, a couple of parasangs from Athens, he gives a banquet to twenty of their trumpeters and meowers. Well, on the next moon, one Magnificent Meower tooted a few long toots about this perilous trip of Zeus-ikin, although the galleys were never more than one parasang from the shore. But how much olive oil did that tooting sell? Not as much as the twenty meowers ate at my dinner."

The oil merchant arose. All his oiliness was

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gone. He ranted much louder than before. Helen, seeing that she had satisfactorily angered her uncle, tripped him with her foot, so that he fell back on his couch, kissed him, and told him she was willing to help him in any kind of trumpeting that would get *both* his good name and his good olive oil on the lips of more Athenians.

"That's it, that's it," murmured Bullem, using a somewhat lower than his usual stentorian tone, in order to bring down the high pitch of the conversation. "Listen, Helen! we are planning tonight on a *scientific* trumpeting campaign and that is never found by giving banquets to twenty meowers. Yes, listen Helen, and listen, oh noble Zeus-ikin, and learn thou, oh youthful, but able Knotall. Learn this:—free trumpeting never pays."

"No, it doesn't pay the trumpeting agent at all," grumbled Pushon.

"Yet, Pushon, the words of Bullem sound sensible," remarked Helen. "For if we pay the trumpeters in wine and dinners, instead of gold and silver, they will not trumpet what we want. They always toot something useless, and usually wrong."

"Wise Helen! Wise as Athena!" Tauros whispered to my master, though I could hear it quite well at my end. "Oh Zeus-ikin, how gladly would I donate my twelve plethra at the Dipylon gate, the choicest vacant piece left

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near the confines of the commonwealth, dedicating another temple to Athena, if I were blessed with such a niece."

Helen laughed. Then she said:

"Remember, oh Tauros, that goats may not be sacrificed by Athenians in the presence of the goddess of wisdom." But she added:

"Now about this trumpeting. If it will make more Athenian women select this Ceos olive oil, I am for trumpeting,—that is if it does not cost too much."

"Yes; how much?" chimed in Zeus-ikin.



BUT BULLEM'S *first* TREK TOWARD TRUMPETING
WAS TO THE NINETEENTH HOLE

CHAPTER II

Treking Toward Trumpeting

Ha! Ha!—Zeusy has asked the fatal question “how much?”—And so we’re down to brass tacks, sizing up the size of his simoleons.

From this point on, the transcriber of Knotall’s manuscript culled many passages of detailed analysis like some of Platon’s, not required to get the drift of the story, and needlessly boresome to the general reader. Yet, for a complete understanding of Knotall’s points they may seem essential to the trumpeting expert. I am, therefore, printing these passages; sometimes as footnotes like those following, and sometimes in the text, but always with the warning that aside from their prolixity, these excerpts contain much that is esoteric; and I, therefore, trust to the honor of any chance readers who are not trumpeters or trumpeting agents, that they will be sufficiently conscientious to shut their eyes while reading such confidential sections of the document.—
The Transcriber.

“**T**HE COST, gentle Helen,” answered Bullem in lieu of Tauros—for the game as far as I could see it, consisted in letting the Di-kuros do all the talking, with the Big Chief held in reserve to utter the few wisest sayings at the wisest moments—“the cost of trumpeting depends entirely upon how much Zeus-ikin appropriates for trumpeting.”

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"But how much, oh Tauros, must be appropriated?" asked Helen.

Now then!

Here was one of the most delicate moments in all the delicate moments that confront Tauros and Bullem during the preliminary converse with every new client; especially if the prospect, like my master, has an unfathomably long pocket-book. For if now Tauros suggested a half a million drachmas, he might scare off Zeus-ikin entirely; if, on the other hand, he mentioned some paltry sum like 25,000 or 50,000, he might undershoot his mark by hundreds of thousands.

ZEUS-IKIN—TELL US:

HOW LONG IS THY PURSE?

"There are several ways of figuring this," Bullem said by way of an alleged answer to Helen's question. "First there are the trumpeters at the street corners. They trumpet only the name and a few words. They cost a great deal less—Zeus-ikin can buy a long toot, tooting for whole months, for what it costs to toot one or two days at the Daily Drama."

"That sounds good," said Helen. "We surely want the trumpeting that costs the least. But thou sayest they only trumpet the name Zeus-ikin, and that I don't want."

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"Who's running this?" asked the oil merchant. "Silence; woman!"

Helen, unperturbed, continued, "Now then, what will it cost, oh Tauros?" (for she was beginning to ignore Bullem as she ignores me).

Tauros studied a moment. Then Bullem remarked that it was a hard thing to figure out in detail until all the statistical figures had been prepared. But Helen insisted upon getting the idea in a round sum.

Thereupon Bullem asked Zeus-ikin point blank what he thought the amount should be. The merchant was a bit surprised (and I again snickered to myself) in hearing that he, rather than the expert, should state the figure. He said he did not know anything about trumpeting, but that he thought he would be willing to spend about 10,000 drachmas for a start.

S-A-V-E T-H-Y M-O-N-E-Y

Hearing this figure Helen turned as white as a sheet. I am sure, if she had been a wife and not a hetaera, she would have fainted.

Tauros also gave a look of astonishment, although he did not turn pale. He sat straight up; looked deep and earnestly into the eyes of Zeus-ikin; and after a safe silence, he began in a voice, as if speaking before a funeral pyre:

"Save thy money, s-a-v-e t-h-y m-o-n-e-y."

He shook his head solemnly and then added:

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"Many a trumpeting agency, of course, would greedily accept the 10,000 drachmas to make a commission. But I am more than an agent; I am the advisor of my clients; I am trustee for their funds. And a trust fund is a sacred matter. Hence, sweet friend Zeus-ikin, I warn thee—save thy money!"

"There!" cried Helen, grabbing her fan and tapping her uncle on his wrist. "Thou wasteful old fool! Even the agent of the trumpeters warns thee."

"Helen! Helen! Beautiful Helen!" exclaimed Tauros, raising the palms of both of his hands toward her. "Thou art a wise woman, but when it comes to trumpeting,—indeed—how I would love to have thee seated at my feet, while I instruct thee in its mysteries!"

"For there are more 'thinks' in trumpeting, oh sister of Athena, than are dreamt of in thy philosophy." Helen looked at Tauros with her mouth open; but, of course, I, the head of a trumpeting department, understood the cryptic language, and knew what was coming. Tauros sank back on his couch, and then with all the kindness of voice and patience of manner that is said to characterize Protagoras when instructing his disciples, he spoke thusly:—

"Sweet Helen, learn then that 10,000 drachmas is but a trivial, yes a pitiful, sum. Why, that much should be spent by a great merchant like

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Zeus-ikin on the prelude to his first choral of trumpeters. To spend 10,000 drachmas and stop would mean an utter waste." His voice cracked with tragic import.

I, too, nearly sobbed; for now that we had Zeus-ikin finally to the point, after many years of talking about trumpeting, I realized that we had a big job ahead to get him to understand what real trumpeting means!

"With 10,000 drachmas tooted away, like the chirping of a few robins," interjected Bull-em, "where, oh merchant prince of Athens, is the cumulative effect? How, by any stretch of the imagination, couldst thou with 10,000 drachmas break down the wall of consumer resistance? Wouldst thou send ten thousand soldiers to battle in the hope of capturing all Persia? Just as well might we pour 10,000 drachmas into the whirlpool of Athenian trade."

Helen turned to her uncle. "I guess that settles it," she said. "Let's pass another goblet of wine and water and end the evening." But her uncle was wavering. Finally, he stammeringly asked, "What would be the least it would cost?"

Having gossiped around enough with trumpeters myself, I now wondered what figure Tauros would quote. If he had the nerve of a good gambler, he would say 100,000 drachmas, and stick to it; or he might play safe and

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merely double or treble the merchant's figure. However, before Tauros could gather his words, Helen interrupted:

"Look, uncle Zeusy," she said, "last month I asked thee to buy two more slaves sadly needed for my household with all the guests thou bringest here; and thou didst flatly refuse, pleading Koolidge economy. Now thou wouldst squander the price of ten or twenty slaves to trumpet thy name about."

"But trumpeting, oh noble Helen," interjected Bullem, "is never an expense, always an investment."

"I never listen to trumpeters," Helen remarked, ignoring the bookkeeping argument. "I buy what I want when I want it."

"You sure do," Zeus-ikin mumbled peevishly; and continued aloud: "Beloved niece, listen carefully to Bullem; for I am long on olive oil, six ship-loads, and I want to sell it, and then sell more before others load their ships and come in to break the market."

Tauros straightened up. "I believe with very economical management"—he spoke in measured tones—"in fact, I know from experience that by watching every copper, we can do the job with 50,000 drachmas."

"Yes!" cried Bullem, "50,000 drachmas! Exactly the right sum. And that will sweep the

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market! 'Zeusy's Own' will then be the only olive oil sold in Athens."

Helen gave a sickly smile. "My dear uncle," she said, "why waste time? Thou canst not afford any such sums."

My master gave Helen a look different from any I had ever seen; and she winced a bit. "What does a woman know about finances?" he growled. "My coffers are full of gold and silver. I'll spend ten times 50,000 drachmas, if I have to, to show that Zeus-ikin can afford to trumpet as no other Athenian is trumpeting."

"A man of vision," exclaimed Bullem. "A man of broad ideas. 500,000 drachmas—that's it. That will do the job in wonderful shape."

"No, no," answered Zeus-ikin timidly. But he remarked that if it ran a little over 50,000 drachmas, he would not be vitally opposed. Pushon and I clapped our hands at such bigness.

Helen seemed too frightened to say more. I knew that she was posted on the finances of Zeus-ikin; and I had heard something about my boss borrowing large sums from a money-changer to corner the olive oil and cocoanut oil markets in northern Greece.

Bullem grabbed his automatic stylus and frowning hard, he scribbled some figures on the papyrus. "I fear me, Tauros Prophetikos," he murmured, "we must recalculate it slightly. Using the Outdoor Trumpeters, the Daily

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Drama Dubs, and the Mighty Monthly Meadows and then also their kittens, we will need near 60,000 drachmas." And as Zeus-ikin impatiently waved assent, Bullem added: "In fact, rather more than 65,000."

"All right, all right, 65,000 drachmas, if necessary," said the oil merchant, and catching Helen's stare, he added: "But not an obolos more."

Thereupon, at the suggestion of Bullem (who said that a zero more or less certainly made no difference) we all agreed to let it be whispered around that the figure is * 650,000—better for Tauros and better for Zeus-ikin. And we drank a solemn toast to this sworn statement of 650,000.

"We shall accept it—for the first year," answered Tauros, again in measured tones. "Of

*To all purists in trumpeting style:—Have it understood that in letting the present tense "is" follow the aorist "agreed", I am translating Knotall, who learned the mistake from Homer and Euripides. Those illiterate Greeks ignore the "sequence of tenses" and other rules of rhetoric whenever the rules do not come in handy.

In the text above the present tense "is" makes sense. The aorist "was" has to be unraveled by slow thinkers like me before it makes sense—which way dost thou want it, my Zeus-ikin? The question is a touchstone; it's *the* question of this entire manuscript:—Dost thou want to display style, or dost thou want to convey sense?—*The Transcriber.*

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course on these small appropriations we make no profit. Our net on large appropriations is no more than 2-34/97 per cent; that has all been officially, yes *officially*, figured out."

"Oh Tauros Prophetikos Olympou!" my master shouted while raising his goblet, and quaffing a mighty quaff. "Before I'm thru I'll be the biggest trumpeter in Athens, Corinth and Sparta." And I, Knotall, glowed with joy.

But Tauros and Bullem, while politely drinking to the merchant's toast, did not seem wildly enthusiastic. Perhaps they hear this kind of talk from every 65,000 drachma client who is fishing for 650,000 drachmas of services.

My master took another quaff; then he said solemnly: "I'll trumpet until every Athenian stuffs his ears."

"I suppose," remarked Helen somewhat subdued, yet not fully mastered, "that when they stuff their ears, that will make them all buy our olive oil."

"If Helen says another word," Zeus-ikin cried, "I'll pledge her house; I'll mortgage my warehouse—just to toot loud enough to drown her talk."

Aha! One of the best of "reasons-why" for really *big* trumpeting:—"to show 'em"!—and the poet Hotairo gave me another knowing inter-masonic look, as if to say: "We've hooked him, kid!"

CHAPTER III

What's a Agency? Is It a Amphibian?

Whose agent is the agency?—Is it a master or a mistress? A power or a peanut?—Finally the Master, Tauros Himself, promises to become Zeus-ikin's Slave.

HELEN now asked Zeus-ikin why Tauros should be entrusted with spending all this 65,000 drachmas. Are his trumpeters, or those he represents as an agent, better or cheaper than the trumpeters of other agents? And which of the drama-owners employ him?

Bullem in reply explained that Tauros is a generalissimo agent for all the theaters in Hellas, and that he is employed, not by the dramas, but exclusively by his clients, to look after the clients' interests, which are in violent opposition to the interests of the drama-owners.

This answer puzzled Helen greatly as she had understood that an "agent" was a solicitor for somebody; but Bullem answered that Tauros is indeed an agent—that is to say an agent for the man who pays for the trumpeting.

WHAT'S A AGENCY?

"The generalissimo agent for all the trumpeters and yet the agent for Zeus-ikin?" Helen exclaimed.

Helen asked Bullem some other questions (just the kind of junk that Old Sox will hand out later), trying to unravel what Bullem meant by an "agent." Finally she turned to Tauros, saying:—

"But tell me, then, oh Tauros, is a trumpeting agency a master or a mistress? A power or a peanut?"

Hotairo arose growling furiously. But Tauros signaled him to his seat with the Air of One whose Dignity cannot be hurt by a child's prattle. My master apologized on the ground of Helen's ignorance of business affairs; and Helen confessed as much!

The crafty old crone! Was she trying to hide the fact that she herself had worked for several months in a trumpeting agency? *

*Knotall, for once, seems unfair! For I myself have worked a trumpeting agency for 25 years; and I could not, for the life of me, answer Helen's questions. After many amiable conferences with the tax collectors and after numerous legal wrangles about the how and the why and the wherefore of whom I owe and who owes me, I have decided that *my* particular agency is legally speaking a fish when I want to swallow a croaking frog of a trumpeter; a fowl when I want to fly from the claws of a monthly meower; and an amphibian always during the interims.—
The Transcriber.

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Zeus-ikin told Helen that he had never quite understood whether a trumpeting agency was fish, fowl or amphibian. Some of them, he said, seemed to be generals for one drama, others were specials for long lists, some got commissions, some gave commissions, some said they bought toots, others said they sold toots, still others said they were general tooters—it was such a mess; all he knew was that every trumpeting expert seemed to be greater at oratory than Lysias, and hence for years past he had referred them all to Knotall.

IT'S FISH, FOWL *AND* AMPHIBIAN!

Thereupon Bullem described the international power of the tremendous Tauros; how all the trumpeters, whether they trumpet at the street corner or at the Drama, whether in Hellas, or in Egypt, Africa or Phœnicia, all bow down before Tauros, giving him a regular discount, not a commission, of 15%, the agency buying the toots in huge quantities and paying the trumpeters out of the Tauros coffers. According to that, Helen said, Tauros is not an agent, but a jobber, who buys trumpeting at wholesale, the same as Zeus-ikin buys his olive oil wholesale. Bullem answered that a trumpeting "agency" is, of course, nothing so mundane as a "jobber"; but a mighty judge, a judge

WHAT'S A AGENCY?

over the destiny of trumpeting, and a judge over drama owners, a judge too over his clients.

"Yes, sweet Helen," Zeus-ikin said with one of his shrewd, knowing glances, "never mind whether the agency is an agent, a jobber, or an amphibian. Whatever it is It's a Expert. And in the case of the Zeus-ikin Kompany, we are unusually, most unusually fortunate. For in that gigantic Tauros Agency, none less than Tauros Prophetikos Himself will be *our* Expert."

* * *

THE OTHER BIG PROBLEM: NAILING THE CHIEF JUSTICE TO HIS BENCH

My master emphasized how Bullem had promised that Tauros personally would sit as the Judge over every detail of the Olive Oil Trumpeting. (A *special* offer for Zeus-ikin!)

"It is my unusual interest in olive oil," Tauros replied, dodging the eyes of Helen, "that makes me so eager to put my own time on this, of little avail though it may be compared with the efforts of such geniuses as Hotairo and as Fakem, the trigonometrician, who runs our statistical department, and as Boobo who—"

"Oh Tauros," Zeus-ikin interjected, laughing, "thou dost love to brag about thy business organization. So do I. Especially when I want

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

to pass the buck and have some one else handle a job. Then I talk most modestly about myself."

"The modesty of Zeus-ikin is the talk of Athens," Bullem shouted.

"My biggest conceit," Zeus-ikin continued, taking a long quaff, "is that I can pick men. That's the conceit of every boss, oh beloved Tauros. In reality, it's all a fake. Just think of Pericles who always shouted about his great cabinet. As soon as he died, his 'cabinet' showed that it was indeed made of wood, and the Lacedemonians licked us poor Athenians to a frazzle. — So I'll serve notice on thee, oh towering Tauros, that if thou dost want my business, thou wilt have to look after it thyself."

Bullem whispered to Tauros and I'm sure he said something like this: "agree—agree—we'll pass that bridge when we come to it."

HOTAIRO BUTTS IN ON THE PROFITS

But Tauros did not have time to agree. For Hotairo had risen to leave, saying something about not being needed. Now Zeus-ikin, while driving a bargain, knew the value of olive oil on troubled waters.

"Of course, Tauros," he added, "on condition also that Hotairo takes a hand." And the poet sat down smiling.

WHAT'S A AGENCY?

"Helen shall have her two slaves out of the first profit," Hotairo lisped. "How do I know that there will be big profits? Because I, myself, am going to write the verses for the trumpeters."

"His poems fire the public to frenzy, oh beloved Helen," Tauros remarked. "Hotairo is, as we will all agree, the greatest poet of all the Greek ages, and only the Tauros Agency can afford to hire such a poet."

Zeus-ikin, having often heard of the enormous stipend Hotairo was supposed to get, wanted to know whether this poet, indeed, was the one who would write all his verses.

"I will, friend Zeus-ikin, on one condition," Hotairo exclaimed, "and that is—the Zeus-ikin Kompany must at once order the olive oil presses in Ceos doubled so as to take care of the demand my verses will create." *

*A somewhat similar conversation is said to have taken place some few years later than 401 B. C. An inland advertiser selling building materials after having tried several trumpeting agencies, ordered his trumpeting direct; no agency, he said, could secure him again. A Bullem sought him out; the head of a large agency himself finally paid this man a visit; all to no avail. Then a far-famed Hotairo, while on a trip, dropped in for a chat. He agreed to write the verses on condition that the concern first build a 50% addition to its plant in spite of the fact that it was then not running to capacity. He secured the account then and there.—*The Transcriber.*

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

This will cost the Tauros Agency a pretty slice of commission for Hotairo, I thought, as I saw Bullem scowling at Tauros. (I'll explain later what that scowl meant.)

Having satisfied Hotairo, Zeus-ikin now reverted to the problem of making the Master of the trumpeters one of his personal Slaves. This, as Zeus-ikin's manner plainly showed, was aside from all business considerations and *essential* to his personal pride.

THE BOSS MUST BE THE SLAVE

Tauros evidently realized that he could not pass the buck to an assistant. Therefore, after some parleys, he faithfully promised as follows:

1. Personally to loan Hotairo his personal signet ring inscribed with the magic hieroglyphics "r-u-s-h-T"; instructing Hotairo right now to stamp every Zeus-ikin job with these rarely-used, spell-binding symbols.
2. Personally to write, or at least to see, or otherwise to smell from a distance, every line of poetry about Zeusy's Own.
3. Personally to look frightened and very busy with something or other, every time the words Zeus-ikin, Olive-Oil, Pushon, or Knotall, were mentioned in his agency.

Moreover:

4. Personally to have a noonday banquet with Zeus-ikin any and every day his other clients would permit, even if He Himself had breakfasted a

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few minutes before; also to join a foresome any afternoon and to come for a game of dice any night whenever the Master Judge of trumpeting hears *His Master's Voice*.

And finally:

5. Personally to announce to all his 250 slaves—and this on the most solemn of oaths—that among the 246, now 247, clients of Tauros, the name of Zeus-ikin shall from this day on stand always in the Zenith.

But not:

As for mowing the lawn, however, Tauros demurred; he insisted that some of his principal contact men should undertake the job in his place, giving as his excuse the unusual size of his organization.

Bullem gratuitously added that Tauros would be so closely wedded to Zeus-ikin that no other olive-oil-vendor would even be allowed to enter beyond the vestibule of the Prophet's Temple.

[Here Bullem came dangerously close to Cyclops! "Competing accounts"—it's the bugaboo of bugaboos in every trumpeting agency. Neither the Syrens nor Circe are half so perilous to life and limb as this one-eyed monster, who insists that his trumpeting agency must be one-eyed too and dare not even squint at any other eater of a similar diet; *provided*, he got that agency first.

Why? Because every man who pays for trumpeting is like many a legal husband:—he does not object at all to sharing a trumpeting agency with a direct competitor who is already doing business with that agency; but he prepares for murder if any rival wants to flirt with the agency belonging to him alone.

For instance, there's Kokolos of Delos, the king of

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Cocoanut oil, who is just now spending money like water with Tauros, trumpeting Koko's Own cocoanut oil; and—Zowee!—since Zeusy sometimes trades a bit in cocoanut oil, what if my master should order Tauros to trumpet both the olive and the cocoanut juices?

However, in this case tonight it seems all was well; for there was not even a guarded reference to cocoanuts; and I'm sure the bluffer Bullem—at the nineteenth hole this afternoon—had warned Zeus-ikin—as a friend—that cocoanut oil is terribly over-tooted.]

EVERYTHING IS FREE, FREE, *FREE!*

With Zeus-ikin seemingly satisfied on the important point of "personal service," Helen now wanted to know what Tauros would charge for his services. Since she had heard that the noblest judges worked for the smallest stipends, she hinted that Tauros ought to ask only a modest fee.

"Not an obolos, sweet Helen!" shouted Bullem; "Not an obolos for all the supreme judgment and all the astute advice of Tauros Himself."

Glancing sideways at Zeus-ikin, Bullem explained that since Tauros is receiving agents commissions from the dramas for his violent antagonism to their interests, he donates his advice free to his clients. The painters and sculptors and the great verse-writers like Hotairo, the great statistical experts like Fakem, are

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all paid by Tauros, Bullem explained, and all this advice and service, in addition to the *personal* services of the all-knowing advocate, advisor and adjudicator Tauros Prophetikos Olympou, will be given free, absolutely FREE, to Zeus-ikin."

"Pst!" I said to Bullem, upon hearing the word "free"; and I whispered:—"one of the monthly meowers may hear us."

But Bullem glanced at me superciliously; he remarked offhand that no meower could accuse Tauros of *ever* using the word "Free" except in connection with his own tooting.

After some hesitation, Zeus-ikin admitted that the "*free*" deal-ikin seemed to sound "fair."

My master had evidently forgotten about the original question—to trumpet or not to trumpet. Such is salesmanship of the Bullem type in my days in Athens; for I have known more than one Zeus-ikin who in his period of affluence and glory went into trumpeting without knowing why, merely because he had bargained about it so many hours, and had shopped around so much for a "special offer." So I was dreaming happily of soon bossing the trumpeters, bossing Hotairo, and sometimes bossing even the mighty Tauros himself.

But no!—Helen sets another hurdle!

CHAPTER IV

Tauros Trapped into a Trade

We waste time as usual, in bargaining on rates—until Bullem explains the midnight oath between the Tip Top Trumpeting Trust, the Monthly Meowers, and the Daily Dramas Dubs—yet Zeusy gets a deal-ikin!

“WELL, then, my dear uncle, let’s see if this free service is another amphibian,” the foxy hetaera interposed. Then she insisted that the impartial Judge Tauros, since he bought toots at wholesale, must promise to inflict capital punishment upon all the trumpeters by chopping the heads off their prices.

Bullem banged his couch so hard that Helen feared he had broken the spring. The star contact man assured my master that Tauros, thanks to his brainy toot-buyers, would get for Zeus-ikin’s olive oil the lowest prices in all Hellas; even if he had to squeeze those trumpets into bassoons.

“Well then, brow-beating brother Bullem,” said Helen, “let’s find out how far Tauros can

TAUROS TRAPPED INTO A TRADE

trample down the trumpets. Let's see thy price list and check it up."

Bullem smiled condescendingly.

"Gentle Helen," he said; "We realize that the science of trumpeting is new to thee; or thou wouldst realize that price-cutting is unknown in this noble field."

Then he explained that there are various organizations; in the first place, there's the Alpha-Beta-Gamma, which checks up to see that the owners of the Dramas are not lying about the attendance at the theatres. The Alpha-Beta-Gamma, he said, is constantly throwing out the counting of the dead heads, which the theatres persist in sneaking in.

It is now thoroughly established that there is but one price for any of the trumpeters, and no respectable trumpeter would cut his price for fear of the Alpha-Beta-Gamma and other detective agencies. Next there's the D. D. D., the order of the Daily Drama Dubs; with fixed prices. Then there are the Wonderful Weekly Wowzers (not to be confused with the Worthless Weekly Whisperers) and also the Magnificent Monthly Meowers, already referred to by Helen. These last, Bullem explained, are so great in their dignity, that any man who would suggest a cut-price would immediately be given the poison cup.

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"It seems then, my dear uncle," said Helen, "there's only one bung in the barrel."

Zeus-ikin leaned back on his couch.

"Yes, friend Tauros," he said, "come, be a good fellow and let's divvy up on thy 15% of unearned increment."

Tauros quietly shook his head. He said he would do it gladly for his friend Zeus-ikin—very gladly; but that he was an honored member of the T. T. T. T., the Tip Top Trumpeting Trust; and that he would never again be invited to make a speech at one of their banquets, if it should be whispered that he had been guilty of the unspeakable sin of divvying his commission with a client.

Bullem explained that the T. T. T. T. was composed of all the trumpeting agencies except one few who were no good, and that this Tip Top Trumpeting Trust together with the Daily Drama Dubs, the Alpha-Beta-Gamma, the Wonderful Weekly Wowzers, and the Magnificent Monthly Meowers, had met at midnight in the Temple of Apollo, where, after sacrificing fifty goats to the god, they had waited for the rising of the moon, and then they had sworn in the name of the god that a trumpeting agent may divvy his commission with the man who gives him the tip, or may donate up to 95% to some peasant who supplies him with capital, but in consideration only of a horrible vow that all



THE MIDNIGHT OATH

Meeting of the Tip Top Trumpeting Trust, The Daily Drama Dubs, and the Magnificent Monthly Meowers at the Temple of Apollo in Delphi—to bottle up that 15%.

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Athens shall crumble, that all Hellas shall sink into the sea, before any part of a commission, whether earned or not by the trumpeting agency, may wander back into the pocket of the man who had paid for the trumpeting.

Zeus-ikin, turning to Pushon, suggested that this midnight frolic at the Temple of Apollo sounded like a violation of Solon's Anti-Trust Law, and Pushon answered that the T. T. T. T. ought to be reported to the All-Hellas Trade Commission.

"Oh much-travelled Pushon, let us not stir up a row with the All-Hellas Trade Commission," Tauros remarked cynically. "The noise might awaken the O. O. O. O. O. O. (the Omnipotent Obliterators Of Olive Oil Organizations)."

Zeus-ikin pricked up his ears. "I never object to the other man's making a fair profit"—he spoke earnestly and very deliberately—"and—Helen, the service of the great Tauros is necessary."

The hell-raising Helen gave a look of disgust and seemed to have subsided.

But now Zeus-ikin makes another move!

Right on top of conceding that trumpeting-agencies and olive-oil-importers should keep their vows about prices too holy for holes, my master began a long wobble about the cost of trumpeting. He wanted to be fair about prices

TAUROS TRAPPED INTO A TRADE

and so on, but he doubted if he ought to do that trumpeting since "it's so expensive." When Tauros talked back just as cryptically, my master suddenly changed his manner; that 15%, he said plainly, was "something awful."

"Well, anyway," said Zeus-ikin, making a motion as if he were to arise (although I felt that he probably wouldn't arise as yet, on account of the alley he wanted from Tauros) "what is the decision; is it 50-50?"

Tauros shook his head. "I am laboring not so much for the money as for the joy of my profession." He'd gladly give his friend Zeus-ikin the entire commission except for the principle involved.

But when my master actually did get out of his seat, Tauros majestically motioned him back to the couch. And he thereupon suggested, as a personal friend of Zeus-ikin, that he might be willing to send a couple of slaves to Helen's house to weed the vegetable garden and to be of service regularly at other times. On further prodding from my master, Tauros also suggested the possibility of paying half of my stipend, taking half of my time, and in reality letting me put all that time on special work for the Zeus-ikin Kompany. But my boss objected.

So finally Tauros agreed to present Helen (as soon as half the contract had been run) with a beautiful ruby and sapphire bracelet, equal

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in value to one-third of the year's commission, and to add as an extra special favor, two slaves for Helen, just as friendly gifts. But the commission, both Tauros and Bullem solemnly asserted, they will never, never cut one iota.

* * *

Although my master now seemed satisfied with his deal-ikin, his hag Helen once more had to hop into the fray. She said she ought to get 2 bracelets, and as for the extra slaves, she really needed four, not two. She warned her uncle not to close a contract until he'd gotten the best offer from other agents.

HOW TAUROS TOWERS

ABOVE ALL THEM AGENT-IKINS

Bullem heard only the word "others." That was enough. He shouted angrily "Helen, wilt thou pick the judge over thy uncle's destiny—eenee, meenee, minee, moh? Canst thou buy profound advice by the amphora like corn meal, thou housekeeper!" But calming down immediately, he asked Helen apologetically if she deemed it really proper to mention "other" agencies when the Olympian Prophet, yes Tauros Himself, had proferred his personal counsel. He said something about 7,350,000 drachmas last year. Who could claim there were "others"?

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Helen retorted that she knew there were "others," capable competitors of Tauros, for she had heard from her brother Aresto of twins by the name of Riffraffem living in humble surroundings, but making quite a success of trumpeting Platon's dialogues and other biblia.

"Sweet Helen," interjected Tauros, "The Riffraffems are excellent youths, but in no sense competitors of Tauros."

Thereupon Bullem explained to Zeus-ikin that the Riffraffems are wonderful, marvelous. They are the world's greatest experts in direct trumpeting; a toot and a sale, a toot and a sale and so on. And while Tauros knows everything, this is one subject of which he is proud to know nothing.

As both Zeus-ikin and Pushon seemed so blinded by their frantic desire merely to toot and sell and toot and sell, they could not get Bull-em's point about the Riffraffems. So Tauros interposed a word or two. With that quiet dignity so characteristic of One who knows his Stuff, he dismissed the subject by saying:

"The Riffraffems can't advise on trumpet calls; they are specialty-experts on cat calls."*

* I suspect that those Riffraffem twins put Protagoras up to his cheap scheme of teaching virtue on "free trial," no-money-down-pay-if-satisfied.—*Knotall*—[Yes, Knotall is right; if we may trust B. Jowett, Plato's Dialogues vol. IV on Protagoras, page 100.—*The Transcriber*.]

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This settled the Riffraffems with Zeus-ikin. But Helen's idea about "others" seemed to stick in his head. So he began slyly:

"Dear Helen, I sometimes play golf with a trumpeting agent, 'Otfooton by name. I have always found him a kalos k'agathos, in fact, an aristocrat among gentlemen, since he has never solicited me for any trumpeting before the nineteenth hole, and then only directly. Dost know him, friend Bullem?"

Bullem studied a moment as if to refresh his memory. "A good man," he added, "a very good man." Then he recalled to Tauros that this 'Otfooton must be the same agent whom they had been recently talking about hiring as an assistant to Boobo, the assistant of Fakem, one of the assistants of Bullem; and he asked if Zeus-ikin would recommend 'Otfooton for the job.

[It irritated me that Bullem should pull this time-worn gag in the presence of an experienced trumpeting man like me. I had always sympathized a bit with that brilliant verse-writer of the yellow chariot verses out in Sparta, (a man whose profession was billiards and his avocation trumpeting) when one of the large Lacedemonian agencies cooked his goose in just that Bullem fashion. But, being myself in the trumpeting profession, I could not very properly put Zeus-ikin wise to all this esoteric dope.]

I reminded Bullem that 'Otfooton was a successor in office to Tauros, being at this moment

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the president of the T.T.T.T. No doubt while Tauros had once taken the job for a year because he had plenty of money, 'Otfooton had accepted the honor because he had plenty of time. For one of these two reasons men were usually chosen as presidents of trade associations in my Athenian days. I pointed out to Bullem that the term of 'Otfooton as president of the T.T.T.T. was expiring inside of the next two weeks, and that any time thereafter, I felt sure that 'Otfooton would certainly be willing to buy a couple of slaves for Helen, and to do a few other favors in return for a 65,000 drachma trumpeting account.

Zeus-ikin brushed me aside, saying that he didn't have to wait two weeks for the president of the Trumpeting Trust to become an "ex," that he'd find plenty of other experts ready to make a slave-trade. He mentioned another agent, one with a long name, something Ketch-em-kai-Nailem, formerly his favorite caddy.*

*These golf stories seemed to grieve Bullem, who as major domo of the Tauros Palace, often played golf with Zeus-ikin. For until very recent times, it was quite common for a trumpeting agent to know intimately all his many clients; yet the clients should have neither social nor business acquaintance with any other trumpeting agent. Thus a jealous trumpeting agent sometimes acquired all the social proprietary rights over his clients that a Persian exercises over his harem.—*Knotall*.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"That old fellow?" shouted Pushon, quite upset. "Why he's lousier than Antithenes.* He with his two slaves keeps his office in three old olive oil amphoras."

Zeus-ikin was astounded at the earnestness of the erstwhile placid Pushon. But the latter explained that the *main thing in trumpeting* is that inspiring, peppy talk which Tauros Himself will make to the salesmen just before the tooting starts. And for that purpose, Pushon insisted upon an agency whose chief (and none other than the chief Himself will do) has, if possible, a glib tongue, and surely a long purse. Otherwise, he said, it's all off with the salesmen.

Then Pushon added: "To show thee, noble master, that this here Ketchem-kai-Nailem is a piker:—he chases always after me and Knotall and has not asked a single money-changer to introduce him direct to thee—Pooh! I wouldn't

*Antithenes was the instructor of Diogenes, who lived in a barrel. Diogenes was only 13 years old in 401 B. C. and therefore presumably had not had time to develop into a crank, or Knotall would have mentioned him instead of the comparatively conventional Antithenes. The latter was merely an exponent of the "simple life" which several of our leading experts have recently trumpeted from their exquisite studios. (Gulick "Life of the Ancient Greeks" says that in the 5th Century B. C. some Athenians actually made their abodes in huge pieces of pottery, which had been used to store goods.)—*The Transcriber.*

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call him an agent, any more than I'd call this manikin, Knotall, a man!"

Pushon subsided. He took the hem of his mantle and wiped the sweat off his face, while Tauros spoke briefly in an undertone.

"Surely," he said, "no merchant prince would entrust his trumpeting to an *agent-ikin*."

Bullem now pulled a long roll of papyrus out of the fold of the mantle from under his neck. He pounded it on the couch as if it were a gavel.

(My eyes glowed with joy:—the contract, the contract! and ready for my master's signature!)

NO AGENT-IKIN FOR ZEUS-IKIN!

"Why talk about 'other' agents?" shouted the boisterous Bullem. "Not to mention the agent-ikins and the agent-ikin-ikins. Why! the Tremendous Tauros could drop ten of them agents and fifty agent-ikins into his eye without winking!"

How I admired that man Bullem! Such a superb solicitor; no wonder he had quit all soliciting, and was now the star "contact" man!

Bullem pounded again with his papyrus-gavel telling us more of the size of the Tauros Agency, the torrential typhoon of its tooting, the Cyclopiian clients, the legions of verse writers, toot-buyers and other slaves. Then the simile-slinger compared the Tauros Agency to a huge

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chariot, on Mount Olympus, carrying Zeus and all the other gods, and always onward to victory. Yes, the Tauros chariot, he said, is so gigantic that it could suck a half a dozen ordinary agencies into its carburetor and never stall the motor.

"Indeed, oh Helen, helpmeet of Athena," shouted the brave Bullem, "there's only one animal that can trumpet and trumpet right, and that's an elephant."

On Helen's inquiry, he conceded that there were "other" elephants; a few might possibly be even a bit bigger than the Tauros agency. If so, they were surely over-fed; and over-feeding leads to laziness. Yes, yes (this on further cross examination by Helen)—perhaps it's true that a certain elephant in Sparta has the largest trunk in the world; and we'll admit that he is tramping down a lot of grass around Athens. But, because of his Spartan ancestry, his tooting is full of unpleasant over-tones, and scratchy coupons that remind us of those cat calls, rather than of true trumpeting. There are also one or two gigantic, but aged, mastodons, a species now almost extinct. We'll concede furthermore that there are numerous poodles, and also hyenas, that can snort very well in imitation of real trumpeting. "But an elephant," said Bullem, "is an elephant." He concluded, saying "and if anyone wants to talk about hiring *crickets* to trumpet, I'm through."



A REAL AGENT

**"AN ELEPHANT IS AN ELEPHANT,"
SAID BULLEM**

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Tauros glancing sideways at Zeus-ikin evidently decided that the barrage had done its work. So he gave the signal to go over the top.

Bullem arose, and pointed the papyrus-roll straight at Helen's nose.

"Now let's decide," he said in a more mellow and as-it-were judicial manner. "Handsome Helen, I value the deeper intuition of an erudite woman. Tell me: Wouldst thou permit the prince of merchant princes to pick a piker for his bed-fellow?—or shall the omnipotent oil king choose the omniscient oracle?—Greatness, Helen, goes with greatness. So what can seem more fitting than this union of the ruler and the prophet of Olympus?"

This convinced Zeus-ikin. Without waiting for Helen to find holes in the argument, he announced that no "advisor" less Towering than Tauros was fit to illumine the Zodiac of Zeus-ikin.

Then—after thinking a moment, he reminded Helen in a conspicuously audible whisper, that the generous Tauros had promised her a beautiful bracelet worth one-third of the commissions. He added, also audibly, that of course he reserved the right to pawn her jewelry. As for the two slaves, which Tauros had so kindly proffered, Helen might as well have them, so Zeus-ikin said, since he had already been thinking of selling both her miserable cooks.

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To all this Tauros and Bullem nodded assent. But they again insisted that Zeus-ikin must not ask them to cut one obolos off their commissions. For rate maintenance was, is, and shall be a sacred matter. My master, looking a bit dejected, acknowledged defeat; and he graciously volunteered to tell everybody, warning Pushon and me to tell it too, how hard he had fought for just a little slice, and how he had surrendered only after seeing that nothing could tempt Tauros.

While my master was talking, Bullem was unrolling the papyrus and unscrewing his automatic stylus. How my heart was thumping! For now, at last, my trumpeting department was about to start trumpeting.

But—there's Helen again! She's whispering something to Master Zeus-ikin; whispering very earnestly. My hair is standing on end. My feet are lumps of ice. Oh gods of Olympus, what's coming?

CHAPTER V

Then the Old, Old Trouble

*There's the cup at the lip—and then! As usual—
a Buttinsky!—And SUCH a bungler!*

“**O**H NOBLE men of Athens,” our host asked, “we mentioned a while ago Old Sox, the shoemaker. Shall we invite him here? The old loafer is always hanging around the street corners where ye do the trumpeting; and I thought he might give us a little straight dope.”

“Oh wise and astute uncle! An excellent suggestion!” cried Helen.

“We had him here one evening, oh men of Athens,” continued Zeus-ikin, “when my niece and her brother Aresto, the sculptor, engaged in an argument about the value of statues as against paintings. Old Sox, who himself was once a sculptor, got us nowhere, at least, to no decision. But he asked so many questions that truly Helen and Aresto knew thereafter at least what they had been arguing about!” He patted Helen’s cheek, trying to look unconcerned.

Tauros frowned. “If the old shoemaker (whose name I have heard in connection with

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Xantippe, who takes in washing for a living) will get us no decision, why waste time on him? Thou and I, oh much-admired Zeus-ikin, are men of action and decision. That is why we own the side of many a hill around Athens."

Bullem grumbled something; and Pushon also started to protest against admitting Old Sox. Then Hotairo spoke up. It was his part of the job in the Tauros-Bullem-Hotairo trio, as I had already noticed, to play the part of the temperamental one. For eccentricity spells genius—to the mind that cannot scent the odor of true genius; and eccentricity does not fit in with polish and diplomacy. Furthermore, genius must seem vain, super-sensitive, and never concerned with the sheckels—thus it best gathers the sheckels. All of this Hotairo seemed to understand full well. So boldly looking at his four card flush, he put in a stack of blues by saying:

"I for one will not converse with that ruffian. Some day the Agora will give him the poison cup for corrupting the Athenian youth with his hair-splitting nonsense; he's a Bolshevik."

Zeus-ikin tried to placate Hotairo by admitting that we all recognized the poet's labors as sound and substantial, while the hair-splitting harangues of Old Sox were, of course, intended only for the amusement of the moment.

All this time I was squirming as much as the

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others. For I had had converse once with Old Sox at the street corner on the question "What constitutes a useful citizen?" And after I had incidentally told him that I was head of a trumpeting department, Old Sox plied me with such a ridiculous line of questions about my value to the commonwealth, that I can recall the interview only with a vague yet poignant feeling of discomfort. So I spoke up, suggesting that in lieu of Old Sox, we might invite his disciple, my young friend Platon, who, as I explained to Tauros, was somewhat short of funds lately and had asked me whether some trumpeting agent could not engage him temporarily to write a few essays.

Hotairo started to object; but Bullem nudged Tauros, and promptly said: "Brother Knotall, we'll keep thy friend Platon in mind for the first opening, the very first opening. But now to business."

Bullem now spread out his roll of papyrus and shook his automatic stylus to see if the ink was flowing (for in my youth the *non*-trumpeted styluses were sometimes a bit skittish, especially pens used for signatures).

Then came the thunderclap.

The doorkeeper's messenger appeared, saying that a rather poorly dressed, bare-footed old man stood without, claiming that he had been invited to a goblet of wine and water.

THEN THE OLD, OLD TROUBLE

"Usher him in without delay, oh slow-thinking slave," Helen was heard to say.

Tauros forced himself to smile. The jaws of Bullem dropped; and he had difficulty in stopping another pseudo-exit by Hotairo which Bullem realized could be only a belated bluff. Pushon and I merely shrugged our shoulders in disgust. As for Zeus-ikin, he glanced about in wonderment, uneasy because he could not understand why the prospective advent of an old shoemaker should arouse such antagonism.

"After all, oh men of Athens," Tauros said blandly, "from Old Sox we shall get the consumer viewpoint on olive oil. In a trumpeting investigation it is always helpful to rub elbows with one of the ignorant masses."

* * *

HE ENTERS!—OLD SOX JOINS US

And a moment later, we heard back of us the soft yet ponderous footsteps of bare feet. And there, in the archway of the court, he stood before us—the old statue-maker, whom most of us had seen loitering around the streets or sitting in the parkway with a group of boys.

There he stood, at the end of the hall—at a distance, a respectful distance; yet in a way, a haughty distance, as if insisting that our host must urge him before he would join our circle.



THERE HE STOOD!

THEN THE OLD, OLD TROUBLE

There he stood; a huge, white-bearded head on a stocky body, a head that seemed all brain, with a bulb of a nose put forward, and a pair of deep-bluish, or deep-greenish or deep-blackish eyes peering at us; not scrutinizing in idle curiosity, nor furtively searching how to thrust a blow or how to parry; but searching as if to look into the depths of our souls.

As he loomed before us, barefooted and bare-headed, and clad only in a rough mantle, I hardly saw the clothes, nor the body, nor the head, nor the beard, but just the eyes,—the searching eyes, the glowing eyes, the knowing eyes, that never claimed to know, but seemed to glow for a pair of companion eyes to help in the eternal search.

“Approach, friend Sox,” Zeus-ikin shouted, “and seat thyself between my friend Pushon and my unworthy self. So come and drink thy fill; and then tell us today’s news of the Agora.”



Part II

Old Sox Begins!

[*Two nights of war in Helen's home.*]

- VI What's Truth in Trumpeting?
- VII Who Pays for the Trumpeting?
- VIII Where's the Theory of Trumpeting?
- IX The Proof! — But what's "Experience"?

CHAPTER VI

What's Truth In Trumpeting?

[*A lot of trash about trumpeting ethics!*]

Old Sox begins—What is success?—Is trumpeting good and beautiful?—Does it help the commonwealth?—Oh Pushon, are not these the FIRST of all questions?

AFTER introducing Old Sox Helen offered him her goblet; but he refused. "I hope to quaff tonight of richer drink," he said, seating himself on a tripod between Hotairo and me, "for here, at last, I meet the poet Hotairo of whom I have heard so many writers speak—and all of them always with envy."

Hotairo smiled graciously, and Tauros, while adjusting his huge gold girdle, said "My man Hotairo is today the most successful poet in Athens."

"So I have heard," the aged philosopher responded, "but tell me, oh Tauros Prophetikos, what is success?"

"Such a simple question from a philosopher," exclaimed the head of the trumpeting agency.

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"A successful man, of course, is the man who gets there."

"A comprehensive answer," replied Old Sox. "But tell me, Tauros, where is 'there'?"

Tauros shrugged his shoulders and murmured that Hotairo himself could answer.

Turning to the poet, Old Sox remarked that even his disciple, Platon, who was writing some rather exceptionally good dialogues but who had had financial difficulties with his father, had been overheard talking about becoming a follower of the great Hotairo.

"As for thy Platon," Bullem said, giving me a quick, friendly look, unseen by Zeus-ikin, "have no fear, Old Sox. We shall give him the first opening—the very first opening."

Old Sox was about to ask what this meant; when Hotairo exclaimed: "Surely Old Sox thou dost not compare me with that scribbler, Platon. It is true he has written some rather good prose; but I'm told he has great difficulty in selling two copies of his dialogues in one long moon, while my verses are heard daily by thousands and thousands of the best classes of Athenians."

"Indeed," remarked Old Sox, raising his eyebrows, "that shows how far behind I am on my current reading; for I have seen not one of thy verses, good though they evidently must be. For my instruction, therefore, and perhaps

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for the entertainment of all of us, wilt thou not, good Hotairo, recite a few of them?"

Hotairo said he would gladly do so, were it not for the fact that he had left his lyre at home. "Every trumpeting writer," he said, "must have a lyre to accompany him; or his verses lack connotation."

Old Sox looked astounded. "So it is trumpeting messages," he murmured "that poor Platon is thinking of writing."

Hotairo sat up straight on his couch; his black eyes snapped fire at the philosopher. "Why 'poor' Platon?" he asked. "What's 'poor' about trumpeting?" When our visitor made no reply, Hotairo leaned back lazily on his couch, taking care, however, to let his flowing mantle drape in graceful folds, while he continued: "Mark thee, Old Sox, dost thou know the line: 'Hast thou a little Pan in thy home?'"

Old Sox replied that he remembered having heard this line several times, but he could not recall where.

"Well," said Hotairo "that line is one of my lines and so is that other: 'There are surprises coming, Paginix.' And so are many others of the best known verses in Hellas. Some of these have been tooted to the tune of ten or twenty million. Now dost thou believe that Sophocles has ever reached the fraction of such an audience? And as for the money taken in on any

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

one of these single lines—well, it's more than the price of all the tickets ever sold at all the comedies that thy bosom friend, Aristophanes, ever wrote or ever will write."

"Ho, ho! ho men poeta, ho de Tairo," cried Old Sox "indeed, I see thou art 'there'!" *

"Yes," exclaimed Zeus-ikin, "and Old Sox, I wanted thy opinion tonight on the way for me to 'get there' too." My master stopped short.

* * *

IS TRADE GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL?

Zeus-ikin pulled Helen over on his couch and put his arm around her. He sat up straight—

("What's coming now?" I wondered, "and why doesn't my master spring his question?")

* To the Professors who are hatching the Hotairos in the many recently-established "get there" departments of our Universities—I am aware that some of our teachers of tooting come nearer to knowing what it's all about, than legions of "practical" men who got there.—But, cui bono? Of course, the professors might answer that education has advanced since the days of Old Sox:—in our times, are not the Professors of Trumpeting and the Experts in Egyptology functioning much on the same plane? at least so far as concerns the 99% of our students who eat at the training tables of higher learning solely in order to get there?—Granted! But I'll reply by asking:—might not some of those who have chosen the teaching of tooting as a profession, give more thought to the teaching and less to the "get-there" tooting?—*The Transcriber.*

WHAT'S TRUTH IN TRUMPETING?

Zeus-ikin looked upon us sternly, indeed just like a little Zeus. Then, after asking his guests to pass a goblet of wine and water all around, he remarked that Old Sox had evidently been interested only in meeting the poet Hotairo, ignoring us plain folks. And he asked Helen whether a man engaged in useless and beautiful philosophy could help intelligently on a business problem while he looked with contempt upon the craftsman and the tradesman. Before Helen could answer, Old Sox spoke up.

"I look with respect upon everything men do that is necessary; for if it is necessary, is it not good and beautiful?" Old Sox answered, "such as tilling the soil, and building homes, and trading to bring the necessities of life to market?"

"Bully well said," shouted Zeus-ikin.

"Old Sox, thou art wiser than I thought," Tauros added while clapping his hands. "Listen: These poets, even Hotairo, whom I pay a talent a moon, yes six thousand drachmas a moon, oh Zeus-ikin, and the sculptors I employ, and those who make beautiful speeches at the Agora about the dignity of labor, seem to deem themselves somewhat better than men of business who labor like Zeus-ikin and myself."

"It has been thus since the time of Solon, oh noble Tauros," said the oil-merchant.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"And perhaps it will be thus for thousands of years," Old Sox remarked, "as long as there are pseudo-artists and pseudo-philosophers and pseudo-idealists who profess to despise business, and yet must needs have olive oil, in order to teach their so-called ideals."

The men of business all nodded enthusiastic approval.

"Yet again, oh Athenian gentlemen," Old Sox continued, "is philosophy useless and can it be beautiful if useless? Tell me, is not the study of music* essential to a proper understanding of any art or craft? For the savage man, knowing not music, knows not the art of building homes, of weaving cloth and of finding other ways to take care of the body."

"Thou art wise, Old Sox," Helen exclaimed.

"Therefore the philosopher, since he teaches the youth to think, he thus teaches them all the arts and all the crafts and teaches trade and commerce?"

Old Sox paused for a reply. When no one answered, he said that he had often wondered why the business men of Athens attached so little value to really accurate thinking; they just seemed to muddle on. Some apparently waxed rich because of superior energy, others

*"Music," as used by Knotall, I suspect, means the muses; that is all forms of learning and culture.—*The Transcriber*.

WHAT'S TRUTH IN TRUMPETING?

by sheer luck; very few of them by close analysis of anything. "How much greater would be the commonwealth, oh men of Athens," Old Sox concluded "and how much richer would be many a today rich Athenian, richer in spirit and richer in gold and silver, too, if he paid more heed to the kind of thinking that philosophy teaches! Is that our conclusion, oh Athenians?"

"Yes, yes, that is our conclusion," cried Bullem, fidgeting with his stylus, "and I am glad to hear how we are all agreed that this trumpeting is what Old Sox calls good and beautiful."

But Old Sox stroked his beard and moved about nervously on his tripod as if something were itching him.

* * *

WHAT IS "ECONOMIC WASTE"?

"However, nevertheless," he murmured, "a while ago in reaching the conclusion that the works of both the philosopher and the merchant were good and beautiful, we assumed, I believe, that both were necessary, did we not? Therefore, trade and commerce when not necessary are bad and ugly; does that follow, oh Intellectual Tauros Prophetikos?"

"Supposedly, yes, but what is thy point?" asked Tauros, suspiciously. "Dost thou mean to echo the words of those blabberers at the

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Assembly, those Trotskis, who want to tax trumpeting because of its profits?"

"Enormous profits, oh Zeus-ikin," echoed Bullem.

"Trumpeting, oh men of Athens, stimulates consumption," Bullem continued, rising from his couch and striding about. "Trumpeting gives zest to competition and inspires all kinds of salesmanship to greater effort. Now then, if the Agora should put a tax on trumpeting, what would become of such men as Tchordon, owner of Corinthian Chariot, who is making millions of drachmas every year out of trumpeting (and would make more if he would not always butt in and try to write the verses himself), and what would become of the great profits that the noble Zeus-ikin is now about to make out of trumpeting? And what would become of our 250 employees? And the thousands and thousands more of other writers, investigators, thinkers, students, messengers now engaged in the noble science of trumpeting?"

Bullem took a big quaff from Helen's goblet; presumably to cool his heated brow after such deep thinking.

"Without inquiry into the details of the various slight economic errors of thy speech, oh brave Bullem," responded Old Sox, "let me ask: Is this big competition in trumpeting just a part of our competitive system of selling?"

WHAT'S TRUTH IN TRUMPETING?

"Of course," answered Bullem.

Old Sox pondered a moment, then he said:

"Are we not agreed in Athens, unlike the Lacedæmonians, who want every worker to be a paid employee or slave of the commonwealth, that the total good of the commonwealth is best served, including the good of the polloi, if we permit all men to struggle in hot competition for their rewards?"

"Exactly," shouted Bullem, patting Old Sox on his bare shoulder. The philosopher concluded:

"Hence if a man condemns trumpeting merely because competitive selling costs money, if he insists we can't get '*our money's worth*' when competition adds salesmen's, dealers' and trumpeters' expenses to the cost of making goods, then that man condemns all the Athenian liberties and upholds Lacedæmonian communism?"

"Didn't I tell ye he wasn't a bolshevist?" exclaimed Zeus-ikin clapping his hands.

* * *

IS TRUMPETING GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL?

Zeus-ikin now explained that he was about to invest 650,000 drachmas in trumpeting, and that he wanted the opinion of Old Sox.

Old Sox smiled. "How can I, oh vendor of

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

oil, advise thee on trumpeting? All I can say is that the trumpeters annoy me terribly at the street corners, shouting about somebody's wares while I am conversing earnestly with my followers. Also, when I go to hear the drama, they stand close by, tooting about some cure for the ague or about bargains at the fish market, just when I want to listen to Euripides."

Tauros undertook to reply, and this time he did it rather well.

"When thou wast a youth, Old Sox, thy father took thee to the Drama only once in a while. Few could afford it. Now, everybody can see the Drama. At a much lower price to-day, the drama is better than ever, both in tragedy and in comedy. And the men who write these Dramas are paid much more. Hence there are more good writers. Is that not so?"

"Quite correct," answered Old Sox.

"And why? Because the Drama owners make huge profits out of hundreds and hundreds of trumpeters. The trumpet calls are ordered where the listeners are most numerous; the greater the crowd, the more the owners of the Drama collect for every toot; hence the first concern of the theatre-owner is to get a large crowd. Hence, today, because of the great volume of trumpeting, we are all able to enjoy richer, cheaper and some say better plays.

"Furthermore, in former times, when there

WHAT'S TRUTH IN TRUMPETING?

were only a few trumpeters, the Drama sorely needed each one of them and a single trumpeter could interfere with the progress of the play, or even dictate to the writer of a comedy. But today the multiplicity of trumpet calls has made the drama dependent upon the many hearers and independent of the wealthy few."

Old Sox had listened intently. "That was a delicious morsel of converse, oh Tauros," he rejoined. "And I now see why thou art called Prophetikos Olympou. Quite probably the noble Zeus-ikin would spend 650,000 by a free contribution to the dramas only on condition of enslaving some of the dramatists. Therefore, while all this tooting is more or less of a 'bad and ugly' nuisance, yet does it not seem that trumpeting helps the commonwealth in unseen ways to the 'good and beautiful'?"

* * *

WERE THESE QUESTIONS WORTH WHILE?

"By the beard of Zeus," Pushon cried. "Let's stop that rot about the needs of the commonwealth and get down to business."

Old Sox looked surprised, "Wilt thou deny, oh well reputed citizen of Athens, that first of all we should inquire what effect our proposed plan may have upon the commonwealth?"

Zeus-ikin hit his breast with his fists. "Old Sox is right!" he shouted. "If I and my olive

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

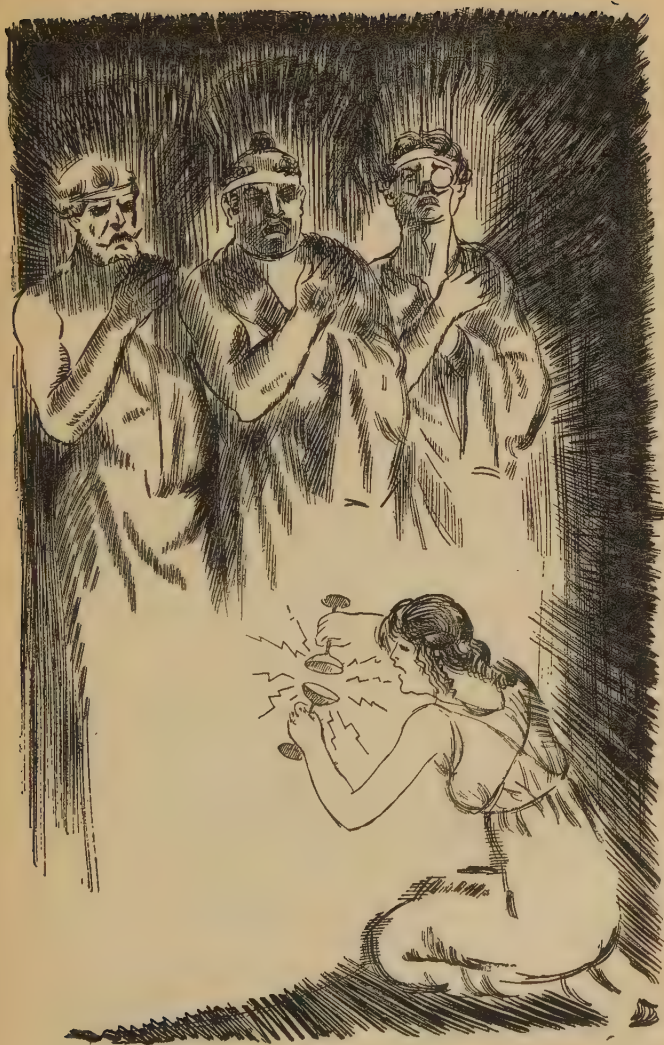
oil ain't no good to Athens, I ain't no good at all. And it's the same with trumpeting."

Tauros applauded. He admitted that all trumpeting benefits not only the trumpeters, but also the commonwealth; provided we hold to the *Tauros Slogan* of "Truth in Trumpeting."

Behold!—

When Tauros uttered these sacred words, Bullem and Hotairo arose, lifting the great Prophet to his feet. Then all three, standing quite erect with arms crossed over their breasts and with "eyes front," began to chant the Hymn to Hermes, entitled "Truth in Trumpeting." Immediately upon hearing the first chords, Helen (who, as I've hinted, once worked in a trumpeting agency) grabbed two wine goblets and rattled them so loud and hard that we could not hear a word of the inspiring paeon. Nevertheless, the trio completed the first stanza before sitting down.

Zeus-ikin, glaring at Helen in disgust, thanked Tauros for singing so nobly, and especially for the benefit of Pushon, who sometimes needed watching, since the Zeus-ikin Kompany held to the highest ethics of commerce, exactly like The Tauros Agency. Then my master asked the trumpeting expert if it wasn't Solon who had said that you can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time.



THE HYMN TO "TRUTH IN TRUMPETING"

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Tauros said he was sure that this noble sentiment came originally from Solon or from the Tauros Agency.

Hotairo spoke up: "The Tauros Agency, oh friend Zeus-ikin, knows exactly how many people thou canst fool all of the time, and how many some of the time. Oh oil-merchant, thou shouldst come and examine our wonderful statisticalizing department showing the mass reactions of the Athenians to my various kinds of verses! We know exactly what goes over, and just how long before we must change the verses."

Luckily for the Tauros Agency, Zeus-ikin was busy at that moment with his goblet of wine and water. Having quaffed his quaff, he slammed down his goblet, and exclaimed:

"Now listen, friend Pushon:—

"No doubt some shrewd Athenian, may, here or there, have deceived his fellow citizens. For instance, by selling a cure for sore feet, then building a temple somewhere out of a part of his profits, and becoming a respected member of the commonwealth. But such a man did not sell olive oil.—Now note, oh wise men of Athens, that olive oil is bought by all of the people all of the time.

"So I repeat," Zeus-ikin concluded. "Old Sox had the 'dope.' If I want to look ahead to have a solid business for my son—that won-

WHAT'S TRUTH IN TRUMPETING?

derful boy, Zeus-ikin-ikin III—I must think of the commonwealth first, and only afterward of my olive oil.”

Hearing these eloquent sentiments, Tauros stated with becoming dignity that the success of his agency was due largely to the care that had been exercised for a generation in choosing as clients exclusively just such high-minded Athenians as the noble Zeus-ikin.

My master, turning to Old Sox, remarked that we all now seemed satisfied as to the *ethics* of Zeus-ikin's trumpeting. “So to *business!*” he exclaimed. “Tell me, old man, your opinion on the *value* of this here trumpeting.”

Old Sox replied that we had, indeed, reached not merely opinions, but conclusions on three most important fundamentals:—

1. Competitive selling is necessary to preserve the liberties of our citizens; and trumpeting is good and beautiful insofar as it may be a good method of competing to sell.
2. While trumpeting may *seem* bad and ugly, it supplies the dramas with the sinews for better plays.
3. Furthermore, the multiplicity of trumpeting makes the owners of the dramas largely independent of the dictates of individual buyers of trumpeting, thus laying one of the foundation stones of Athenian liberty.

But as for the value of this trumpeting for Zeus-ikin, Old Sox added that he would have to be instructed by the erudite Tauros, Bullem or Hotairo before he could venture even a guess, much less an opinion.

CHAPTER VII

Who Pays For the Tooting?

[*More trash about trumpeting ethics*]

Old Sox becomes a disciple—But the questions, the elementary questions, this old man keeps asking!—“Who foots the bills?”—“What! Athens? and is that honest?”—A futile talk fest!

BULLEM again arose, saying, “Old Sox, I’ll take thee as a disciple. Listen carefully that thou mayest learn the principles of trumpeting.—Now, Socratidion, tell me:—hast ever listened to a trumpeter?”

Old Sox stroked his gray beard and pondered. “Sometimes perhaps, when I could not avoid it,” he finally said. “For instance, one morning when Xantippe had given me half a drachma and one of the trumpeters tooted about some new sweetmeat from Troy, I bought a little. Also one time there was so much trumpeting about a mixture of sea-salt to wash clothes without rubbing, I borrowed the money from a disciple and bought some in the hope that it would improve Xantippe’s disposition.”

WHO PAYS FOR THE TOOTING?

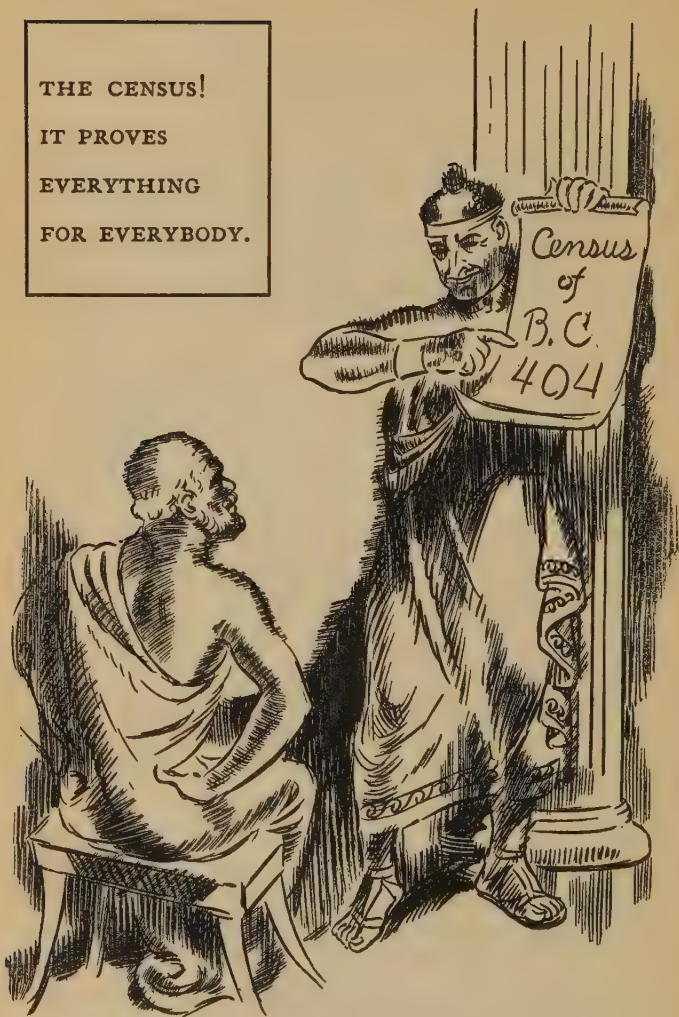
"And tell me, my disciple, hast thou bought any since?" Bullem demanded.

"No, it did no good," Old Sox answered wearily. "I mean Xantippe was just the same as before. — However, Xantippe, believing it saved work at the washboard, has bought several times since, and I am informed she has told the wives of other philosophers who take in washing for a living."

"See here, my disciple," Bullem cried, petting old Sox on the head while pulling a long slip of parchment out from the folds of his robe. He handed the document to his disciple. "Here thou shalt learn some vital statistics: There are three hundred and twenty-one thousand, five hundred and sixty-two souls in Athens, including two hundred and eighty-two thousand, six hundred and one persons old enough to buy things—census of B. C. 404—there it is on the parchment in plain Greek, see—census of B. C. 404—just three years old and as exact as all other Athenian records including the historical writings of Herodotus.

"Now if thou, a poor maker of sandals and a maker of poor sandals, hast bought thrice a year because a trumpeter stirred thee up, we have three times 282,602 sales or 847,806 sales a year because of this trumpeting—now, my disciple, dost thou understand the power of trumpeting? State thy opinion!"

THE CENSUS!
IT PROVES
EVERYTHING
FOR EVERYBODY.



OLD SOX BECOMES A DISCIPLE

WHO PAYS FOR THE TOOTING?

"I have learned so little as yet," Old Sox responded quietly. "Dare I state an opinion?"

Helen nudged Zeus-ikin and they both giggled like school children.

"Thy modesty is music to my ears," said Zeus-ikin, "for I have here the chief of my trumpeting department, Knotall, who toots expert opinions to me every day. He'll toot out anything, facts, half-facts and fiction, all strangely intermingled, anything to bluff it through and to put it over on me."

I looked pleadingly at the philosopher.

"Thou speakest harshly of our friend Knotall," Old Sox said in a kindly voice. "For may it not be, oh Zeus-ikin, that the head of thy trumpeting department is but exercising in converse with thee, the same virtues or vices that thou, oh astute oil merchant, hast taught him to use in trumpeting to the Athenians?"

"Our host did not call thee here, Old Sox, to insult the noble and highly profitable profession of trumpeting," Hotairo cried. And Dikuros Bullem added that he had been wasting time on a worthless disciple.

"Old Sox!" cried Zeus-ikin, waving his hands to stop the wrangle. "Give us thy opinion, or thy guess or thy hunch—'Does trumpeting pay?'"

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"To answer this," responded Old Sox, "let me ask: who pays for the tooting?"

"Why *I* do, of course," answered my master, with open-mouthed wonderment at such a question; and it seemed to me that he was beginning to realize how right we all had been in wanting to dodge this silly, time-wasting questioner.

"And who pays thee, oh vendor of oil?" continued Old Sox. "Do thy salesmen contribute out of their weekly stipend? Or dost thou dismiss thy salesmen, spending their stipends thereafter on trumpeting?"

"Not on thy tintype," growled Pushon.

MAKING ATHENS FOOT THE BILL

Old Sox looked puzzled. So Hotairo arose, saying that he would enlighten the disciple. He explained the Bullem plan of putting olive oil into small flasks instead of letting the vendors dip it out of a bucket, so that when the trumpeting starts, Zeus-ikin may get twice as much for his olive oil as ever before.

"All because of my inspiring verses," concluded Hotairo. "And, very confidentially, Socratidion, to the tune of 650,000 drachmas."

"Yet thy verses, oh syren among singers," asked Old Sox, "will not add to the quality of the olive oil? Does it not seem then that the commonwealth must pay thee for the verses?"

WHO PAYS FOR THE TOOTING?

"Silly question!" Hotairo exclaimed. "Look: Zeus-ikin pays Tauros; Tauros pays the trumpeters, keeping only a small part for his commission, and out of that commission, he pays me a smaller part—a very, very small part for my seductive verses. It is evident, indeed, oh Di-kuros Bullem, that we have much to teach our new disciple."

"I am, it is true, rather stupid on such matters," Old Sox answered calmly. "But if I understand thy plan, oh clever Hotairo, the citizens of Athens are to pay a higher price for olive oil so as to provide the wages of the trumpeters, the rewards of the verse-maker, the food of the numerous slaves whom Tauros is reputed to employ, and in addition, these citizens are to pay for plantations of many plethra which both Zeus-ikin and Tauros will add to their other holdings out of their profits on the olive oil trumpeting. Am I right?"

"Now our disciple has caught on," cried Hotairo, stepping up and cheerfully slapping Old Sox on the back. He sank back on his divan to light a fresh cigar; his eyes searched those of Zeus-ikin, who was, however, toying with the long locks of Helen's hair, and seemed to pay no heed to the discussion.

I noticed also that Tauros and Bullem looked worried, and I knew why; for it is not the prac-

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

tice of wise trumpeting agents to commit themselves by laying down policies until *after* they have nosed around a bit and have learned the prospective clients' ideas. This error became evident when Old Sox continued thusly:

"Yet is it not true, oh sweet singer of poems, that all of these trumpeters might otherwise have spent their time blowing those bugs off of the olive trees which last spring destroyed many trees? And that thy wit, oh poet, might have been employed in teaching men to grow better olive trees, instead of luring them to pay double price for an olive product? And that the slaves of Tauros could have helped the commonwealth by raising much-needed corn instead of contributing nothing to the wealth of Athens!"

"Yes," Helen mumbled, "and Tauros and Bullem might find a useful occupation, drawing an ox-cart."—But Zeus-ikin jerked her hair.

"It would seem then, would it not," Old Sox said slowly, "that the trumpeting is not good and beautiful; for the seductive verses of Hotairo, while seeming no doubt to be beautiful, but seeking to convey not the truth—"

"They *will* tell the truth!" Hotairo shouted, rising while Tauros and Bullem also arose and crossed their arms. But seeing Helen again seize the two goblets, they all sat down

WHO PAYS FOR THE TOOTING?

without once more starting the hymn to truth in trumpeting.

Old Sox continued, unperturbed: "Since Hotairo's verses will seek to convey a deception, so that a deluded commonwealth may lose some of its wealth on over-priced olive oil—"

"Don't worry, Old Sox," Zeus-ikin spoke up, throwing back Helen's hair and adjusting the clothing beneath her neck quite modestly, "I wasn't born in Athens nor in Sparta; I'm no damn fool. I was born in the country where I drove the oxen and tilled the grape; I know what it means to save up for a few drachmas to spend on feast day. So if I order Tauros to do this trumpeting—650,000 drachmas, Old Sox—I won't raise the price of my olive oil. No, as soon as the sales pile up—but keep this on the Q. T. now—I'm going to cut the price."

"Now thou art talking, uncle," Helen remarked, vainly stroking her dishevelled hair.

"Wisely spoken, oh noble Zeus-ikin, precisely the policy of the Tauros Trumpeting Agency!" Bullem shouted, hitting his breast three times with both his fists while glaring at Tauros in a manner as if to say something, a glare that Tauros and I understand full well.

[Yes, I, Knotall, head of the great trumpeting department in Athens, knew full well what the glare of Bullem said to Tauros. It was this: "Thou jackass among owners of trumpeting agencies, oh half-witted, top-heavy Tauros!

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

As I told thee again today, our verse-makers have too much brains; and too much brains doesn't go with common sense. The verse-makers make the trumpeting a success, at least, we make the fellows who foot the bills think so. So whenever thou introducest one of them to a prospect, either the verse-writer happens to hit it off right with the prospect and then he, the poor paid verse-maker, wants all the profits, or perchance is hired away by the client. Or instead, the verse-maker, like this fool Hotairo tonight, spills the beans and queers the game. Now our next prospect, oh jackass Tauros, I'll close alone. And soon enough, we'll call ours the Bullem agency."

But of course I could not tell my master all this. It is not in accord with the "ethics" of trumpeting, that a Zeus-ikin should be lead behind the scenes.]

"Think of the chariot-maker in Thebes," my master mused. "He never hired many trumpeters; perhaps he would have done still better if he had; but anyway he got along pretty well without much trumpeting. He made good chariots and he sold them cheap. So he got orders for more; and every time he made more chariots, they cost him less to make and he sold them cheaper. Why, when I was a boy, only a king or a great general drove in a chariot. Now half the freedmen and nearly every free owner of a cabbage patch around Athens drives one of these chariots."

Bullem felt it was high time to take the reins. "Oh gentle Hotairo, thou art a wonderful verse-maker, the greatest in Greece, and that is why we pay thee six thousand drachmas each moon

WHO PAYS FOR THE TOOTING?

(Yes, oh Zeus-ikin, six thousand drachmas every moon). But thy skill comes after *we* have told thee what to put into thy fetching doggerel. Thy ideas about price do not please Tauros; for Tauros also had the ideas of the chariot-maker, in fact, the chariot-maker got his idea from Tauros."

Tauros glanced furtively at Zeus-ikin. Then, apparently satisfied, he said: "And the Tauros Agency, oh clever but misguided Hotairo, would refuse to connect itself with this campaign of trumpeting—refuse at all hazards, sacrifice all profits—if Zeus-ikin should plan to raise his price because of his trumpeting?"

ANOTHER WAY—

THE VENDORS TO FOOT THE BILL

"Raise the price?" stammered Hotairo. "I meant the price to the vendor. We don't have to give them nearly as big a profit on every jug of trumpeted goods as on untrumpeted goods. Pushon knows this." And Pushon nodded. "Thereafter," the poet added, "fewer vendors can live; but those that are left sell more, especially of trumpeted goods."

"Then, if I understand correctly," Old Sox said, "the conclusion is as follows:

"If we trumpet, a host of retail vendors will quit their shops and go to work planting corn,

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

and if we do not trumpet, a host of Tauros slaves will go to work planting corn. Hence, so far as concerns the commonwealth, it is 50-50 whether to trumpet or not to trumpet."

"My friends and fellow citizens of Athens," the oil merchant said quietly, "let it be known I have not the slightest intention to dip into the pockets of the poor vendors. No; no! If I trumpet, I will give them free goods besides; and the bigger the success of the trumpeting, the more free goods I will give them. That's confidential; so please make sure it is whispered around."

Pushon bent over. Since I bent over too, I could hear him say "What! Full margins for every retail vendor?"—and I heard Master Zeus-ikin whisper back: "Yes, at least at the start."

THE ANSWER AT LAST—

NOBODY FOOTS THE BILL

"Then if the vendor makes more profit and the users pay less for the oil," asked Old Sox, "who then pays for the trumpeting?"

"How ignorant thou art of business, oh slow-thinking disciple," Bullem exclaimed. "Trumpeting is one way of selling, is it not? Answer me, thou sandal-maker!"

"As far as my uninstructed mind has so far



OLD SOX ASKS:

"WHO PAYS FOR THE TOOTING?"

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

grasped," Old Sox replied, "trumpeting seems to be, indeed, one way of trying to sell."

Tauros smiled superciliously.

"With the right verses," shouted Hotairo, "it is *selling*. It cuts selling costs in two. For one we will save enormously on the sales force—"

Here the sales manager again gave an anxious look and Bullem quickly said, "We urge Pushon to hire more salesmen and to add to his own responsibilities, great though his cares are now. Every salesman while receiving perhaps a drachma more pay each month sells twice as much oil as ever before." And turning to Zeus-ikin, he continued:

"Look here, oh noble Athenian, let's do some real figuring. For Figures are the Forte of the Tauros agency. Others talk; Tauros tabulates!—Now then!

"It is costing thee, let us say, nine per cent for Pushon's appropriation. Add three and one-half per cent for trumpeting, total twelve and a half per cent. The venerable Fakem, our expert statistician, will work this out in scientific detail. But here's the point in a nutshell: The business is doubled, oh Zeus-ikin, yes, doubled by the $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ for trumpeting, and therefore selling costs are reduced from nine per cent to one-half of twelve and a half, or to six and one-quarter per cent! Nearly three per cent saved!"

WHO PAYS FOR THE TOOTING?

Old Sox stroked a goblet and murmured: "Since three per cent saved on a doubled business would mean an enormous profit for Zeus-ikin, is it not possible that the great olive oil merchant would pledge a tenth part of these extra profits to do something about which all Athens has talked for six years and as yet has done nothing; namely, to repair the burnt temple of Erechtheus?"

Helen clapped her hands.

"That I will pledge right now, oh men of Athens," Zeus-ikin answered graciously.*

*This promise, in a way, bore fruit. For 5 years later, when the Athenians finally made a "drive" to repair the temple, my master permitted me to take off some time nearly every day to collect funds from the retail oil venders. He told me confidentially the huge amount the Zeus-ikin Ko was contributing; he explained that he did not care to brag, and he left it to my good judgment whether or not to mention this matter to any vendors "unless, indeed, we just happened to chat about it."

Thereupon I did some real "planning."

After a few days of legging it as per Zeus-ikin's instructions, I saw my friends on the Central Committee, who forced me to organize a committee on trumpeting with me, Knotall, as archon; to this, my patriotic master, of course, could not very well object. I thus became instantaner the chief advisor on all the chief fundamentals of the drive. The richest Athenians dropped in on me daily to get a toot for this or that, and they always thanked me for working without pay. What more natural, therefore, than the incorporation a few months later of the Knotall Trumpeting Agency?—*Knotall*.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"And," continued Old Sox, "if under this competitive trumpet-selling, it costs less to sell by trumpeting than without it and if the great merchant will then offer his olive oil for less money to all the poor of Athens (as the chariot-maker cuts his price when it costs less to make or sell a chariot), may we not conclude then, provided our assumptions are correct, that the trumpeting by the Zeus-ikin Kompany will be good and beautiful and therefore is necessary?"

"Nobly said, my worthy disciple!" Bullem cried, and he again produced that long piece of papyrus from the inner folds of his garment and once more unscrewed his automatic stylus.

* * *

BUT HAVE WE REALLY AN ANSWER?

Old Sox looked pensive. "However, yet, it occurs to my slow mind that our conclusion is still incomplete."

"How now; thou endless talker?" Bullem rejoined.

"How easily, indeed," pondered Old Sox, "are we caught in the meshes of our own false logic! For did we not agree a while back that this trumpeting is helpful to the commonwealth only *if* it pays Zeus-ikin extra profits and only *if* the extra profits come from reduced selling expense?"

WHO PAYS FOR THE TOOTING?

"Well stated, oh sharp thinking sculptor!" said Helen.

"Therefore," the philosopher resumed, "there is no sense in talking about trumpeting as 'economic waste'. Either it involves more costly methods of selling than other methods and then it's not 'economic waste' but 'all-around-waste' for everybody; or it offers better methods of competing to sell than older methods and then it's a gain for the commonwealth."

"Yes, of course! a gain for everybody!" shrieked Bullem.—"Consider, oh noble Zeus-ikin, our small commissions, and thy enormous gain on olive oil in getting—"

"Hence," concluded Old Sox, "we have satisfactorily answered all questions except one: 'Will the trumpeting make money for Zeus-ikin by saving money for Zeus-ikin?'—And might not this question also be the basis of an interesting discussion?"

Zeus-ikin arose, looking at his diamond-studded, twenty-three jewel watch. "It is the only question I wanted to ask thee in the first place. But since it is now late and the time of the owl has sounded, I must go home to my wife, who raises the devil when I am out late playing billiards—remember, oh men of Athens, our solemn agreement—that we were playing billiards tonight." Then he invited us for the morrow after dinner.

CHAPTER VIII

Where's the Theory of Trumpeting?

The mysteries of Mass-Psychology and SUPER-selling—But, what if we everlastingly toot "scarlet fever here"?—And how do we get that aura, that atmospheric association?—Finally, is there reasoning in "reason why"?

THE NEXT day immediately after business hours, Pushon and I went to the fashionable gymnasium of Apollo on the invitation of Tauros and Bullem, who treated us to a game of discus throwing, at which Pushon and I won 9 minas each. After a hearty supper, they took both of us in the gymnasium's private chariots to Helen's home, where we found the barefooted Old Sox already there, chatting with the doorkeeper. A slave ushered us to the banquet room, Tauros leading, and I, Knotall, as usual, making up the rear.

When Zeus-ikin and Helen, who had just finished their evening repast, saw us coming, they began the hymn to Pan. At the conclusion of the verses (which they did not seem to remember any too accurately), the oil merchant rose, held his hands up high and hailed us cor-

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dially. At the signal we approached and reclined on the couches.

After Bullem had murmured something about Hotairo's love of wine and women to explain the poet's absence,* Zeus-ikin said:

"Now, mighty Tauros Olympou, show me clearly the theory of this trumpeting; and thou, Old Sox, shalt draw us out with thy questions."

"The theory of profitable trumpeting," Tauros Prophetikos replied, "is simple, although profound. We trumpet 'Zeus-ikin's Olive Oil', we keep on a-trumpeting all the time—until the people buy."

When Tauros said no more, Helen spoke up.

"But I do not understand," she said.

"Of course not," answered Tauros with kindly hauteur. But when Zeus-ikin, after whispering with Helen, begged to learn a little more, Tauros added: "This expert trumpeting is developed through the expert study of mass-psychology."

Old Sox straightened up. He wanted to know if this was some other psychology from the kind

*I suspected that the poet had been too obtrusive last night, and that Bullem feared he would claim too much of the credit (specifically the agency's commission) for clinching the account. Verses were to be brought in, if possible, only after Zeus-ikin had definitely promised to do the trumpeting.—*Knotall*.

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taught to his disciples. Tauros explained that it was different, yet the same; more detailed, yet infinitely more vast. "Only those who have spent a life time on trumpeting," he said, "can fathom its mystery."

To this, Old Sox replied, asking if Zeus-ikin must invest his money in a mystery.

[This gave me goose-flesh! For I must confess that whenever Pushon or Zeus-ikin had me in a corner in an argument about sales letters, I lifted up this word "mass-psychology" as a shield, and they, not knowing if it was a shield or a dangerous weapon, always stopped the wrangle forthwith. So there I sat, thinking of my weekly stipend as head of a "trumpeting department", and worrying what would happen if the mystery of mass-psychology should become all muddled up by the questionings of this old rogue.]

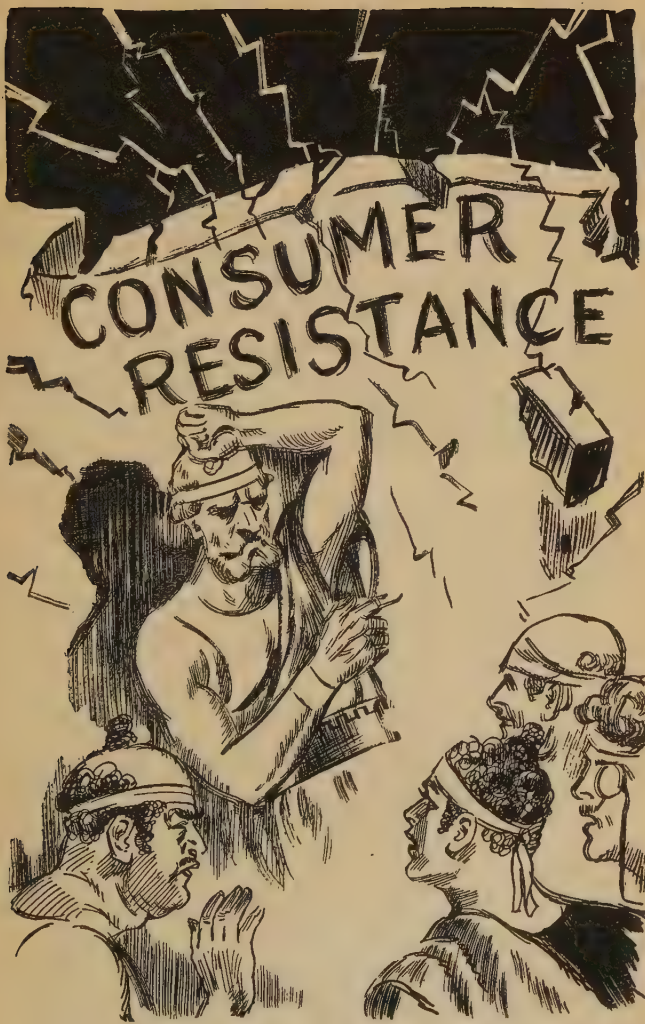
* * *

HEAR! HEAR!!—

THE MEANING OF MASSIVE PSYCHOLOGY!

Then Helen seconded Old Sox by insisting upon learning something about mass-psychology. There was a moment of awe-inspiring silence. Following the example of Tauros and Di-kuros Bullem, we all lifted our hands as in prayer, except Helen, who bowed down and knocked on the floor (pretending to summon the nether gods, the old shrew!).

Tauros leaned far back on his couch, the folds of his garment flying back and exposing his bare



TAUROS EXPLAINS THE RADIO FREQUENCY OF
THOSE MASS PSYCHOLOGY VIBRATIONS

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legs. He gazed at the ceiling as if to count the cracks in the stones. His eyes seemed transcendentalized.

* * *

"Mass-psychology," he began slowly, "means the mental reaction of masses of men and women to a series of joint messages addressed to them all. These messages create tiny waves of thought, millions of such thought waves. At first they are merely vibrating in the air—that is why thou, oh noble Zeus-ikin, must not expect to see or feel these thought-waves from the start.

"By keeping everlastingly at it, these millions of thought waves find their cumulative effect! They fill the air with vibrations so that finally they create an aura all their own, and then they vibrate from mind to mind with constantly increasing radio-frequency.

"All this, oh gentle Helen, and men of Athens, is explained on the principle of association of ideas. For each of these tiny thought waves carries with it the message of a name, in this case the name of the noble Zeus-ikin; every thought of olive oil vibrates with the vibration of that name; then automatically millions of lips quiver whenever the name Zeus-ikin is whispered; billions of thought waves of 'Zeusy's Own,' after floating a long time in the air, then

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vibrate en masse so violently that they enter every Hellenes' head.

"Thus that enemy of the much-traveled Pushon, that mental barrier, sterner and stronger than a Lacedemonian Phalanx, the wall of 'consumer resistance', is battered down. Then, a tidal wave of dealer cooperation sets in; and finally all Hellas is swept by a tornado of consumer demand."

He stopped. Then, after a "deep" pause, he concluded:

"That, oh men of Athens, is selling to the masses; super-selling by means of mass-psychology."

* * *

Zeus-ikin clapped his hands in admiration. I, Knotall, was green with envy; if I could only explain the science of trumpeting in such eloquent language, I would quit my stipend forthwith and start a trumpeting agency!

As for poor Pushon, he sat next to me with open mouth. He had always tried to tell me that salesmanship was simply a case of knowing what you are talking about and knowing how to talk about it. How many times had he said to me: "Study thy man, oh Knotall; watch his face while he talks. Tell 'im what he wants to know or ought to know; get the order as quick as thou canst; but stick until thou hast the order or art

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ordered out.”—Simple-minded Pushon! Now, at last, he was learning that there is something greater than mere salesmanship such as he knew; something too deep and too lofty for him to grasp—*super-salesmanship*.

To Pushon, Tauros might have talked in Egyptian, or in some other cryptic tongue, since he could not possibly unravel the mystery of trumpeting psychology. But to me, the head of a trumpeting department, the words of the eloquent Tauros were all intelligible, the plain truth, of course; merely a part of our trumpeting creed. His words, therefore, were just plain Greek to me.

Even the money-saving and skeptic Helen seemed impressed by the speech.

Yet Old Sox looked a bit worried.

“I am now being better instructed in the theory of trumpeting,” he said, “but I am still somewhat in the dark as to the difference between ordinary psychology and mass-psychology. I recall that one day in conversing with the youth Alcibiades, who had stage fright every time he talked in public, I asked him whether he was afraid to talk to the cobbler, and he said ‘No’. And I asked him whether he was afraid to address the fish-monger, and he said ‘No’. I asked him whether he felt fright when he spoke to the huckster of pottery, and he said ‘No’. Then I said to Alcibiades, ‘Now when

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thou talkest to the multitudes at the Agora, thou art talking to shoemakers and fish-mongers and pottery vendors; so talk to all of them as thou wouldst talk to any one of them.' Was I wrong?"

Tauros responded with quiet dignity: "I am no talker. My life-work consists of planning trumpeting campaigns to make money for my clients, and I am sure that the broad-visioned Zeus-ikin and the student Pushon, and, of course, the expert, Knotall, now fully understand the theory of trumpeting."

* * *

IT'S MORE THAN A THEORY;
IT'S A RELIGION!

Zeus-ikin agreed that he had, indeed, grasped the fundamentals of the theory. "And now," he added, "in order to build up this mass-psychology, tell us, oh Tauros Olympou, when and where to trumpet."

"The time to trumpet," interjected Bullem, "is all the time; and the place to trumpet is every place." (This he spoke with the resounding and solemn voice of a priest sacrificing before a festival.)

"All the time and every place," echoed Tauros, in the manner of a High Priest repeating the chant.

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Helen inquired why an agency should be hired to tell when and where to trumpet if the "when" means always and the "where" means everywhere. But Bullem explained that some places and some times, of course, were better than others.

"I am beginning to see," remarked Old Sox. "For example, at 3 o'clock in the morning, when all Athens is sleeping, thou wouldst not say that it was a good time to trumpet? At least not as good as other times?"

"Of course not."

"And thou wouldst not send a trumpeter to the Propolitan Hills, where there are only four or five shepherds, to trumpet about olive oil?"

"If we could afford it with our limited appropriation," Bullem said, "we surely would. For shepherds buy olive oil the same as other folks. Now if Zeus-ikin should decide to spend some extra money trumpeting to the peasants—"

Zeus-ikin shook his head. No doubt, he said, it would be good if he could employ all the trumpeters in Greece; but, of course, he could not afford this and hence he would leave the selection of the best to the Tauros Agency.

"Yes," I, Knotall, interrupted (concealing my eagerness to get in on the selection of trumpeters), "between the agency and my trumpeting department, oh noblest of masters, we will sift out the good from the bad."

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Bullem glared at me and shouted: "Young man, thou meanest (I hope) that thou and we together shall select the best among the good. They are all good; because all trumpeting is good."

Tauros, smiling quietly, nodded approval: "Of course, youthful Knotall, every expert in the trumpeting business knows that all trumpeting is good." He paused; I felt like a traitor to the cause of trumpeting.

FAITH—THE ROCK OF ROCKS

Then Tauros added solemnly, speaking again almost as if he were in the temple: "Of course to grasp this as a principle, we must look at business in a large way. We must strive for *Vision, Faith!*"

"It is just this large vision I lack," said Old Sox, rubbing his eyes, which showed the weakness of age. "I never can see anything without my stubby nose right on top of it.—And my mind is always so muddled by many questions that every problem remains a puzzle."

Old Sox hesitated a moment. Then he continued:

"Furthermore, I never *try* to find faith because I'm always so busy treking after a truth."

Tauros shook his head tragically. "Ah, misguided friend," he said, "how canst thou aspire

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ever to learn the theory of trumpeting without Faith—Hope—and broadminded Vision*?”

“Yes,” shouted Bullem, slapping Pushon on the back, “Faith moves mountains. Without faith, Pushon would forsake his push; without faith, the trumpeting elephant would lose his trunk!”

To this Helen interposed that she had heard that after a man had spent about half of his fortune on tooting, Hope becomes his first essential in order that he may toot everlastingly more. And at the finish—so this she-devil remarked—the greatest of all is Charity.

Tauros mildly reproved Helen by saying that we should never jest about Faith; and he expressed the hope that our disciple, Socratidion, in treking after the truth, might still find “something greater” by ascending the Rock of Faith.

To this Old Sox made answer that it was a rock with so many pointed summits, each summit crowded with people full of “the” faith; hence he hated to rock the rock for fear some of those many who knew they were sitting on the highest summit, would be shaken off.

“I thought yesterday,” said Old Sox, “that trumpeting is a business or a profession, I didn’t

*“Charitos”—is “broadminded vision” a fair translation? If not, *please* give me the right words.—*The transcriber.*

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know which. But now I learn that it is a religion." Thereupon he begged to be excused (for fear of the poison-cup) from asking any more questions that might rock the rock of the trumpeters' religion.*

But Helen immediately spoke up—and master Zeus-ikin chimed in—shouting that Old Sox must keep on with his questions; since we are seeking the summit of the rock where the faith is the firmest and the hope the highest and the vision the widest.

* * *

THE DISTANT ROCK—

THE MISTY, MYSTERIOUS ONE

"Well then," resumed Old Sox, pulling his ragged mantle around his legs and settling back on his tripod. "Lead me further, oh deep thinking Tauros, on the road up the rocky rock. Instruct me, for I am very ignorant:

"How much time does it take before those accumulative mass-psychology vibrations create that tornado of consumer-demand?"

Tauros took his pipe out of his mouth, presumably in order to look more solemn. "Ah, the

* If my friend Professor Platon has it right, Old Sox was a great gasser on virtue, beauty and so on; but whenever anyone began to gossip about the gods, he ducked the discussion.—*Knotall*.

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mystery of time!" he half-whispered, slowly shaking his head. "The most wonderful of mysteries!"

Zeus-ikin growled that he could not afford to store his six galleys of oil a mysterious length of time. Whereupon Bullem hastily interposed:

"To our experts, oh merchant prince, the fourth dimension holds no mystery. The cost, the profit, and also the time element will all be made clear to thee by the wonderful charts and diagrams of our investigorating and statiscalizatory departments."

THE ROCK RISES—

IT'S AN EVERLASTING ROCK

But Old Sox seemed to have no mathematical sense. "While we are waiting for those charts, explain to me then, oh best of Bullems:—after the tornado of consumer-demand has once started, how long must we keep on a-trumpeting?"

"Always!" shouted Bullem. "Tooting everlastingly to it—in good and in bad times—that's the only way to trumpet!"

"Do I understand then," asked Old Sox, "that we must trumpet—in good times—because it gets the trade right away? And when trade is

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bad, we must trumpet until the mass psychology vibrations get their cumulative effect?"

Helen looked worried. She whispered something to her lover. But he gave her a superior smile; and he said aloud that his money could outlast that of all other Athenians if it came to a trumpeting contest.

"That's the spirit!" cried Bullem. "That's the stuff that won the battle of Marathon. What, oh fellow citizens, made Athens great? Its great Athenians! This merchant prince has faith, vision, courage—that is why the son of Graball was rightfully named Zeus-ikin, while the puttering Old Sox goes barefoot."

While Zeus-ikin smiled graciously, Helen furiously pounded her goblet on the stone table. She shouted that she would be glad to sit everlastingly at the bare feet of Old Sox.

"But, gentle Helen," the philosopher said quietly, "everlastingly is a long time, is it not?"

To which Helen replied by gesticulating so wildly with her goblet that I was afraid she would throw it at somebody's head. (I did not mind for myself as I had long ago learned how to dodge it.) Bullem tried to calm her by explaining that the Tauros Agency could not afford to take a short time contract for Zeus-ikin's trumpeting; those who start and stop just waste their money.

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"If I understand thee correctly, oh brave Bullem," asked Old Sox, "a fellow must keep it up until he gets the second wind before he makes money out of trumpeting."

"You said it," answered Bullem.

TO CLIMB THE ROCK,
WE NEED THE SECOND WIND?

"And therefore," concluded Old Sox, "our earlier statement that all trumpeting pays was somewhat fallacious; trumpeting pays if the trumpeter has the second wind; is that correct?"

"Let the old shoemaker phrase it as he will, noble Zeus-ikin," answered Bullem. "We experts know that we must toot everlastingly to it. For we have seen business after business fail when they quit trumpeting. For example, what killed the industry of the makers of stone hatchets? They thought they had a monopoly, and so they quit trumpeting. That brought on the age of metal." *

* How often must we experts re-trumpet this warning! Have we not pointed out again and again that Pope undermined the demand for bicycles by canceling—pell-mell—all trumpeting contracts, thus foolishly infesting the world with flivvers; and that right at this moment several industries are threatened with destruction because of their plots to consolidate and jointly to wipe out their own millions of gilt edged investments in trumpeting!—*The Transcriber.*

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"My dull mind is all a-sea," interjected Old Sox, "for is it not true that these same businesses ran for many years without trumpeting? And then they go into a plan of saving selling-expense, and then later some day when they quit saving this money, do I understand that they are doomed to bankruptcy just because they have saved a lot of money?"

BEHIND THE EVERLASTING ROCK

IS THERE A BEAR'S TAIL?

He rubbed his eyes and added, "Would it not seem, then, that a man who starts to trumpet grabs hold of a bear's tail?"

"The expert," sneered Bullem, "fears no bear's tail."

Helen was preparing for another outburst, but Zeus-ikin seized her goblet while pushing her roughly back upon her couch.

Then Zeus-ikin rose in all his majesty—indeed, he again looked like a veritable figure of Zeus himself. Ignoring his hetaera, he addressed us earnestly—he was *so impressive* that I could not get his words nor ideas at all; but I do recall that what he said sounded just like the speech of a true convert to trumpeting. As for the bear's tail, my master declared that no man could come with arguments to frighten him—and no woman either; that he would be glad to

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listen to all appeals to his reason, but that no appeal to fear could move him; and that his goal was not money, but success.

Tauros and Bullem pounded their breasts; so did I. For was this not splendid business courage? And particularly that beautiful expression at the close about the distinction between money-making and success, so typical of the higher type of trumpeting logic!

ABOUT THE EVERLASTING ROCK THEY START TO JOKE!

Zeus-ikin, glaring at Pushon, who had failed to applaud, reseated himself, pulled the pouting Helen jocularly by the hair, and beckoned to the slaves to pass fresh cigars. Then he added to his speech in a lighter vein by telling Old Sox that if Zeus-ikin, the son of Graball, and Tauros Olympou Prophetikos ever grabbed a bear's tail, they would twist and twist that tail, throwing the bear right on his back.

Old Sox, making answer, said that he had been told at the market about a single bear sometimes routing a whole herd of bulls. While he recognized the prowess of Tauros and Bullem, he wondered if they could throw a bear as easily as they might some less ferocious animal.

Right at this sacred moment when we were discussing the fundamental of all fundamentals

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(the limitless power of Tauros), Helen had to giggle. Think of that! Yes, she remarked that Tauros and Bullem were no doubt strong enough to rout a bear, but that Old Sox, with his wit, might easily prove the matador of Tauros.

Old Sox shook his head sadly. "A teasing toreador, perhaps," he said. "But tell me, gentle Helen, within the arena of tradesmen and trumpeters, has Heracles himself the strength to be a murdering matador?"

Helen reminded us of Antaeus, son of Ge (Mother Earth), who, while wrestling with Heracles, gained strength every time he was thrown; but ultimately Heracles held him high up in the air and choked him to death. So Old Sox, she remarked, might choke off Tauros.

At this, Bullem started to bellow something. But Old Sox assured him that neither he nor Heracles would ever try to kill Tauros; no one in Hellas would stand for it; for He is cumulative and everlasting. Antaeus had strength; but Tauros has strength, and skill, and magic. In fact, if that giant Heracles should ever wrestle with Tauros and wrestle too long, would not he, the giant himself be turned into a calf?*

*Upon reading this passage, I wondered if Knotall had delayed publishing his manuscript for forty years, because he realized how useless it was for Old Sox to argue with Tauros; just as I, too, waited until tottering old age, before attempting to play Toreador.—*The Transcriber.*

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Zeus-ikin waved his hand impatiently. "We did not meet here to argue about jiu-jitsu," he said. He begged Old Sox to drop his bull-and-bear, cumulative, and everlasting arguments. But he added, with a quizzical sly glance, that others present would, no doubt, thank the philosopher for asking some further questions, not about the mysterious time element, but about the operations of these here mass-psychology-vibrations in a three-dimensional space.

* * *

THE OLDEST OF ROCKS:—

"JUST TRUMPET."

"Then explain to me, oh astute experts," Old Sox began, taking a new tack. "Let me see if my slow mind has grasped the theory of mass-psychology: I understand that we must keep a-trumpeting a name, and a-trumpeting a name until the Athenians buy. Does the noise then bother them so that they run away from it, and are driven for shelter into the vendors' stores?"

"Thou fool of a sandal-maker," cried Bullem. "Dost thou not understand the psychology of cumulative effect? People hear the name Zeus-ikin Olive Oil until they run to get it, as the mighty Tauros Prophetikos Olympou has already explained."

"But," continued Old Sox unperturbed, "I have sometimes heard a trumpeter stand at the



KEEPING THE NAME BEFORE THE PUBLIC
(If he keeps tooting long enough, will the "cumulative effect" make me run to get the scarlet fever?)

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door of a house shouting 'Scarlet Fever Here, Scarlet Fever Here'. If I hear it often enough, does that give me a 'cumulative effect' so that I run to get the scarlet fever?"

"See here," interjected Tauros, "thou art a philosopher, Old Sox, and shouldst not befuddle the noble Zeus-ikin with sophistry. The scarlet fever trumpeter announces danger; the trumpeter of olive oil conveys with the name Zeus-ikin a connection with something pleasant. It is this connotation, this aura, this atmosphere, put around the trumpet call, that attracts the public."

THE ROCK ROCKS—

IT'S MADE OF ATMOSPHERE!

"Ah, now I understand better!" exclaimed Old Sox. "So we were wrong when we proclaimed as a *universal principle* that mere tooting of the name sells goods: the successful trumpeter, besides tooting, must in certain cases convey also a pleasing atmosphere. Am I right?"

"Exactly," cried Bullem. "And now, in a nutshell, oh noble Zeus-ikin, we have explained why trumpeting pays."

"Slowly, slowly, oh brave Bullem," interrupted Old Sox, "for thou hast not yet explained how and why the tooting of the name Zeus-ikin can be made to create that pleasant atmosphere,

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so as to attract, rather than to repel, like a scarlet-fever-toot."

Here Tauros again spoke up: "As I explained before when elucidating mass-psychology, the *trumpeting in connection* with the *oil*, is engulfed in an aura of pleasant sensations overcoming every 'psychiatric' force."—And at the word 'psychiatric' he turned to Zeus-ikin and Pushon, who both quietly nodded assent.

"But tell me, oh Tauros, where is the atmosphere that is so pleasant?" asked Old Sox. "Is it in the trumpeting, or in the connection, or in the olive oil?"

WHERE'S THE ATMOSPHERE?—

IN THE TRUMPETING, OF COURSE!

"The beautiful trumpeting, of course, from the lips of beautifully dressed trumpeters, is the thing that is connotative, and full of atmosphere," answered Tauros. "That pleasant sensation is brought about by the manner in which we compose the music of the trumpet call—in a gentle, melodious rhythm, not at all like the shrieking yells of the vendors."

"Then this means that the beautiful trumpeting attracts the buyer as the Syrens lured Odysseus?" asked Old Sox.

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"Well put, Socratidion," Tauros answered, smiling as if to commend the apt disciple.

"But, however, nevertheless, oh deep thinking Tauros," the disciple resumed, "did not the Syrens lure Odysseus *toward* them? Their songs did not drive the traveler away to some vendor of something, did they? Hence, if our trumpeting is to be really attractive, how can it attract us away from itself?"

THE ATMOSPHERE CIRCULATES—
IT'S IN THE CONNECTION!

Bullem sighed with hot impatience. "Stupid disciple!" he growled, "did not Tauros Prophetikos explain to thee that the ultimate goal is to an association of ideas, a pleasing *connection*?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Old Sox. "Then the atmosphere is *not* in the trumpeting but in the connection." He hesitated, then stammered: "But if a gorgeously dressed trumpeter regales us with beautiful music, where's the connection with olive oil?—and—anyway what *oily* 'association of ideas' could be aroused by a trumpeter's musical and sartorial prowess?"

Old Sox stared into space. It seemed just impossible for this old man to get thru his head the principles of atmosphere and connotation—principles that even the youngest trumpeting expert soon grasps perfectly.

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He claimed to understand that a very poorly dressed trumpeter might give an impression to some Athenians who did not know of Zeus-ikin—if, indeed, there were any such—that this merchant prince was himself of the riffraff kakoi; and that a trumpeter who played badly out of tune might lead a few novices to believe that the olive oil was adulterated. This, Bullem explained, was *exactly* the point; and that it was a clear statement of the entire case by the disciple himself.

Yet Old Sox confessed that he was unable to see the converse—that beautiful trumpeting, beautiful in itself, must cause a beautiful association of ideas; because the only idea of beauty Bullem seemed to have was an idea of beauty in trumpeting.

AH!—WE ROCK AGAIN—

THE ATMOSPHERE'S IN THE OIL!

Suddenly, however, the face of Old Sox lit up.

"My slow mind," he cried "is now groping for light in another direction. Dost thou mean, perhaps, oh Bullem, that the thing that's pleasant is the oil itself? I mean that the beautiful music has pleasant associations because it brings about a favorable recollection of my last taste of Zeus-ikin's Olive Oil?"

"Correct," asserted Bullem.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Old Sox again pondered.

"But then," he said, "if I have used it and it displeased me, the announcement about it, no matter how sweetly the trumpet sounds, must be like the tooting of a scarlet fever sign?—On the other hand, if the oil pleased me, will I not very probably buy the pleasant olive oil again without the reminder of an orchestra of trumpets?"

Helen chuckled and nudged her uncle. She reminded him of her argument that good will was made by users, not by trumpeters. But Old Sox, immediately switching to the other side, remarked that perhaps the trumpeting might stir up a few, probably a very few former users who were favorably disposed, but not eager; while, so far as he knew, possibly trumpeting would bring a lot of new users, who then built the good will, indirectly because of trumpeting.

"Di-kuros," I heard Bullem whisper to Tauros, "This eternal questioner always takes the opposite side. Let Helen shriek against trumpeting, and Old Sox will be our best solicitor." But before Bullem could start a maneuver, Old Sox was back again with a question.

"Does it not seem, then, oh men of Athens, that neither the pleasantness of the trumpeting, nor the pleasantness of the 'connection' can be our goal? But that the thoughts about the pleasantness of the olive oil must be our goal? And

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that such pleasantly oily thoughts must be conveyed to our minds not indirectly but directly, therefor not by the dress nor by the harmonies of the trumpeter, but by the common sense words of the trumpeter *directly* telling us about the *pleasant uses* of the olive oil?"

NOW WE STRIKE BED-ROCK:—

IT'S "REASON-WHY" IN TRUMPETING

Tauros adjusted his monocle and threw his mantle over his left shoulder, exposing his bare, white arm which he raised majestically. "Undeniably, oh noble Zeus-ikin and gentle Helen," so he began, "there is a grain of truth in the surface-analysis of our friend, Old Sox. Merely tooting the name, or merely tooting with pleasant connotations is no longer satisfactory."

"The clients won't fall for it any more," I thought.

Tauros continued: "After the great Peleponnesian war, many business men of Hellas gave their money just to trumpet their names, rather than to pay it to the government in 80% taxes. But today it is fashionable to follow the plan adopted by the Tauros agency a generation before; namely, in addition to trumpeting the name, we have carefully written verses that cause people to buy in droves."

"What I want," said Zeus-ikin with a wor-

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

ried look, "is to sell these here six ship loads of oil and to sell them damn quick."

"Precisely," continued Tauros with still greater majesty. "Hence my organization is an earnest advocate of 'Reason-Why' trumpeting. No mere name before the public publicity for Tauros! No mere pleasant associations! These give the background only. To that background we add our 'reason-why' verses; and these verses sell the goods. Yes, good friend Zeus-ikin; have no fear; for Tauros gives thee salesmanship in tooting."

"Ah!" exclaimed Old Sox. "Now I see deeper into the rock! So it is not *in all cases* just tooting the name, nor the right connotation, that makes trumpeting pay?—But, tell me, Tauros: supposing the verse maker is untrained in logic, supposing there is no reasoning in his 'reason-why',—or supposing the goods are of a kind to make the best of long logic about them only a jumble of nonsense—then would it not be better if the verse maker goes back to his first rock and trusts to luck by just trumpeting the name?"

Tauros turned his back on Old Sox. Addressing Zeus-ikin, he said: "For the effectiveness of the reason-why appeals, we rely of course upon our expert poets."

"Yes, oh merchant prince," interjected Bullem. "It is of utmost importance to get the

THE THEORY OF TRUMPETING

right kind of verses for thy trumpeting. Knowing this, Tauros has bought the highest priced poets in all Hellas. Aye, whole crowds of poets in Sparta and Corinth do not get as big a stipend as a single verse writer in the Tauros agency."

Bullem arose in order to gain emphasis. "The only agency for a merchant prince," he exclaimed, "is an agency which, besides creating the proper atmosphere, can produce just the right kind of verses with the right 'reason-why' salesmanship in tooting." After gasping for breath, he added:

"The pitiable failures in trumpeting of which we sometimes hear, oh noble Zeus-ikin, are all due to inferior verse writing."

Tauros nodded with quiet dignity.

Helen kicked a pebble from under her foot and mumbled something about there being lots of pebbles around.

Old Sox said quite aloud: "If the wrong verses spell failure, friend Zeus-ikin, how wilt thou know that anybody can find the right kind of 'reason-why' verses?"

CHAPTER IX

The Proof! But What's "Experience"?

Whence comes wisdom?—Can an experienced horse become a veterinary?—Bullem shows that Big Business and Big Boosting are Twins—But Old Sox asks: Are they trumpeting because they've made money?

“**T**HE right ‘plan’ of trumpeting, the verses and so on, the noble Zeus-ikin can safely intrust to the experts,” Bullem said haughtily to Old Sox. “For they have all had the experience.”

Old Sox tried to stammer another question, when Bullem shouted, “See here, old sandal-maker, stop thy idle talk!”

And turning to Zeus-ikin, Bullem while slapping his couch exclaimed: “Listen, oh men of Athens!—The Tauros Trumpeting Agency has 146 clients; in Athens, Corinth, Thebes, Sparta and in Egypt and in Africa. Its volume last year was 7,365,000 drachmas; our clients did a business of 3,800,000,000 drachmas!—who then knows the science of trumpeting?—This barefooted old shoemaker or the Tauros Agency?”

Helen and Zeus-ikin whispered something together. The merchant seemed much im-

THE PROOF!—"EXPERIENCE"

pressed and about ready to get down to business; when Helen—the stupid thing—insisted that Old Sox (who had risen to leave) should not be snubbed off.

"If the mighty Tauros Prophetikos," Old Sox remarked, while still standing, "*knows* from experience, then why argue about mere theories? Why carry owls to Athens?"*

"Owls to Athens?" exclaimed Helen. "But have we the owls? Or magpies and parrots?"

Tauros bit his lip—but with dignity.

Zeus-ikin promptly apologized for his hag's insulting comment. But (oh my, oh my) he did remark that she had touched upon the question of questions, if indeed on this question of trumpeting there was to be any Question at all. And Helen urged Old Sox to recline.

YES, BUT WHAT IS EXPERIENCE?

"If thou, Helen, must know what still troubles my stupid mind," Old Sox resumed, re-seating himself, "let me ask thee, oh deep-thinking Tauros, what is experience?"

"Experience, poof, silly question!" answered Tauros. "Experience, well it is experience—experience, thou sandal-maker, is knowing how to do things."

*A common expression in ancient Greece, similar to "carry coals to Newcastle."—*The Transcriber.*

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

At this, Old Sox started a long line of interrogation during which Zeus-ikin yawned continuously.

[Since I, the transcriber of Knotall's record, expect the reader is yawning too, I have condensed the line of questioning *albeit these questions have the most fundamental bearing of any and all on the question "to trumpet or not to trumpet."* Tauros, so Old Sox declaimed, must have meant that experience is one result of doing things; or better still, is it not a result of the things that are done to us? But only when the things that are done are the result of something we have done?—For instance, if I have an ache and I do nothing about it and the pain goes away and I know not why or whence it came, or why or whither it went, then I have, indeed, experienced the pain, but have I gained anything in experience?

Yet, however, nevertheless again, only if I try many possible potions and many varied methods of cure and make many *comparisons* of different cures until I find again and again some particular *cure* or *cures*, only then dare I say that I have had enough experience to proclaim myself as an experienced adviser on potions for others. Is that correct?

But supposing a horse repeatedly experiences a pain, and we give different potions to that horse and make ample comparisons and cure the horse one way more quickly and better than by other ways; we would not say that the horse is experienced with potions. Therefore, does it not seem that we must conclude that experience is possible only where there is intelligence? Therefore, wisdom is needed by the man who claims to have experience, is it not?

And is not something else besides wisdom required? Namely: A thirst for truth for truth's sake? For we have all seen men become enthusiastic merely because they are

THE PROOF!—"EXPERIENCE"

engaged in certain work. Thus Zeus-ikin has had much experience with olive oil, but shall we accept his experience as our adviser in the amount of olive oil we should eat? Hence, we may conclude—may we?—that only when a man has a keen impartial outlook and a truth seeking intelligence coupled with wisdom and has traveled many years in one field so that many things have happened to him in that field, only then may we entrust our destiny to this man of experience. Is that correct?

"Do enlighten us, oh Tauros," Old Sox continued. "What kind of expert study or experience is it by which thou knowest whether this or that kind of verses will be good or bad, for olive oil?"

Tauros answered: "What a question! When we instruct the trumpeters to trumpet the verses and we see the people going to the boutiques to buy the goods, then we know the verses are good, do we not?"

"But I understood a while ago that the way to make trumpeting pay is not to toot and sell, and toot and sell, but to trumpet the name of Zeus-ikin's oil cumulatively, and then the people will remember and will *eventually* buy. Did I hear correctly?"

Tauros barely nodded by way of reply.

"Therefore," Old Sox continued, "were we not mistaken when we figured on watching the tooters and then counting the answers to the toots?"

"We judge by general experience," Tauros replied curtly. And while shaking the ashes out of his pipe, he remarked to Zeus-ikin:—"Our friend is still absurdly detailed and myopic, isn't he?"]

Now finally Zeus-ikin yawned, a real big hipopotomusian yawn. Old Sox looked at him astounded.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"I fail to understand thy lack of interest, oh cautious vendor of olive oil," said Old Sox. "Supposing tonight that an experienced physician should tell thee that 'the time to operate is all the time,' and that he knows this from experience. Wouldst thou readily accept his verdict?"

"Yet here we are concerned with something that perhaps is more vital to thee than thy health—namely, thy pocket book!—Now, then, we have learned tonight the philosophy of trumpeting and the theories of mass-psychology on which surely we, all of us, all being intelligent mortals, oh men of Athens, have as good a right to theorize as any other theorist."

Helen clapped her hands; then she pointed a finger at Tauros. "That's it! That's it!" she cried. "Every one of us has as good a right to theorize as any other theorist. 'An expert in a theory!'—Pooh!—Oh, stupid uncle!"

Before the uncle could start another quarrel, Old Sox, motioning to Helen for quiet, had resumed. "While we are still in a quandary trying to unravel these theories of Tauros and Bullem, they announce that they know from experience that their conclusions are correct.

"Now then, oh men of Athens, the towering Tauros has these many years proven his wisdom in real estate deals. Furthermore, he has had many things happen to him, especially in

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connection with the things he did in trumpeting. We may, therefore, decide right now to do the trumpeting to the full amount, and in the exact ways that the experience of Tauros has already proven right—unless, indeed, we want to decide first that the definition of experience as given by Tauros agrees with the definition of Zeus-ikin."

"In other words," Helen cried, "we should know just what, if anything, the experience of Tauros *has* really proven."

She had evidently listened closely to the old philosopher's diatribe on experience; for, after a sarcastic slur about the 7 million bales of hay that Tauros and Bullem were eating annually, she yelled:—

"Now tell me, Tauros, about that horse—if a horse has 'experienced' many cures from pain is that horse entitled to a diploma as a 'vet'?"

Tauros again bit his lip, politely ignoring the question.

Zeus-ikin grinned at Helen and pulled her hair playfully. He had quit yawning, and perhaps because of the various references to the pocket book, he seemed to have taken a renewed interest in the conversation. So, after a slave had refilled one of the goblets, of which Zeus-ikin partook liberally, he passed it around to his guests, and then said:

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"Well tell us, sweet friend Tauros, tell us what happened in other cases when thou hast spent a client's money trumpeting his olive oil."

"We have no olive oil account," interjected Bullem hastily. "As I said yesterday, we do not take competing accounts."

"It is fortunate then," remarked Helen, "that my uncle may secure a monopoly of wisdom, if not of experience, in olive oil trumpeting."

GETTING A BUMP—IS THAT EXPERIENCE?

The oil merchant suddenly frowned. He said he had forgotten all about his former competitor, Eeezeemarks, who was exiled ten years ago because he could not pay his debts; and it was rumored then that the Tauros Agency had spent 400,000 drachmas trumpeting that man's olive oil. Tauros mumbled something about Eeezeemarks having spent twice the profits of his trumpeting on flute girls! But Bullem explained that Eeezeemarks failed because he refused to follow the advice of his agency, a reason sometimes given in my Athenian days for the bankruptcy of a client. The strain was relieved by Old Sox who suddenly exclaimed:

"Aha! Now I see a reason, oh oil merchant, for letting the Tauros Agency spend thy money

THE PROOF!—"EXPERIENCE"

on trumpeting. For is it not a fact that they have made a fizzle once of trumpeting olive oil? And is it not true that that which happens to us teaches us by far the most, if it is the result of something we have done wrong? For example, I do not learn to walk much better, just because I walk; that's a habit; but I gain experience in walking every time I stub my toe. Now, gentle Tauros, tell us, if you please, all the bulls that Bullem made and all the hot air that Hotairo harangued while this Eeezeemarks lost his money on trumpeting olive oil."

VOLUME—IS THAT EXPERIENCE?

Zeus-ikin laughed; not realizing that the question was sincerely and seriously put by Old Sox in search of experiences, he remarked that we should forget Eeezeemarks; that the many wonderful successes of the Tauros Agency should certainly offset a few failures.

"Think of it, generous-minded Zeus-ikin," replied Bullem; "7,365,000 drachmas of business last year!"

Old Sox (waving to Helen who tried to start again on a bales-of-hay-and-horse story) remarked that this proved indeed a large experience in spending the money of clients.

"And how about their profits, thou idling philosopher?" cried Bullem. "Instead of loaf-

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

ing around the street corners, talking about nothing in particular, I advise thee to go down to the market place some day and learn things worth while! There thou canst hear the quotations—Yes! Corinthian Chariot went up from 56 to 140 last year, and we started the trumpeting just twelve months ago. All Hellas Stuffed Figs, one of our oldest accounts has risen from 42 to 265 and will go higher. (A private tip for thee, friend Zeus-ikin, and for thee, too, much-traveled Pushon.) The volume of scores of Tauros clients has trebled in the last few years.”

“There we show thee, Old Sox,” interjected Tauros mildly, “a little corner of our experience.”

PROFITS—IS THAT EXPERIENCE?

“So that is the Tauros definition of trumpeting experience;” mused Old Sox. “It is, then, the experience of clients making money?”

“Correct!” shouted Bullem.

But Old Sox wanted to know just what this experience of clients making money was supposed to prove. (I could have twisted the old rogue’s beard; and I was furious at Helen, who was winking at him and prodding him on.)

“The increased sales are caused, of course, by trumpeting, thou fool of a sandal-maker,”

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Bullem growled. "Did not Tauros Prophetikos Olympou clearly explain the way mass-psychology works?"

Old Sox shook his head and made no reply. When taxed by Zeus-ikin to explain his doubts, since the answer of Bullem seemed conclusive, the old questioner merely remarked that he had understood that Tauros was to prove the theory of mass-psychology from his experience, and not that he was to prove his experience from the theory.

No one would deny, so Old Sox added, that there were some kind of thought waves that led to some kind of buying, as a result of trumpeting; all of which we all knew before the discussion had started. Furthermore, he said, Big Business and Big Boosting of course are Twins, but which of the Big Brothers is the father and which is the son?

OH, YES!—STATISTICAL EXPERIENCE

During this discourse, Tauros, while playing nervously with his pipe and casting sidelong glances at Helen, evidently felt that something should be added to the proof from experience. So he turned to Bullem, saying:

"Di-kuros, do explain our statistical department."

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"Yes," shouted Bullem, "the final proof comes to every one of our clients from the famous statistical department of the Tauros Trumpeting Agency, employing the greatest mathematicians and professors in all Hellas. In that department, we keep stupendous statistics of the cost of trumpeting, the annual sales, and the profits, the enormous profits, oh Zeus-ikin! Statistics on every kind of merchandise, all carefully checked and traced to those millions of mass-psychology thought waves!"

"Good!" exclaimed Old Sox, "may we now learn from the statistics of the experienced Tauros the number of volts and amperes contained in one million of those thought waves? And how many sales for each toot?"

OPTIMITISM!—THAT *is* EXPERIENCE

Bullem answered that this was not analysis; but mere quibbling; a small potato's pessimism.

"Throw away thy hammer, Old Sox, and get a trumpet!" he yelled. "Thy gassing will get thee nowhere. But mix it with a little hot optimism, and chug, chug goes the motor! Yes, learn optimism, thou tunic-less talker, the optimism that inspires all trumpeting experts! and then maybe thou wilt earn enough to buy a decent mantle!"

THE PROOF!—"EXPERIENCE"

Old Sox did not attempt in reply to question further, merely mentioning in his usual abstract way that he had already covered the subject in his questioning about potions and horses. So the conversation drifted to gossip about the various clients of Tauros and the money they were making.

I could see how these figures were swallowed avidly by Zeus-ikin, while being given offhand as mere incidental conversation. Surely, I thought, he must now realize how wonderfully trumpeting pays—as proven by experience.

PST!—THE REAL EXPERIENCE IS SECRET

Finally, after figures of two and a half million, three and a half million and six and a half million annual trumpeting, and billions of drachmas of business done on such trumpeting, had been slung about quite a while, Zeus-ikin turned to Old Sox asking if he was not now impressed with the proofs from experience.

Old Sox again shook his head dubiously, and again Helen nudged her uncle while giving him a steely look of warning. Thereupon, Bullem rose from his couch, and sticking his hands into the folds of his girdle, he pulled out a long piece of papyrus, saying that these were the

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strictly confidential figures of the Tauros Agency's leading clients. Zeus-ikin and Pushon both reached greedily for the papyrus. But Bullem stepped back and first swore us all to secrecy.

Then without letting the rest of us in on the details, he laid the papyrus before Zeus-ikin, while keeping hold of it at both ends. This, he explained, showed the volume of sales each year of many clients, and the trumpeting in every case was based on some percentage, differing in different industries, of the previous years' volume. How I longed to see those actual figures! (And surely I will, after Tauros starts trumpeting for us; if he does not take me into his trust, I, the head of the Zeus-ikin Trumpeting Department, will soon thrust Tauros out!)

My master and Bullem had their heads bent over the papyrus. Helen tried to take a peep, but her uncle pushed her away. Meanwhile, Tauros contentedly leaned back on his couch, watching the heavy smoke from his pipe rising to the ceiling. The trump card had been played; and successfully!

"There, noble Zeus-ikin," finally said Bullem while folding the papyrus and carefully hiding it in the folds of his girdle, "there's the final proof! 7,350,000 drachmas invested in trumpeting, not on theory, not as speculation, but on hard, cold experience. The noble Zeus-ikin,

Before Trumpeting

Eg Plums 46 $\frac{1}{8}$ 45 $\frac{7}{8}$ 45 $\frac{7}{8}$
 Ath Char 112 $\frac{1}{8}$ 111 $\frac{3}{8}$ 112
 Cor Char 72 $\frac{7}{8}$ 72 72 $\frac{1}{8}$
 Med Mix 12 $\frac{3}{8}$ 12 $\frac{1}{8}$ 12 $\frac{3}{8}$
 Oil Cons. 105 104 $\frac{1}{8}$ 104 $\frac{3}{8}$

After Trumpeting

Eg Plums 92 $\frac{3}{8}$ 92 $\frac{1}{8}$ 92 $\frac{1}{8}$
 Ath Char 262 262 262
 Cor Char 144 $\frac{3}{8}$ 144 114 $\frac{1}{8}$
 Med Mix 27 $\frac{7}{8}$ 27 $\frac{1}{8}$ 27 $\frac{7}{8}$
 Oil Cons. 285 283 $\frac{7}{8}$ 284 $\frac{7}{8}$

Eg Plums 4% 3%

Ath Char 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ %

2%

7%



THE SECRET PROOF FROM EXPERIENCE

(But is it a tip on trumpeting or a tip on the stock market?)

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

having seen the secret figures, oh men of Athens, will testify—that all these annually increasing trumpeting appropriations are based each year on the preceding year's increased sales!”

“Quite right!” shouted Zeus-ikin, hailing one of the slaves and commanding him to bring up from the cellar an extra choice jug of wine from Chios. “Quite right! And now, I’m sure even Old Sox is convinced.”

“Let Old Sox do his own talking,” shouted Helen; and she commanded the slave to wait a bit before fetching the expensive Chios wine, since there was still wine enough in the goblets.

ARE THEY TRUMPETING

BECAUSE THEY’VE MADE MONEY?

Old Sox stroked his gray beard in silence. It seemed to me as if he was about to fall into one of his notorious trances. But Helen walked up, shook him and insisted upon hearing his views.

“There is still one question that puzzles my stupid mind,” the philosopher said slowly. “I had understood that trumpeting was intended to make future sales, not that past sales were to make the trumpeting. Hence, I am wondering: Are these big business men making money because they’ve trumpeted? Or are they trumpeting because they’ve made money?”

THE PROOF!—"EXPERIENCE"

Helen hopped around, laughing loudly; in fact it disgusted me to hear her guffaw so boisteriously—and right in the presence of the learned Tauros Prophetikos Olympou.

Then throwing her arms around her lover as if to shield him from Tauros and Bullem, she said, "My dear uncle, let's not trumpet about the money we've made; or pretty soon we will have nothing to trumpet about. Buy me my two slaves out of the money I have *saved* thee by calling Old Sox in here." She stepped up to Bullem as if to invite him to a wrestling match. "Yes, *my* calling Old Sox in, oh brave Bullem. And Old Sox has clearly shown there is no theory and there is no experience back of trumpeting. It's sheer waste!"

NOW TELL ME, OH KNOCKERS—
WHAT'S THE CONCLUSION, SO FAR?

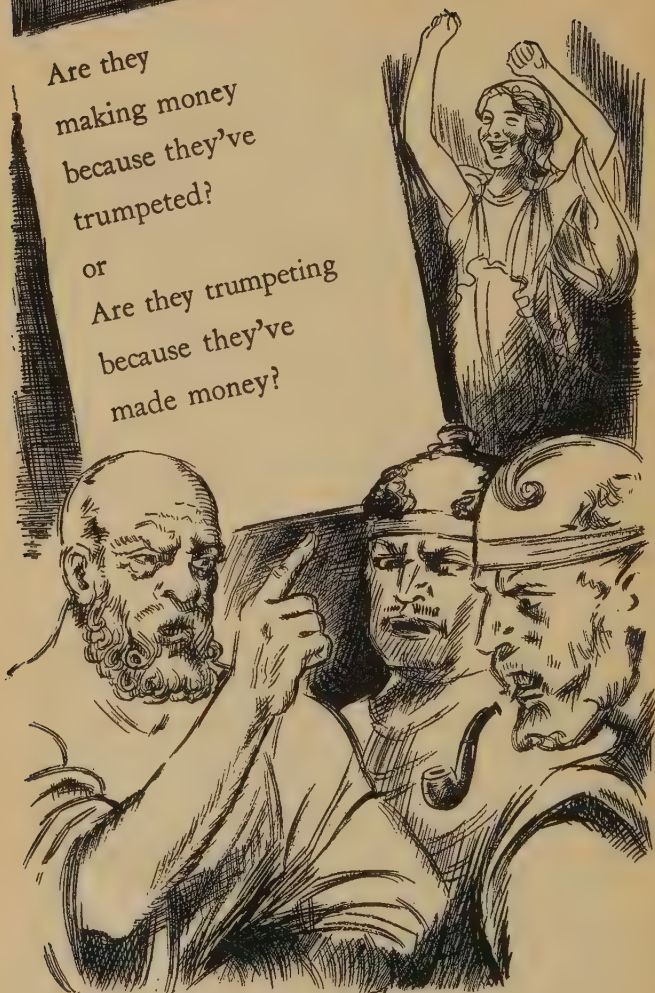
Old Sox seemed greatly surprised. "Have I said aught, Helen, to condemn trumpeting? Or have we not merely reached the conclusion that as yet we have reached no conclusion? And is that in itself not a most worth-while conclusion?"

"The conclusion is this," shrieked Helen, "that trumpeting is all nonsense!—I know what my uncle Graballikin wants; he wants to hear his new name, Zeus-ikin, tooted."

Are they
making money
because they've
trumpeted?

or

Are they trumpeting
because they've
made money?



OLD SOX PUTS A POSER

THE PROOF!—"EXPERIENCE"

Whew!—The dig of digs; denying my master the dignity of the name he had earned!

No wonder he turned purple. He swung his fist as if to hit Helen. Then he shouted, "Be gone, woman! This trumpeting study is too deep for women and other fools!" He threw a goblet at her, yelling, "To Hades with Helen!"

Helen picked up the nearest goblet. But her uncle, quickly grabbing her wrist, splashed the wine and water all over her face and hair;—the handsome Helen looked like a soused canary. This was too much for the hell-raising hetaera. A good wrestling match with her uncle might have pleased her, but to have her beauty marred in the presence of men, she knew, must mean defeat in any further argument.

So throwing the goblet on the floor and pushing her uncle away, she rushed out of the room, and with her slaves following her, she slammed the door behind her. But, before we could gather our wits, a crack of the door opened for just a moment and we heard the voice of our unseen hostess:—

"Old Sox proved it—trumpeting is all nonsense."

* * *

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

*(Hear me, oh expert knockers of tooting:—
Quit knocking till ye've knuckled down, and
know the why and wherefore of the knocks.)*

We were all silent for the nonce; and then Old Sox broke the strain by saying, "This, oh men of Athens, yes, this conclusion of Helen's is what we get for our superficial reasoning! How often have I told my disciples to spend their time first in clearing away all definitions, building on sound analysis before reaching any conclusions, one way or another. If only the business men of Hellas would do this, as men do in philosophy. How much more efficient would Athenian commerce become!"

For once everybody seemed to be listening respectfully to the old shoemaker. He continued:

"Oh much-beloved friends; the pros and cons of a proposition are *not* opposites. When we've pulled the props from under the 'pros,' let's not 'con' ourselves by blindly accepting the 'cons'. For an example:—

"Here we see how our superficial reasoning leads Helen to her baseless conclusion. The mighty Tauros says trumpeting will pay. He may be wrong; or he may be right. Hotairo's verses, for all I know, would, perhaps, make many Athenians buy this olive oil. Or, on some kinds of propositions, possibly also on this oil,

THE PROOF!—"EXPERIENCE"

it may even be profitable to trumpet merely the name without any special verses.

"So far, however, Tauros has proven nothing. *Therefore*, so Helen concludes—"he has proven that trumpeting will *not* pay.' And may it not be that Athens is full of men of business who have reached this conclusion because they have never heard sound reasons for trumpeting any more than sound reasons against it?"

Bullem nudged Tauros. Old Sox added:

"It has been said that if a man should build a better mouse trap, the Athenians would beat a path to his door. But who said it? A hermit philosopher. Since *I* gather my philosophy on the street corner, I wonder:—even though a man should make a really better mouse trap, might not many generations of mice continue to die of over-eating unless the trap-maker forces us to hear the news of his invention? And have we reached the conclusion so far that there is some quicker and cheaper way to force busy Athenians to hear this news than by the right kind of trumpeting?"

Zeus-ikin fumbled with the silver beads that hung around his neck. It was evident that he, too, could not reach a conclusion. And who could blame him? For what Zeus-ikin would want to say "no" to a proposition that may bring a fortune and will surely bring fame? And what Graball-ikin will readily assent to a

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

65,000 drachma expenditure when only the fame is guaranteed?

But now comes the clincher!

While the oil merchant was hesitating, Tauros gave Bullem an earnest look, and said:—

“Friend Zeus-ikin, I, Tauros Prophetikos Olympou, felt that I could assume that thou wouldst trust thy trumpeting problems to our experienced staff. But at no time had I as yet decided to spend one drachma of Zeus-ikin’s money on trumpeting. The responsibility for the decision—to trumpet or not to trumpet—rests heavily on the shoulders of the Tauros Agency. Hence, before agreeing to trumpet thy oil, we shall conduct a profound merchandise investigation.”

THE PROOF FROM EXPERIENCE:

THE MERCHANDISE INVESTIGATION!

“Yes!” echoed Bullem, “our agency *always* investigorates and statisticalizes first; *then* Tauros decides ‘to trumpet or not to trumpet’.”*

*By the way, oh barbarian, dost know the story of the judge from the North Sea? A murderer waived jury trial. When the case was closed, the judge said: “I shall now review the evidence in full, and re-read the briefs of both attorneys, and then a week from Tuesday I shall render my decision—to hang the defendant.”—What a wonderful trumpeting judiciary was lost in this 7,000-drachma-a-year Solon!—*The Transcriber.*

THE PROOF!—"EXPERIENCE"

"What's that?" asked Zeus-ikin.

"Thou shalt see," Bullem interjected mysteriously. "Oh friend Zeus-ikin, when thou hast heard the report of our huge corps of investigators, and hast read the figures of the venerable Fakem, head of our statistical department, who analyzes the interviews of the bustling Boobo and the fleet-winged Nosar—then thou wilt understand how we gather positive knowledge from actual experience before we spend one drachma of thy money for trumpeting Olive Oil." Zeus-ikin looked puzzled; so Bullem leaned far over, pointing his forefinger as if to stick it into my master's eye.

"In six days we shall have complete charts, oh merchant prince, showing from experience just where the trumpeters should stand, just how long and how loud they should trumpet, and just what verses they should recite to bring the maximum of consumer tornado."

"That sounds interesting," I heard Old Sox murmur to my master. "I must tell my disciple Aristoteles about these investigations. He is much interested in all philosophy that bears on experience; especially statistics and tabulating of results."

My master nodded; and he whispered a word or two to Old Sox. (*I wondered what that whispering meant!*)

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"Oh Zeus-ikin," cried Bullem, "regarding Fakem and Boobo; the two greatest experts of their kind in all Hellas—note this also: Many times after receiving their reports, we have recommended that our clients spend no money on trumpeting. For instance, as only last week after making a merchandise investigation for the cheese-maker Smeersthiks, we advised, while deliberately sacrificing a fat commission—"

"Smeersthiks?" asked Zeus-ikin. "That old, half-busted plunger wants to trumpet? Well, Tauros, I warn thee; don't give him any credit."

"You bet we didn't," shouted Bullem. "We are very conservative advisors when it comes to trumpeting. Indeed, we value our reputation so much—"

"What will all these investigating figures cost my master?" Pushon interrupted.

Tauros waved his hand majestically. "The Tauros Agency pays for it all. It is part of our FREE service."

At this price and on these terms, Zeus-ikin, while careful to state that he had not yet promised to trumpet, accepted the Tauros proposition. Rising from his couch, as the hour was late, he asked his guests, including Old Sox, to come to his olive oil warehouse at an early time after daybreak on the sixth day. Then he added with a wink at all of us:—"Remember, oh men

THE PROOF!—"EXPERIENCE"

of Athens, that we were playing billiards to-night again at the gymnasium."

As we were raising our hands on high for the salute of departure, Bullem persisted in finishing his statement: "Indeed, oh noble vendor of olive oil; after Fakem and Boobo have investigorated and statisticalized, thou canst rely safely on the verdict of Tauros Prophetikos Olympou—his verdict on the question 'To trumpet—or not to trumpet'."

Part III

Interlude—Three Trumpeting Tales

PERSONS: Pushon; Knotall, *who is the narrator*.

PLACE: Pushon's corner in the Zeus-ikin warehouse.

TIME: An afternoon during the week of perilous suspense.

X How to Hatch an Expert.

XI At the Trumpeters' Trough.

XII—The Trumpeters' Trapeze.

CHAPTER X

How to Hatch an Expert

[I, Knotall, predict my rise to power]

—Yes, I give Pushon some dark hints of the manner in which I shall exercise command over the Daily Drama Dubs and the Magnificent Monthly Meowers.

THOSE six days, during which we must wait for the merchandise report of Taurus with his verdict for or against trumpeting, were busy days for me.

In fact, very early on the morning after our last session at Helen's home the special trumpeting "reps" began pouring into our warehouse. Zeus-ikin eagerly greeted the first three or four of these callers, but thereafter—for some reason—he referred all the others to me; and—strange to say—by the second morning the "reps" deliberately ignored Zeus-ikin; young men, old men, lean men, fat men, famous men, too, and also two or three women, fairly good looking, recognized me as the only man worth seeing.

There was nothing these wonderful men didn't know—everything that had happened and

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many things that haven't happened. They even knew the appropriation—6,500,000 drachmas, only one zero more than the brave Bullem had added to Zeus-ikin's 65,000.

As the talks, of course, were highly confidential, I arranged with my master Pushon to use his private office while he was away; for ordinarily I was seated on a stone by the window out among the kraters of olive oil. For the first day or two whenever Pushon came in and I was busy talking to a "rep", my master would squat on the floor arranging his pieces of papyrus; but he soon found this posture uncomfortable, and thereafter he took his seat on my stone at the window.

This he did not seem to mind so much. But he did grumble a bit at being forced to scribble all his own letters. "How can I help it, friend Pushon," I said, "when master Zeus-ikin has loaded all his work on my trumpeting department!" Pushon growled something about the trumpeting department having become so busy that we'd have to quit selling olive oil. But I reminded him that trumpeting was in itself selling-goods, in fact super-salesmanship.

"But tell me, Knotall," Pushon retorted, while looking me squarely in the eyes, "Dost thou mean that the trumpeting department can no longer be the stenographer of the sales department?"

HOW TO HATCH AN EXPERT

I was too "foxy" to answer him directly. I told him that we would work together as always. But of course I knew full well that as soon as the 65,000 drachmas began to pour through *my* fingers into the coffers of the Daily Drama Dubs and of the Monthly Meowers, the sales department would become the stenographer of the trumpeting expert. For had not Pushon already proven that he understood nothing, just nothing, of all that philosophy that Tauros-Prophetikos had so clearly enunciated?

Pushon looked sourly at me. We were then both standing at the iron bars of his office looking over the vast floor crowded with amphoras of oil and with scores of half-clad slaves shuffling lazily hither and thither. The sales manager wanted to know if all these slaves, too, would come under the jurisdiction of the trumpeting department.

"Pushon," I said, "only erudite slaves who can skillfully wield the stylus or who have taken special study in forensics, are ever engaged by a trumpeting department. And thou, oh Pushon Polutropos, wilt be so busy executing the new sales plans—which I shall lay out for thee—that the number of thy vassals will double."

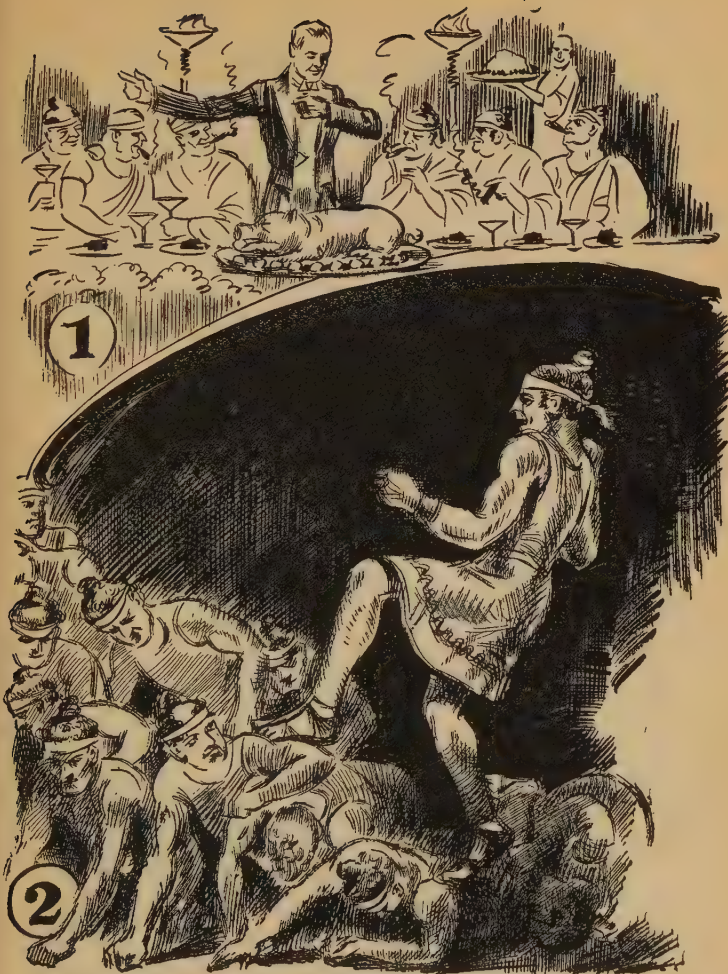
Thereupon Pushon made some remark about plans being laid out, as he understood, by the towering Tauros Prophetikos. This made me

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draw in my horns a bit. "Wait," I thought. "I must let Tauros start the job. Then, later, I'll pick a new agency—anyone—just so long as Zeus-ikin lets me pick it; and then I, Knotall, will be Knotall Prophetikos."

And, tell me, was that not a reasonable thought? My mind's eye looked over the galaxy of great managers of trumpeting departments—Stonos, Solomonikos, Belatz, Porinks, and many others—and what had made them great? What had enabled them to thunder at many a banquet as authorities on the art of keeping everlastingly at it? What else than the 65,000 or 650,000 drachmas that some Zeus-ikins were entrusting each year to their trumpeting departments?

Pushon rudely interrupted my meditation by asking me what all those special trumpeting "reps" who had been calling on me recently meant by bowing to me lower than a slave bows to Zeus-ikin and laying offerings of tobacco upon my slab as a penitent lays his tribute at the feet of a god. I could have answered that they had evidently recognized in me a coming man; in fact, a man that had already arrived. For had not more than one of them said "please" to me just so I would let him talk a while longer? And had not many hinted at great business chances they would bring to me if—may the gods forbid—I should ever fall



I. WHAT MADE PORINX FAMOUS? Nothing less than the five million drachmas which the merchant marine of Athens had entrusted to his toot-picking. — —

II. LIKEWISE MY OWN RISE TO POWER: Up and over the backs of the "reps."

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out with Zeus-ikin? And all this, believe me, without an order for a drachma of trumpeting!

However, wisely restraining myself, I explained to Pushon that the head of the trumpeting department was the one most confidential ear-piece of Zeus-ikin. "For what, oh Pushon," I said, "have these emissaries from the Daily Dramas and the Monthly Meowers not told me! Why, they know everything."

"Well," he said, walking back into his office and taking his regular seat while motioning me to the slab on which visitors sat, "close the door, and tell me all about it—how in Hades did Zeus-ikin fall for that hell-raising Helen? Was she really a flute girl? And why does she butt into his business?"

I could have told him that the trumpeters had the story all wrong about Helen; that I had gathered it piece-meal during the last three years when taking confidential letters for Zeus-ikin of an evening at Helen's home. But why such prosaic stuff for Pushon? Better, I thought, to mystify him by pouring out the dope as coming from sources that none but a trumpeting expert ever could fathom.

While Pushon leaned back in his seat, I threw my feet on his table as a Di-kuros (co-ruler) of the sales manager should; and I began:—

CHAPTER XI

At the Trumpeters' Trough

The travails of Helen—from a flute girl to a position of honor, working a trumpeting agency—and now a hell-raising hetaera.

HELEN, an only child, was born in Thebes 40 years ago. Her mother was a cripple. When she was sixteen, her father, who had been master of a galley plying between Thebes and the Ionian Islands, was lost in a shipwreck. So Helen, who had once learned to play the flute as a cultural accomplishment, took her invalid mother to Athens. There she became one of the much despised flute girls, playing and dancing at banquets. But thanks to her business instinct she also peddled flutes among the sons of the wealthy.

"How many flutes a day did she sell?" asked Pushon.

I replied that I did not know, but that business must have been brisk, since before many years she was able to move her mother from the dingy attic room right above the glue factory to pleasant outside quarters next door to the factory. Helen was thus prospering but not yet

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prosperous; therefore, oh Pushon, those were happy days.

It was at one of the banquets that the flute girl met Zeus-ikin (or rather Graball-ikin, for that was his name in those days). He was struck by her independence since she repulsed the advances of the diners, unlike any other flute girl he had ever seen. So he whispered to her to come around to his father's place of business in the morning to sell him a flute.

"What else did he do?" Pushon asked—I told him to be patient and he would hear.

Early next morning Helen of Thebes, the handsome lass, went unattended to the business place of Graball kai Ko, where she laid out her flutes before the young man, quoting her prices, which were moderate enough since they were only double what she expected to get.

"How foolish!" interjected the much-traveled Pushon.

While she was talking, Zeus-ikin (or rather Graball-ikin) ordered the scribes out of his room. He was then alone with Helen. And suddenly coming back of her, he grabbed her around the waist as only the son of a rich man who has studied in a wrestling school can grab.

Just what happened next, Zeus-ikin did not know; but he does recall with much pride (pride in his hetaera, of course) that he found himself on the floor resting on his elbows and spitting

AT THE TRUMPETERS' TROUGH

the blood out of his mouth, while he exclaimed, "Dog of Egypt, art thou a flute girl or a satyr?"

"I am a vendor of flutes," Helen answered simply, wrapping her wares, and leaving without another word.

"Now tell me the whole story," interjected Pushon; but I assured him that I was holding nothing back.

After that, of course, Zeus-ikin managed to see Helen often. He found her a brainy young woman, and the mother, a cautious guardian. Old man Graball was keeping his son on a modest stipend; so when finally Helen consented to become the young man's lawful hetaera, the two had to devise some plan whereby Helen could help to cover the expenses of their little home. For the son of Graball already had a wife, having been married off very early by his father to the daughter of the chief olive oil competitor of Graball kai Ko, who, as thou knowest, Pushon, was soon thereafter bought out by our boss.

"Well, then, naturally, after being a respectable hetaera, Helen couldn't keep on as a flute girl!" exclaimed Pushon. "And what, by Hermes, did she do?"

I smiled at such naivete. "Did I not show thee, master Pushon, that Helen was a handsome girl, a brainy girl, and a girl with a pull?" I answered. "Well, then, when a girl like that



(1)



(2)

I. ZEUS-IKIN WAS PROUD OF HIS HELL RAISING
HETAERA — 2. HOW THE HETAERA WORKED
THE TRUMPETING AGENCY

AT THE TRUMPETERS' TROUGH

wants a job, what's more natural than a little expert trumpeting!"

I explained that it was no trick for young Graball-ikin to get Helen a job with one of the numerous trumpeting agencies. He let out a few dark hints about old man Graball having set aside 100,000 drachmas for trumpeting, and the agencies literally bid for the services of such a genius as Helen.

She was employed by one agency two months with nothing to do, and when Graball did not start any trumpeting, the head of the concern suggested to Helen that she could make much more silver by working on commission rather than on a weekly stipend; whereupon Graball-ikin got her a job with another trumpeting agency. This second agency remained patient for less than four weeks before making the same suggestion about a commission deal. Helen floated to a third concern, where the boss, however, had a peculiar idea of wanting to get his money's worth out of an expert. Hence, he put the former flute girl to blowing the trumpet at a miserable stipend.

"I didn't know women worked in trumpeting agencies," Pushon interjected.

"They don't," I explained. "They either work the firm, as Helen did; or the firm works them, oh master Pushon. For here's the point: if a woman is a hetaera of the man that swings

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or may swing an account, every agency wants her expert advice and wants to be wanted by her. But if she's there on pure brains and ability to wield the stylus, how the bosses of the agency manage to work such a girl! They pay her a third of the stipend that a half-witted male demands and get double time and half of all their ideas from the female. When I, Knotall, start my trumpeting agency, oh master Pushon, I shall employ all females."

Pushon mumbled something to the effect that they would probably all be my hetaeras, but then he reverted to more questions about Helen.

I explained that Helen disliked the playing of a trumpet; furthermore young Graball-ikin, —I meant to say, master Zeus-ikin—complained that this work was making her luscious lips leathery. Anyway, both Helen's mother and Papa Graball died about that time and the son, being now well-to-do, decided to have his hetaera all to himself, and without any business-boss to tell her this or that. So at that time, 20 or 19 years ago, Helen started keeping house, and she and master Zeus-ikin have been quarreling together happily ever since.

Pushon nodded. He wanted to know a lot more about Helen. But I decided instead to tell him what I had learned from the trumpeters about Tauros Prophetikos Olympou.

CHAPTER XII

The Trumpeters' Trapeze

The towering Tauros—how he swings on the trapeze where all real trumpeting agents must swing—I allow Pushon to peep into the innermost recesses of the trumpeting profession.

HIS RIGHT name is simply Tauros. When he had grown mighty, the cognomen Prophetikos was bestowed upon him by his grateful clients—at least so it has always been given out very confidentially by the slaves of the Tauros agency. Later, when his purse and his stomach had fattened sufficiently, he absorbed a third name, becoming Tauros Prophetikos Olympou.

He surely deserves the title; for he owns not only the two best corners on the Street-of-the-Tripods, but also many plethra in the suburbs. In fact his palace near the Dipylon gate is twice as large as Zeus-ikin's and right on the main road. It's whispered, too, that years ago he lent so much money to numerous trumpeters that they secretly sold themselves to him in slavery and are now tooting for him each moon without pay in an effort to repurchase their freedom.

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The Tauros agency was founded many years ago by a man named Colonel Muddlem, who, after selling his small theatre in a little town near Corinth, had come to Athens. Before Muddlem's time, every trumpeting representative went direct to the merchants to get his orders for trumpeting. But this Daily-Drama-Dub Muddlem devised a scheme for getting special prices from other Drama-Dubs and then quoting the regular price to the merchants. His price for a list of trumpet calls was—or by muddling up the trumpet calls, it seemed—lower than the price of each trumpeter individually. Anyway, by looking after the combination orders, he saved the time of the merchants.

He waxed so strong that besides the theatres he represented as agent, other daily-dubs soon came to him and begged him to get orders for them at a reduced price, swearing by the Mount of Olympus that no merchant or maker of goods ever would get anything like as low a price as they quoted to Muddlem. From that time on Colonel Muddlem called himself a "*general*" trumpeting agent. If any merchants wanted to save money on trumpeting, they had to go to Muddlem, and, "therefore", if any Daily Drama Dub wanted business he, too, had to go to Muddlem.

About this time, however, a certain freedman from Phoenicia landed in Athens, having been

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once a slave employed as a scene-shifter in a small theatre. This freedman had the impudence to start in competition with Muddlem. There was also a huckster of pictures from Crete, and soon there were others who conceived that the Muddlem idea was a good one.

Some of these trumpeting agents in order to compete with Colonel Muddlem lived all the year on corn meal. Thus, a fierce price war started. But Muddlem had the start on all of them. He had fixed the prices before the theatre owners had built their many additions to their playhouses.

Finally, however, the competitors of Muddlem found another way of getting around the old man's prices. They offered the merchants free their special skill in selecting trumpeters. A little later, since one or two poets happened to be among these price-cutters, they also agreed to throw in a few verses free. This began to worry Muddlem, who had never thought of such a silly thing as a hustling agent pretending to be an "advisor" on picking trumpeters or—worse still—a writer of verses.

About that time the pious Fakem, son of Colonel Muddlem, who had for several years been running errands for his father, reached the age of eighteen. The old man then took the boy into the firm, explaining to his assistants that this was because of the young man's rare ability.

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Fakem knew how to figure all around his dad. He made combinations of trumpeters and sent one trumpeter from one street corner to the other and back again, so that the buyer of trumpeting calls, even if an expert in calculus, could not figure out for what he was paying. Fakem also devised a scheme whereby he controlled the manufacture of brass for trumpets, and any owner of a theatre who failed to come across by buying his brass from Fakem, was boycotted off the lists of all those clients who left the selection to Fakem.

Furthermore, Fakem conceived the idea that the writers of dramas must write clever lines about his clients, inserting these lines into the middle of their tragedies and comedies. Yes, he became such a dictator that when Aristophanes thought he had loaded his comedies with too much of this free stuff for makers of clothes and vendors of foods (who, as Aristophanes complained, were paying Fakem liberally for the service), the Fakem agency notified the theatres that they would order no more trumpet calls at the Aristophanes comedies, unless either the comedy writer himself or somebody in the theatre put in those free trumpeting calls.

Fakem also worked wonderful stunts in mathematics, such as giving a large banquet to merchants for which he paid sub-rosa while hav-

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ing himself invited by the host to make a speech on mass-psychology.

In a few years, the Muddlem and Fakem agency waxed so great that the pious Fakem invited his father to go way back home and take life easy in his old age. Since all the clients were controlled by the son, the old man consented; but on the promise that the father's name would be kept in the business.

Years passed. If Fakem had lived in a later day, he would have done millions and millions in trumpeting. Even as it was he did a million and a half drachmas or more a year, which was wonderful in those days. He opened branch offices in Corinth, Thebes and Sparta.

However, when he was about fifty, he had an attack of rheumatism. And this made it impossible for him to continue his speeches or to go around day after day playing golf with his clients, or otherwise to render the proper trumpeting service. Also, the creaky chariots were very bad in those days for a man with rheumatism. So Fakem had to give up his branch office in far away Sparta; at least that is the reason he gave, although some of the trumpeters said that there were many brainy men in Sparta who had taken all the worth-while accounts away from Fakem.

Pushon tried to interrupt and I said :

Now listen, friend Pushon, remember I

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know everything from talking with the trumpeters' big special "rep," and no shrewd man in Athens will deny that these "reps" trumpet naught but the gossip truth.

When Fakem closed his office in Sparta, he saw there an extra bright errand boy by the name of Tauros, whom he wanted to take with him to Athens. This boy, having been born in Corinth and raised in Sparta, wanted to find work with some other little trumpeting concern in that town. But Fakem said:

"Young man, there are five drachmas in Athens to every drachma in Sparta. This Lacedemonian town is nothing but the backwoods. All the wealth of Hellas, all the brains, all the beauty, all the fine restaurants, all the theatres, and, of course, all the Fakems of Hellas, are gathered in Athens."

Fakem also explained that Athens was the only place to en-cage verse-writers. The very fact that they breathe the air of Athens makes their verses more elevating—even when they use the exact words of some Lacedemonian. Fakem pointed out how the Spartans were plagiarizing from the Atticans, sometimes even reading the Athenian minds and publishing the same verses that some Athenian later produced, and *then* made famous. "Fame," explained Fakem, "can come only when a thing comes from Athens. So come with me." Then in the

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manner of a thoroughly original trumpeting composer, he added, "My dear Tauros-ikin, every Athenian knows that the best thing in Sparta is the chariot back to Athens."

This last remark convinced Tauros, who thereupon bade his family good-bye and traveled to Athens with Fakem. The youth was started in the Athens office, running errands. Since he ran them very well and very fast he was soon given a job in the verse writing department. But Tauros had never had much training in rhetoric, and so he was forced to become head of the department, where all he needed to do was to judge the work of the scribblers.

"I have heard," remarked Pushon, "that in a trumpeting agency the errand boys get all the money and the salesmen and the buyers and expert writers almost nothing. Is that correct?"

I explained to Pushon that he was all wet; that salesmen (solicitors) in a high class trumpeting agency were absolutely *de trop* since such agencies were always solicited by their clients to accept accounts; and that these high priced men who, he thought, were errand boys were really expert contact men, all of them trained in oratory, golf, and an appreciation of the artistic in life.

Reverting to Tauros, I narrated how he became such an adept at praising the Muddlem and Fakem verses that all the verse writers were

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glad when Tauros let them stay in their cages while he carted their poems to the clients. Thus the young man gradually came into close touch with all the customers of Fakem, especially whenever Fakem had an attack of his rheumatism.

Hence, after the rheumatism had become chronic, it was not long before Tauros approached Fakem with a proposition to buy him out. This, Fakem indignantly refused. He started out immediately to go the rounds in Athens among his clients. However, after the first call, he was caught by such an unspeakable twitch of lumbago that he returned to the office. Then gathering in his employees, including the slaves, he made this announcement:

"I am getting old, oh friends and citizens and members of the Muddlem and Fakem Trumpeting Agency. I despise the idea of a man hoarding all his wealth for his own family. And, furthermore, I have always believed in cooperation. So, having decided to take it easier, I shall today turn my business over to my employees."

A great shout went up from the assemblage of thirty or forty employees. Twenty-eight of them were slaves and they applauded the loudest for they were hoping that Fakem would make them all kneel to declare them freedmen; but this little ceremony was omitted.

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Then Fakem explained that, for the good of all, it was essential that control of the business should be in strong hands. He would remain with the business for a while longer, he said (and that was twenty-one years ago, oh Pushon, and he's still there to advise and guide the young men who had been schooled by him). Being particularly a master of mathematics, he declared that he had promised Tauros that he would organize a new department, something entirely new at that time in the trumpeting business, a statisticalizationing department.

"For the good of my employees," Fakem concluded, "I insist that the name of the agency be changed to that of its new active head. I hereby baptize it the Tauros Trumpeting Agency."

"Thou art some 400 years ahead of the times with thy baptism," cried a young employee, Bullem by name. There was jealousy in the voice of this young man.

For Bullem, oh master Pushon, had started much like Tauros, running errands. He was beginning to contact a few retail vendors, the verses for these, however, being written not by the higher priced poets, but by the slaves in the rear room. While his volume was small compared with that of Tauros, he was catching the little fish with alacrity, and he gave promise of some day landing a whale.

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Fakem looked sadly at Bullem. He asked all except Tauros and this young man Bullem to leave. Then he explained his cooperative plan: 95 per cent to Tauros and 5 per cent to Bullem, and the rest to the other employees. Fakem requested, however, that in order to shield him from a charge of favoritism, that Tauros and Bullem start a profit sharing plan, by giving, for instance, the head of a fish or a loving cup as a bonus each year at the time of the feast of Apollo.

Thus, oh Pushon, the Tauros Agency was born, and thus began a new era in the trumpeting business. For instead of being a vendor of bargains in trumpeting, like Muddlem, or a discus thrower like Fakem, Tauros developed the idea that a trumpeting agent was a true successor to Solon; destined by the gods of Olympus to judge the trumpeters, the trumpeting messages, the "reps" and the clients. As an errand boy he had learned to let others get the clients and to let still others to do the work for the clients, while he, as an impartial advisor, judged this work and explained to the clients whether or not this work was good.

With Tauros getting 95 per cent as a mighty judge and Bullem hustling for his 5 per cent, and Fakem keeping the statistics in return for a weekly stipend, it was really wonderful to see how the Tauros agency grew. Bullem each year



HOW THE AGENT SWINGS ON A TRAPEZE

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demanding a larger and larger slice of profits, and recently increased his holding from five to five and one-half per cent of the stock.

While Bullem is still stirring up the monkeys, Tauros has grown too fat and too rich. It is rare, indeed, that he stoops to call on a client even on invitation, and he never sinks so low as to run to a prospect, unless some Zeus-ikin pretends to ask him to a social date. However, Tauros is entirely free from rheumatism, lumbago or any other disease. He is, in a sense, on the job continuously, meeting his clients over at the gymnasium for luncheon, or on the links. But every "rep" knows that the day is coming when Bullem will gore Tauros.

"What a topsy-turvy business!" Master Pushon cried.

"It's the trapeze," I explained. "Every trustee of trumpeting funds must swing on it; and when he swings the highest, his feet are straight up in the air."

And I added, "It requires experience in trumpeting, therefore, oh Pushon Polutropos, for thee to understand why the 5-per-cent Bullem keeps up the team play, and yet dared the other day to glare at the 95-per-cent Tauros, in a way that plainly said: 'Get off the trapeze, oh top-heavy Tauros.'"

Part IV

The Trigonometry of Trumpeting

[*A morning at Zeus-ikin's warehouse*]

- XIII Truck-loads of Tabulations.
- XIV The Figures Transfigured.
- XV To Trisect the Triangle.



THE KING OF TRUMPETING CALLS ON THE
MERCHANT PRINCE—65,000 BUCKS IN SIGHT!

CHAPTER XIII

Truck Loads of Tabulations

Pre-uses of Euclid—Boobo's merchandise investigation—The questionnaire: "Should olive oil be oily?"—Figures! Figures!! Figures!!!—Nosar tips off some deep stuff to Zeus-ikin.

THE FATEFUL sixth day had come. Looking out of the window, while Pushon was telling me what kind of stuff to write to a barbarian buyer of our oil, I saw a huge chariot whirling down the street; two white stallions were beating the cobblestones to powder while a man of portly dignity was cracking a long whip above their ears. Was the ghost of Themistocles* approaching, I wondered? No; standing in the chariot I discerned the mighty Tauros. And behind him came another chariot driven by none other than the burly Bullem.

A score or more of young and middle-aged men were running after the chariots, some hitching onto the rear, others trying to climb up on

*Themistocles was upbraided in his youth for driving a racing chariot around town. The Athenians objected to such pomp and even today it's still considered bad form among mere merchants.—*Knotall*.

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either side, all of them grunting and groaning and waving their arms. At first I thought that Tauros traveled with a retinue of slaves; but soon I discovered among these runners several well known special representatives of trumpeters, including five or six leading citizens of Athens. What a wonderful tribute to the social standing of a real expert in trumpeting!

As the Tauros chariot passed my window, I saw one of the trumpeting "reps," a man with a long, white beard, jump on the running board. I heard him shout: "Oh, Noble and Mighty Tauros Prophetikos Olympou, I have fixed it up for thee with Zeus-ikin. The 6,500,000 drachmas are now waiting for *thee*."

Tauros barely nodded. But I noticed that he waved his hands affably at the panting representatives of some of the more important monthly meowers. He seemed almost deferential to two youths stylishly dressed in white tunics with black mantles, and carrying gold plated staffs, the uniform of our largest weekly wowser. These two men were running after the chariot just as hard as the others, although they pretended to be walking; and finally Tauros stopped his wagon for them for a moment's chat—presumably because those aristocratic "reps" were his particular friends.

Following the Tauros and Bullem chariots there came two large, ugly carts, creaking

TRUCK-LOADS OF TABULATIONS

aloud every time they went a hundredth of a parasang. In the first cart was a white-headed man accompanied by two youths dressed in the height of Athenian fashion. The second cart contained six or seven slaves with bags and enormous rolls of parchment. At that moment, I noticed Old Sox coming up arm in arm with a beardless youth. Pushon and I rushed down to the front door, as neither of us wanted to be frozen out of anything that might now transpire.

There we saw Bullem, who had already found his way past the doorkeeper. He was greeting one of our clerks as a long lost brother, while handing some sweets to the switch-board messenger. Yes, Bullem, having studied the successful special reps, had learned to know the value of every sop to Cerberus.

While Bullem was distributing cigars, Tauros entered, the doorkeeper, of course, bowing low to him. Back of him hobbled the old man, leaning on his staff—evidently the venerable Fakem. He was followed by the two stylish youths, who, I felt sure, must be Boobo and Nosar. Next came six slaves carrying that mysterious bag and the enormous rolls of parchment. Old Sox and the beardless youth trailed behind the slaves.

Pushon signaled, and we all, including the Tauros slaves, went to my master's room. There Zeus-ikin was dictating to four scribes simulta-

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neously; shouting quotations on olive oil, and adding in a whisper confidential discounts. Dismissing the scribes, he hailed Tauros, who introduced the venerable Fakem and the youthful Boobo and Nosar. Old Sox in turn introduced his beardless companion as a disciple by the name of Aristoteles, son of a physician.* This youth, he explained, having heard that the science of trumpeting was based on experience, had come to listen, since his special study in philosophy concerned itself with the method of securing conclusions from experience rather than from theory.

REAMS OF RED-HOT REPORTS!

After a few remarks about the weather and the number of ships coming in and the price of slaves, Bullem began: "The last six days have been busy ones in the Tauros Trumpeting Agency. All of our staff, oh noble Zeus-ikin, are so enthusiastic about thy wonderful Olive Oil! The busy Boobo questionnaired the consumers, and the nimble Nosar nosed around among the vendors. Thy merchandise investigation is now complete."

*Knotall's skillful introduction of Aristoteles (born some years after the death of Old Sox) presumably shows his influence on Platon, who never hesitated for dramatic purposes to quote whomever he chose, as conversing with both the dead and the unborn.—*The Transcriber.*

TRUCK-LOADS OF TABULATIONS

"Did Aristoteles help?" asked Zeus-ikin.

"The able Boobo," Bullem answered, "has all the statistics." And Boobo beckoned the slaves who took six ponderous rolls of parchment for a start-off and threw them on the floor.

"This market investigation report, oh noble Zeus-ikin," said Boobo, "covers 689 rolls of parchment, all closely covered with writing. The report contains 68,759 words by actual count; and more than 285,000 figures, all collected, added and subtracted in 217 different ways for 217 distinct conclusions. A corps of 55 fleet-winged investigators were employed all week; every one of them selected for the rapidity and earnestness with which he investigates and reports. In addition, 69 scribes, all men of rare ability in wielding the stylus, worked day and night to crowd these 689 rolls of parchment with beautiful characters and figures. Such is the thoroughness of a Tauros Agency merchandise investigation."*

*Dost thou believe, oh erudite reader, that this is ridiculous irony? If so, I ask thee to read the argument about the quantity of pages, number of words, oodles of figures, and even the number of typists employed, which was (or perhaps is), a part of the standard solicitation, drilled into the solicitors (pardon me—the contact men) of a very large trumpeting agency, located in another seashore town some distance west of the Mediterranean.—*The Transcriber*.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Boobo gasped for breath. At a signal, two of his slaves unrolled one strip of the parchment.

"Here, oh merchant prince, is the summary," Boobo resumed. "Our investigators, headed by my assistant, the nimble Nosar, have seen 350 merchants in Athens.

"Furthermore, my staff personally interviewed or sent questionnaires to 24,689 Athenians, of whom 1,269 were women and 2,643 were Corinthians, to determine the plan for the trumpeting of 'Zeusy's Own' olive oil."

"Then its already settled?" asked Old Sox. "The verdict is 'yes, trumpet!' is it?"

"TELL US SOMETHING NEW,"

YAWNS ZEUS-IKIN

Upon a signal from Tauros, Boobo continued without answering Old Sox. "We learned that olive oil is used for the hair very largely by women and also by men, and very largely to rub the body. The physicians of Athens, we found, are now warning people not to take too much olive oil in their food—only enough to take away the smell of meats and sauces. This, indeed, was an important discovery."

"That is one of the notions of Hippocrates," Zeus-ikin yawned. "Yes, he happens to be my family doctor, and if he does not quit his propa-

TRUCK-LOADS OF TABULATIONS

ganda, I have told him I shall hereafter pay another physician. Pushon has several hundred letters from doctors on this subject whom we have been stirring up."

"Thou art right, oh Zeus-ikin," interjected Bullem. "Physicians know nothing. And, by the way, we sent a subsidiary questionnaire to all the 216 physicians in Athens—of course not in order to get their worthless opinions, but in order to let them know how we'll trumpet to their patients. And, as thou knowest, no successful physician dares to oppose public opinion on any medical problem."

THE QUESTIONNAIRE!—

THE QUIZZES MAKE ME QUAKE

As Zeus-ikin said nothing, Boobo proceeded to read off the questions. Sometimes bending over the parchment, sometimes looking about the room to see who admired him most, he recited thus:

"Question No. 1—Should olive oil be oily?

"Question No. 2—Does thy hair become more glossy when rubbed with olive oil?

"Question No. 3—How many races hast thou run?

"Question No. 4—Dost thou always rub thy body with olive oil before a race?"

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Bullem interrupted: "That question, oh Zeus-ikin, is really not a question but rather a subtle, sub-cellarly-conscious suggestion as can be explained by the astute Tauros." But Zeus-ikin motioned to Boobo to go on.

"Question No. 5—Has thy physician recommended eating more olive oil every day, or has he neglected his duty?"

"Thou seest, oh Zeus-ikin," interrupted Bullem, "being psychologists, we put the question positively, not negatively. 'Has thy physician neglected his duty?' This is positivism; it is one of the discoveries of the Tauros Agency. Never a negative statement, oh Zeus-ikin, never a negative question—proceed, Boobo!"

AHA! WE SPOT AN ETHIOPIAN
IN THE WOOD-PILE!

Boobo started to read off more of his questions. Zeus-ikin said he didn't know anything about trumpeting, and just as little about questionnaires, but he thought he spied an extra black question at the bottom of the parchment.

"That is merely an incidental line put in to help," quoted Boobo; and he read it, thus:

Free, a finger-tip of "Zeusy's Own" olive oil at his warehouse if thou answerest all the questions promptly.

"Aha! Well, well," cried Pushon, "that explains! For four days now my sales department has been bothered by crowds coming around and

① Should
olive oil
be oily ?

② Does the
hair become
more glossy
when oily
oiliness



THE QUIZZES MAKE ME QUAKE:—
BOOBO'S MERCHANDISE INVESTIGORATION

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

begging for a free finger-tip of olive oil. We let them have it to get rid of them." But when he saw Zeus-ikin frowning, Pushon continued: "However, the free oil was not exactly wasted, noble master; because quite a few, after tasting the olive oil, bought a jug and, of course, at full retail price."

"Wonderful publicity," murmured Bullem, "wonderful publicity, oh Zeus-ikin! Think of it! Hundreds of new customers for a few finger tips of oil!"

The merchant shrugged his shoulders; while Boobo took another roll of parchment from his slave.

STATISTICS STACK UP—

LIKE STUPENDOUS STALAGMITES!

"Seventy-one per cent of all the questionnaires were answered," said Boobo. "This is a top record and shows the noble Zeus-ikin's high standing in Athens." But Zeus-ikin shook his finger angrily at Pushon, as if to say that the 71% all replied for the sake of the free finger tip.

Boobo continued: "Of those who answered, 82 per cent said that olive oil was awfully oily; 1 per cent denied it and the other 19 per cent stated that they did not know what the question meant."

TRUCK-LOADS OF TABULATIONS

"Here is another important discovery brought out by our skillful questionnaire," Bullem explained. "We have proven that nearly one-fifth of the citizens of Athens must be given an educational campaign to convince them that olive oil is really oily." He paced the floor, shouting:—

"Educational trumpeting campaigns, noble Zeus-ikin, are always ultra-effective. And, when scientifically planned in the Tauros manner they are based on the facts gained from an expert questionnaire."*

*When I read this Boobo questionnaire, I could not help but feel that the world since the days of Old Sox has retrograded somewhat in the art of skillful interrogation. For I blushed with shame, when I compared it with certain recent questionnaires; for example, the one accompanying a lengthy market investigation on cranberries as prepared by some expert trumpeting statisticalizer who had found his way into the peasants' department of a well-known barbarian government. (Report of September, 1924.)

The Greeks, of course, could not expect us barbarians to be highly intelligent. Nevertheless, I believe they would have been surprised had they seen that it was necessary to make huge tabulations in order to "discover" that cranberries are eaten mostly in winter time, not in mid-summer, and that these tart fruits are particularly favored at the Feast of the Harvest in association with a large barbarian fowl. To make sure that this discovery shall be properly trumpeted, the peasants' department offers to send thee, Mr. Zeus-ikin, this cranberry (not apple sauce) report free and at thy expense, that is to say under Government Frank. So here's thy chance, Mr. Zeus-ikin, to get it for nothing and to learn something.—*The Transcriber.*

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Boobo recited other figures and he rattled them off so fast that none of us got them fully. "Only $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent," he said, "knew anything about olive oil from Ceos."

"Therefore," Bullem explained, "since few know about it, we positively *must* trumpet the word Ceos."

"But 99 per cent of all Athenians said they knew the name Zeus-ikin."

"Therefore," Bullem explained, "since many know about it, we surely must trumpet the name Zeus-ikin."

NOW LET'S HEAR NOSAR'S NOISE

Now another slave threw another roll of parchment on the floor. But when Boobo started to spread it out, Zeus-ikin exclaimed:

"Enough! Enough! Look—here is the sun rising high over the sea. However, I do want to hear what Nosar heard when he went around to all the shops."

Nosar, thinly clad in a short robe, with bare legs and bare arms, two richly carved bracelets jingling around his wrists, was sitting on the floor. What a handsome, athletic youth, I thought. At a signal from Tauros, he leapt to his feet, clapped his hands and took three jumps, until he stood directly in front of Zeus-ikin, looking him in the eyes.

TRUCK-LOADS OF TABULATIONS

"Now, Nosar," Zeus-ikin said, "tell me, tell me frankly. Pay no heed to Pushon, for he stuffs me always with his reports.—What didst thou hear those Greek vendors say about the way Pushon is pushing my olive oil?"

Here was one of the typically ticklish situations in which a trumpeting agency sometimes finds itself in my Athenian days. The boss did not care to have his salaried assistants jollied along by a trumpeting agency. And yet, the assistants had the ear of the boss all day and the trumpeting agency once a month.

MORE EXPERT ADVICE—

AND NOW FROM THE VENDORS

Nosar was looking furtively at Tauros. It seemed to me that they had agreed to report on the wonderful push of Pushon, the right bower of the boss. But now Zeus-ikin had called on Nosar for straight dope. And what if Pushon should be fired at the end of his contract? Anyway, let us see how Nosar in his report steers between Scylla and Charybidis!

"Oh merchant prince of Athens," he exclaimed. "Followed by a host of fifty-four other investigators, I have flitted from vendor to vendor. As for the work of Pushon and his sales force, we discovered, oh Zeus-ikin, that Pushon is not subject to criticism. We might say he is above criticism; or it might be said that he

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

is below criticism." Nosar shot a glance at Tauros to see what to say next. Bullem interrupted: "Our investigations, as thou wilt see, oh Zeus-ikin, indicate clearly that the pushing Pushon suffers from one serious handicap:—the olive oil is not trumpeted. Proceed, nifty Nosar."

"All the vendors everywhere, of course, knew the name of the great Zeus-ikin," Nosar continued. "But some thought that he was a man engaged in statecraft. Only $62\frac{3}{4}$ per cent connected the name with olive oil."

Tauros sighed and shook his head tragically while he whispered something to Bullem, loud enough so the rest of us could hear, about the pity of a great Athenian who had never trumpeted.

"Only $23\frac{1}{2}$ per cent," Nosar resumed, "had Zeusy's olive oil in stock—"

"That's a damned lie!" cried Pushon. "We ship every moon to more than one hundred and fifty vendors in Athens; that's nearly half. Now, master Zeus-ikin—whatever the figures are, we have them all on our books and I can give thee a full report—if thou thyself, oh master, wilt investigate for half an hour by reading a trial balance or a single sheet of tabulation from thy sales department!"

Tauros immediately signaled to Nosar to continue; so Nosar said:

Only $23\frac{1}{2}\%$
of the vendors
carry

Zeusy Oil

$42\frac{1}{2}\% \times 3\frac{1}{8}\% + 69\%$

$+ 12\%$

$+ 15\%$

IT'S A
DAMN
LIE!



NOSAR NIPS THE SALES MANAGER

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"Of those who do not handle Zeus-ikin's oil, 97 $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent said that Zeus-ikin must promise a lot of trumpeting before they will buy a single amphora."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Bullem, rising in excitement. "They said it, Nosar?" and when Nosar nodded three times, Bullem shouted, "What a discovery! 97 $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent of the vendors spurn Zeus-ikin unless he trumpets."

Nosar again took three leaps forward, this time spreading his arms. Then he whispered impressively:

"Oh noble merchant prince, the vendors agreed thus:—If Zeus-ikin will promise to start a trumpeting campaign and keep at it, we will put his olive oil right in front"—and Nosar took his two hands and placed them on the stone in front of Zeus-ikin, as if he were handling a jug of olive oil—"Right there where every passer-by in the street sees the olive oil—right there—88 per cent promised to put 'Zeusy's own', even before the first trumpet call; and the other 12 per cent all promised to do it later."

"And, of course, as Pushon knows, that settles it," Bullem added, "for with a counter display, the goods start selling at once."

Tauros cast his eyes upon the ground in serious thought. Bullem looked earnestly at Zeus-ikin. The merchant pondered quite a

TRUCK-LOADS OF TABULATIONS

while. Then Nosar whispered with a still deeper whisper:

"The vendors said that they could get a litre of good olive oil free with every five or six litres from other importers; so why in Hades, they asked me, should they buy Zeus-ikin's oil at full price, if he won't trumpet?"

Hearing this, my master seemed quite upset. He wheeled around facing Pushon:—

"Damn those price-cutters!—I am beginning to think, friend Pushon, that this trumpeting of 'Zeusy's Own' is necessary, absolutely necessary."

Nosar's slave produced another huge roll of parchment filled with figures. But Zeus-ikin said that his head was swimming with so much mathematics. He suggested that we (meaning, I suppose, him and me and Pushon) leave the details to the statisticalizing department of the Tauros agency, that all we wanted now was a summary, some deductions from these figures.

CHAPTER XIV

The Figures Transfigured

First Fakem clarifies statistics—the charmed snakes; the horror-scope—Finally comes Tauros, giving his verdict “to trumpet or not to trumpet.”

AT THESE words, the venerable Fakem arose. His long robe hung loosely from his narrow shoulders. His lean, bare arms could be seen in a slit of the garment, as he bent on his staff with one hand, while stroking his white beard with the other.

“Thou hast said, oh Zeus-ikin, that thy head swims with figures,” began Fakem, while calling the slave with the mysterious bag. “And because we knew this, we have prepared a graphic way of showing a busy man at a moment’s glance how these figures work out.”

Thereupon Fakem put his long, bony arm into the bag and pulled out two snakes, one a very fat snake and the other a thin snake. The slave also fumbled around in the bag and pulled out five or six smaller reptiles which he hung around Fakem’s neck.

Now watch!—Fakem stretches forth his arms, holding the fat snake in one hand and

THE FIGURES TRANSFIGURED

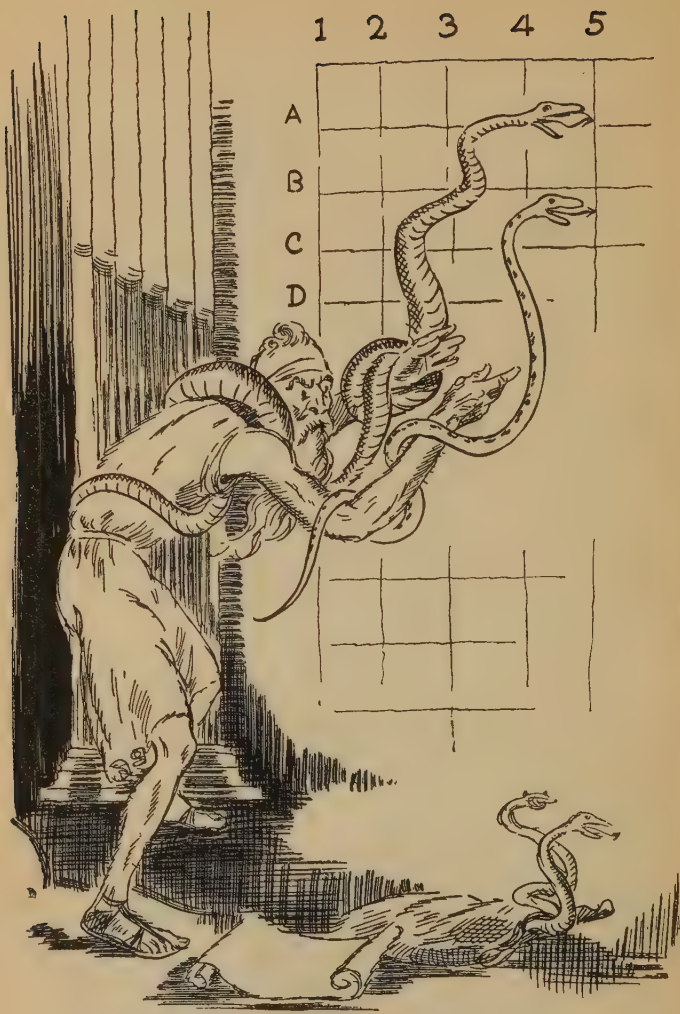
the lean one in the other. The two reptiles immediately shoot out their long bodies; the lean one sticks out in a diagonal, the fat one slightly above the other, each of them, however, with a few sharp up and down curves.

"The thin snake making the lower curve," Fakem explains, "represents the cost of trumpeting; while the big fat snake making the upper curve shows the volume of sales. Note, young men, how the fat snake is now rising, now falling. But note also that it is rising much faster than the thin snake."

"That is graphic, indeed!" exclaimed the oil merchant. "Now I get the point of all the statistics. If only thou, Pushon, wouldst give me the results in such visual form instead of thy boresome bookkeeping."

"Now," continued Fakem, "by tapping each of the snakes on the back at various other points, we will see what must happen when the trumpeting is increased." Thereupon the thin snake rose slightly and the fat snake stood almost straight up in the air.

A diabolic idea struck me. "Let me tap the snakes according to my opinions," I said. Then I tapped them in several places. They wiggled to new positions. Pushon and then Zeus-ikin also stepped up to do a little tapping, and again the snakes wiggled into other positions; however, always with the thin snake below and the



FAKEM'S CHARMED SNAKES
MAKE MINCEMEAT OF MATHEMATICS

THE FIGURES TRANSFIGURED

fat snake, representing volume of sales, quite a little above.

"Yes, it is wonderfully illuminating," my master murmured.

He asked Old Sox to tap the snakes, too, but the philosopher shook his head, saying that he would like to see what the snakes would do if they were to wiggle according to all the opinions of all the experts. At this the snakes shook themselves so violently that one of them dropped out of the hand of Fakem to the floor, while the reptiles around his neck tickled him until he told his slave to throw them back into the bag. Zeus-ikin invited Fakem to come up some evening and have his snakes perform for his niece, Helen.

HERE IT COMES—THE HORROR-SCOPE!

A slave now helped Fakem produce from out of the folds of his mantle, a small wax-tablet wrapped in linen.

"I have prepared from the Boobo and Nosar figures," began Fakem, "A small horrorscope of the results of a 'Zeusy's Own' trumpeting campaign."

Some of us tried to crowd around the old gentleman, but he shooed us away, saying that the horror-scope was something so sacred that even Tauros Prophetikos had not seen it as yet.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

None but the eyes of master Zeus-ikin should light upon it first.

"The first conference, as I was told," Fakem continued "took place in the billiard hall of the gymnasium and the fact that it was at billiards is a slightly inauspicious event. I want to mention everything, oh merchant prince, even that which may be against our interests. However, this conference took place in the moon of Poseidon on a night when the sign of Zeus pointed directly to the moon—a most favorable occasion. Here is the horror-scope, oh Zeus-ikin."

He unwrapped the linen covering and gazed intently at his tablet.

"I shall be glad to explain the details, but in summary," thus spoke the venerable Fakem, "I can say this: Here are the Zodiac-sign of Zeus and the joint sign of Tauros and Bullem pointing to the star of Pushon. This juxtaposition together with the circumlocutions of the stars of Boobo and Nosar seem to show—I will not say conclusively—that this trumpeting of 'Zeusy's own' olive oil will be the greatest success ever had in the history of Athenian commerce."

Fakem coughed a bit, and personally handed the tablet to Zeus-ikin, who took hold of it most gingerly and then eyed it with a puzzled expression.

After a brown study, the oil merchant said



FAKEM'S HORROR-SCOPE—IT PREDICTS RICHES
AND FAME FOR THE TRUMPETING ZEUS-IKIN!

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

that he was much impressed with the simple, highly graphic way in which Fakem had illustrated the figures.

He again sat up straight with that Zeus-like look, saying that he must now ask for the conclusion, the verdict of Tauros Prophetikos Olympou!

Everybody straightened up.

All eyes were turned upon the prophet.

He heeded not the stare of my master nor the open mouth of Pushon.

Then Zeus-ikin repeated his question.

* * *

THE VERDICT!!—

TO TRUMPET OR NOT TO TRUMPET

Instead of answering forthwith, Tauros Prophetikos throws back his head and gazes fixedly at the ceiling, much in his former manner, though with more solemn accent.

All is silence. Yes, Master Zeus-ikin's cigar has dropped out of his hand to the floor, and he doesn't even know it.

After a minute or more, Tauros nods; then shakes his head. Evidently he finds it hard to reach a decision. And now amid the silence he signals to Bullem.

Then Bullem with Boobo and Nosar tiptoe to one of the rolls of parchment, which I thought

THE FIGURES TRANSFIGURED

contained only statistics. They pull out two silver chalices, several packages and then a tiny kotylos of olive oil. The chalices they place with utmost quiet at the feet of the prophet. With Fakem mumbling a prayer to Hermes, Bullem strews some powders out of the package into the silver vessels, then pouring the olive oil over the powders. Two slaves now kneel and hold the vessels on high.

All this time Tauros Prophetikos is sitting as still as a statue. His eyes are transcendentalized; his nose has turned pale green.

And all is silence.

Now something happens within those chalices. There is a bubbling; a boiling. A heavy smoke arises. And presently the room is filled with a strong yet delicately pungent incense, indicative of power combined with intellectual perception.*

*Now, barbarian heretic, *please* don't laugh. It's true we moderns do not require the *same* kind of religious ceremonial to reach a weighty decision. But I've privately admitted that many of Knotall's caps fit *me* as much as they do any trumpeting expert, some, it seems, having been made specially to my measure; and none fit me better than the one in this scene. For I have long enjoyed an unusual reputation as a *judicial* advisor (references on request). And I've jealously guarded that rep by never, *never* reaching a decision hastily, never until some minutes after I had reached it. I *always* throw my head back, and I always inhale at length the incense of Havana, before finally saying "Yes, trumpet."—*The Transcriber*.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Amid majestic silence, Tauros now arises, turning to the North, and spreading his arms full length. He wheels slowly toward Zeus-ikin, looking into my master's eyes with a far-away gaze, his arms slowly dropping. And still we are enveloped in silence. To me, it is terrible—this suspense, not knowing if Tauros will tell us to trumpet or not to trumpet.

Finally, the prophet opens his mouth. He crosses his arms over his breast. He begins to speak. In slow, measured rythm, he utters his words, and this is what he speaks:—

“I am of a judicial turn of mind and slow to reach conclusions. Remember also, oh men of Athens, that I have more at stake than Zeus-ikin. The merchant will put only his money into this plan and I shall be forced to put up my reputation in handling a trust fund.

“Nevertheless, from this questionnaire, together with the answers which the merchant prince has seen only in part and the many other tabulations submitted to me by Boobo, Nosar and Fakem, I am forced to an inevitable conclusion.—I speak, of course, as if I were spending my own money,—(there was a pause).

“And I conclude that it is good and beautiful for Zeus-ikin and necessary for the commonwealth that we start at once the trumpeting of ‘Zeusy’s Own’ to the East, West, North and South.”



THE VERDICT OF TAURUS:—

“To Trumpet or not to Trumpet”

It takes *time* for the Judge and Advisor to decide.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Tauros closed his mouth and ended his discourse. Boobo and Nosar, seizing the hem of his mantle, led him back to his seat.

After another short lull, we noticed that the smoke of the incense had been dispelled and with it the strain on our nerves. Zeus-ikin threw his feet up on his stone table and lit a fresh cigar. He watched the smoke rise and curl; it was *his* turn for meditation. But not in majestic silence; for there were whispers, then murmurs, and latterly loud talking, all of course in approbation of the verdict of Tauros.

We were again silenced, this time by hearing Zeus-ikin clear his throat of a piece of tobacco. "Pushon," he said, "it sure seems that Tauros is talking sense." He pulled his feet off the table.

Just then he noticed the stub of his cigar, which he had dropped upon the floor during the preceding strain. He kicked it over for Pushon to throw into the cuspidor; then he continued as follows:—

"Do I want the people of Athens, as Nosar pointed out, to get me mixed up with the cheap politicians? Dog of Egypt! The name Zeus-ikin is not in a class with that of a certain ne'er-do-well lover of Old Sox.—The name, Zeus-ikin, stands for 'olive oil' and I want Athens to know it."

He took another puff at his cigar and then added "Anyway, Pushon, are we going to let

THE FIGURES TRANSFIGURED

those price cutters steal our trade with the vendors? I'll do enough trumpeting with my money, I'll start such a tornado of tooting as to blow that whole gang of kikes into the Mediterranean."

Then he glanced at Old Sox, and shouted:—

"How now, old statuary! Hast thou nothing to say this morning?"

CHAPTER XV

To Trisect the Triangle

*Old Sox tries his hand at the Tauros trigonometry—
Figures, Yes; But Who Are the Figurers?—What
About the Investigators? And the Investigated?—
What Price, Old Scotch?—Nevertheless, for once,
Old Sox Boosts Bullem!*

“**I** OF COURSE,” Old Sox began, “must accept the conclusion of the mighty Tauros; for his knowledge of trumpeting is as great as is my ignorance. But for my enlightenment and for the instructions of my disciple, Aristoteles, I should desire greatly to learn a little more of the art in which Boobo is master.”

“Ask any questions, oh questioner of questioners,” Boobo said, “and I’ll give thee the figures from the questionnaire.”

LET’S OKAY THE QUIZ—

BUT HOW ABOUT THE QUIZZERS?

“But first before we examine further the figures,” Old Sox said; “should we not know more of the witnesses making this evidence? For in the court and at the assembly the lawyers exam-

TO TRISECT THE TRIANGLE

ine not only the evidence but also the witnesses themselves, so that the judges may judge of their accuracy of knowledge, and their integrity. Yet here this merchandise investigation is presented in bundles of parchment without the witnesses: hence, without evidence as to the value of the evidence.

"Let me ask then, oh handsome Boobo, who are the men that gathered this evidence? Are they men like my disciple Aristoteles?"

"Far better!" answered Boobo, "With all due respect to the youth whom thou art teaching, these men of mine are experts in merchandise investigation, many of them personally trained by the bully Bullem."

"It has always seemed to me," resumed Old Sox "that the doing of a thing follows easily and naturally after all the facts are established and analyzed. But—to gather the facts, to define, to analyze, to classify—that is the work of the *guiding* mind, the mind that *leads* the doing mind and the doing body. I have a right to assume then—have I?—that only after a man in the Tauros Agency has had all the training of Hotairo, the ingenious inventor of facts, and of Bullem, the expert expounder of facts, and of Fakem, who can't be fooled on the facts, that only then finally, when a man has gathered the wisdom of all these experts, and in addition has trained himself so as to ask questions in such

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

a way that he can truly draw the facts out of those he questions, that then only such a wise and well-seasoned expert is engaged for thy merchandise investigation department?"

"That would be impractical," Boobo answered. "My assistants are forced to run fast in order to gather up a questionnaire as large and voluminous as this one in six days. Only youthful legs can do this."*

Old Sox looked wonderingly at Aristoteles, then at Zeus-ikin, and again at Boobo. At length, he said:

"I personally have never depended for the skill of my questions on the strength of my legs, but rather on the alertness of my brain. Hence I particularly admire the rapidity with which Boobo's assistants can question 24,000 Athenians; for I, being rather old and slow, find the greatest difficulty in holding converse with as many as five men in a day when I want to draw them out and get any real worth-while definitions and conclusions—."

"Yes, an endless talker," grumbled Bullem.

"However," resumed Old Sox, "since the

*Of course! Even with our modern flivvers, what agent-ikin would be so foolish as to employ an investigator over 30 years of age? Anyway at 40 drachmas per week, per investigator, what agent-ikin could afford to send out experts trained in the art of cross examination?—*The Transcriber.*

TO TRISECT THE TRIANGLE

mighty Tauros stakes his reputation on the reports of these young men, it follows then that they are necessarily the very brainiest of young Athenians, all of them well instructed in Philosophy? and taught, before they ever start on a merchandising investigation by some higher minded soul than Prodicus, to ask questions only in a search for the truth for truth's sake? For that and that alone is good and beautiful."

"My slaves helping Boobo and Nosar, are bought at the highest market price, oh Zeus-ikin, for they can all read and write" retorted Tauros, "and they have, of course, the strictest instructions, thou sandal-maker," Tauros continued, "to seek the truth for truth's sake, yes to bring in the facts as they see them, and nothing else."

Tauros grew redder and redder with righteous indignation; for he was a true trumpeting agent and a sincere believer in his faith.*

At any rate, while Tauros grew redder and redder, he shouted, "This idling philosopher must not poison the mind of Zeus-ikin—or we leave here this minute."

"Remember, thou sandal-maker," said Fak-em shaking his finger at Old Sox, "thou art in

* Let no one ever suspect that I agree with Old Sox in throwing aspersions upon the sincerity of Tauros. For I am sure that he believed in trumpeting as sincerely and as honestly as all of us believe in our religion and in about the same way.—*The Transcriber.*

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

the presence of a mighty trumpeting agent at whose trough a thousand powerful wowsers and meowers feed daily."

I trembled for the old Philosopher. What if Tauros should force the daily drama dubs to stir up all Athens until Old Sox finally must take a poison cup? But Zeus-ikin again threw olive oil on troubled waters by remarking that "of course, he would trust the mighty Tauros with his last drachma (perhaps he was thinking of the alley the agent controlled) and, of course, Old Sox was right in asking questions for the benefit of his disciple Aristoteles." But he begged the philosopher to change his line of interrogation.

OKAY, THEN, ON THE QUIZZERS;

BUT—HOW ABOUT THE QUIZZEES?

"As our host desires," answered Old Sox. "While we must agree that our witnesses are to be relied upon, yet this still puzzles me: how can we accept the evidence of those vendors and users whom the witnesses questioned?"

"Thou fool!" cried Fakem, "why should those users and vendors lie to us?"

"Explain to me, venerable Fakem," retorted Old Sox. "Is not the Athenian mind ordinarily concerned with questions of the progress of the commonwealth, the cost of slaves, the prospects

TO TRISECT THE TRIANGLE

of the weather and so on? Hence, if there are trumpeting calls for olive oil, that mind hears those tootings while as it were in a dream about olive oil. Am I right?"

"Thou art right, Old Sox" Tauros answered, "and hence the intricacies of the trumpeting expert's appeal to the subconscious mind."

"But," continued Old Sox "when Boobo comes with his questions, fully awakening the people to all the problems of eating, selling, and trumpeting of olive oil, is the man who answers Boobo's questions subconscious, or quite awake and conscious? And when we ask his opinion on the trumpeting of oil is he not at once trying to be a trumpeting expert rather than a mere user or vendor of olive oil? Is not his testimony then artificial?"

"Well spoken, Old Sox," exclaimed Zeus-ikin. "With all due respect for thy experience and sincerity, oh Tauros, I wonder if this damned questionnaire, instead of teaching us what Pushon and I already know or ought to know, may not blow us plumb off the track?"

Tauros merely shrugged his shoulders. But Nosar sprang forward to repeat that $97\frac{3}{8}$ per cent of the retail vendors had agreed that Zeus-ikin must do a great deal of trumpeting in order to sell his wares.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"How often, oh Nosar," asked Old Sox, "is this discovery made by thee on different kinds of questionnaires?"

"Always," answered Nosar. "Every vendor always tells them they must trumpet."

"Then I take it," Old Sox responded, "that the principle is merely *re*-discovered every time thou goest nosing around. This re-discovery is, may I assume, for the instruction of each successive client?"

"Right again!" cried Zeus-ikin, "and Tauros, thou shalt pay for the free olive oil that Pushon gave away." Tauros waved his hand in acquiescence; but I heard Bullem whisper to him that he would make the daily drama dubs pay for it.

Nosar looked around, bewildered.

THE VENDORS' VERDICT—

IS *THAT* THE TAUROS VERDICT?

Reverting to the verdict of the vendors that Zeus-ikin must trumpet, Old Sox resumed:

"I have often asked my disciples: Shall we be guided by the views of the majority, or by the views of the few who have wisdom? Surely the deep thinking Tauros, versed in the science of trumpeting, does not glean his opinions from the opinions of the untutored shop-keepers?"

"The vendors have something more than opinions," cried Bullem. "They all know from

TO TRISECT THE TRIANGLE

experience, yes from experience, that we *must* trumpet if we want to sell goods to their customers."

"Indeed," Old Sox answered, "does each one of these vendors have a record of the amount that he sells as a result of each toot?"

"Silly question," shouted Bullem. "Silly sophist—the vendors, oh Zeus-ikin, are such believers in trumpeting that we must trumpet in order to get the goods on display in their shops, even if the tooting never produced a call. Pushon knows this." Pushon nodded.

IF WE MUST DOPE 'EM,

WHAT IS THE STRONGEST DOPE?

"If then the trumpeting is undertaken to satisfy the superstitions of the vendors about worthless trumpeting," asked Old Sox, "why not give the vendors a jug of Old Scotch with every amphora of olive oil? So as to intoxicate them with a love for Zeussy's Own! If trumpeting has been trumpeted mostly to the vendors so that they rather than the users must be convinced, if in fact half the vendors buy the goods, as Nosar promised, and begin to sell them just because there is *going* to be trumpeting, then might not this jug of Old Scotch offer a cheaper way of bribing or bullying the shopkeepers?"

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"At least," said Zeus-ikin, "this jug of Old Scotch would be something that Pushon and I could put our fingers upon; and I can judge old Scotch better than I could this mass-psychology with its expensive tornado of thought-vibration." Having thus worked himself into a heat by his own argument, he suddenly exclaimed:—"I say again, damn the questionnaire. Take away thy bundles of parchment, oh Boobo. Pushon Polutropos, thou must sell the olive oil without trumpeting."

"One moment," interposed Old Sox, "as far as I can see, we have not yet reached any conclusion, except the conclusion that from the facts, as far as analyzed, we have reached no conclusion. And as I said to Helen the other day, is not that in itself always a most worth-while conclusion?" Zeus-ikin grumbled about time being money.

Then Old Sox suggested that before ending this interesting discussion of matters vital to Athenian trade and perhaps important to the commonwealth, we listen a moment to his disciple Aristoteles, who just for the pleasure of study, had made some little independent inquiry.

"Oh yes, I forgot," said Zeus-ikin. "Shoot, oh youth Aristoteles." (And now I knew why my master had whispered to Old Sox at our last meeting.)

CHAPTER XVI

A Travesty On Trumpeting

Aristoteles comes along with some asinine ideas, just amateur arithmetic—yet, by accident, by a slip of the tongue he clinches the account; and we've won!!

ARISTOTELES looked shyly around the room. "I first asked some fifty users of olive oil, and vendors, about trumpeting," he began. "But they could not answer me coherently. For it seems that every citizen of Athens thinks he knows two things better than every other citizen; one is to run the Assembly of Athens and to pass its laws, and the other thing he knows better than anybody else is how to trumpet. So, whenever I asked any citizen anything about trumpeting olive oil, he forgot all about olive oil and immediately began to give me his theories on trumpeting."

"Then by Hermes thou meanest that thy damned investigation amounted to nothing!" cried Bullem.

"Very little," said Aristoteles. "Also my investigation among the trumpeters confused me greatly. All the trumpeters told me that trumpeting is highly profitable; but I could not deter-

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

mine whether they meant that it is highly profitable to the trumpeters or to those who pay for the trumpeting.

"First I asked the out-door street trumpeters, including those who carry lights at night. Those who had lights said the others were useless, and those who had no lights said that it was like taking candy from children to trumpet during the night-time. As for trumpeters of the daily and monthly dramas, the out-door trumpeters were agreed that these others charge such ruinous prices that their trumpeting couldn't possibly pay. The trumpeters of the drama, however, all agreed that the out-door trumpet calls were a public nuisance."

"In other words, boy," laughed Bullem, "the trumpeters have put thee all in a muddle. Thou canst see right here where experience would have been of value; for no experienced agent ever listens to the trumpeters trumpeting about their own trumpet calls." Aristoteles continued:—

"I did make a record, however, (and here Aristoteles pulled out a slip of papyrus) of a few trumpeters at the Daily Dramas.

"I counted the number of people that passed the trumpeters, and the number that looked up and listened and on an average of all kinds of trumpeters, I found that out of 1,000 that

A TRAVESTY ON TRUMPETING

passed, sometimes one and sometimes two would listen to a trumpeter."

"I see now that the beardless youth, like Old Sox, has come here to knock trumpeting," growled Bullem.

"Not at all," answered Aristoteles, "I was told that the trumpeter gets about one-tenth of a drachma for each toot per thousand listeners. Now then, if he secured one listener out of each thousand, then it costs one-tenth of a drachma to secure a listener."

"By Apollo and Artemis, boy, that is one of the best selling arguments I ever heard," cried Bullem.

MASS-PSYCHOLOGY, HE ADMITS,
IS TOO DEEP FOR HIM

"However, after seeing the listeners, oh brave Bullem," continued Aristoteles, "I was dissatisfied with my conclusion, for how could I know what a man would do because he listened?—And all I care about, oh men of Athens, is what men or animals or things *do*; I am not interested in their i-d-e-a-s, as my teacher Platon is, except in so far as i-d-e-a-s lead to '*something doing*.'"

"So I followed a lot of listeners, some twenty, I could not do more, following them one after the other from the Drama to the street.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

And out of the twenty, I found that four stopped at some vendors and bought the goods that the trumpeter had trumpeted about. Then I figured that these goods had been sold for about the price of four-tenths of a drachma."

"Excellent!" cried Tauros.

"Think of it, oh Tauros Prophetikos," cried Bullem. "Remember this, oh Boobo. Take good note, oh Fakem, and put it in all future reports—four-tenths of a drachma is all that it costs to get a customer by trumpeting."

Aristoteles blushing said that he had followed only twenty people and could not tell from these limited statistics what the next twenty would do.

"Our statistical department will help thee out on that, oh brainy Aristoteles. We will prove it quick enough," said Bullem; then turning to Boobo he said, "Write thy investigation over again, oh Boobo!"

Tauros and Fakem winked at each other; they seemed rather glad that Bullem in his enthusiasm was making such breaks. He was undoubtedly the best man in all Athens to bring in the prospects; but this interview was proving that old chaps like Tauros and Fakem were still needed in the business; and the way Bullem squirmed after he had spoken made the two gray beards glow with good feeling; it was

A TRAVESTY ON TRUMPETING

worth the price, even if thereby they had to lose the Zeus-ikin account.

"My legs are young, oh men of Athens," Aristoteles resumed, "and I am, therefore, it seems, still a good investigator. But I had too limited time to learn much." He added:—

"My novel methods, so gratefully received, necessarily lead to only partial conclusions." *

"By all the gods of Olympus," cried Zeus-ikin. "Thou art a youth after my own heart, oh Aristoteles."

A LOT OF FUSS

ABOUT A FEW FINGER TIPS OF OIL

Ignoring the compliment, for Zeus-ikin was rather fat and the tobacco juice hung around his beard, Aristoteles took up another line of thinking. Turning to Pushon he asked:

"About that free finger tip offer by Boobo:—How many people, oh wise Pushon, came to get this olive oil?"

"Hundreds of them," answered Pushon. "How could anybody keep track of a single drop of olive oil?"

*Oh barbarian experts! Read the closing words of the Aristoteles *Organon*, next to the world's bibles, the most discussed book of all times. Thereafter, (except for denial of "reasoning" that we find false within itself) lets quit being "cock-sure" of *any* conclusions.—*The Transcriber*.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Aristoteles crowded the salesmanager for accurate figures; but Pushon insisted that his adding machines were kept too busy for such trivialities; 300 was near enough a guess.

"And how many bought?" Aristoteles asked.

"Oh quite a few; plenty to pay for the free samples," Pushon grumbled.

"Canst thou find us a complete record of these sales?" asked Aristoteles.

"Not separately, of course," Pushon replied with a snuffle. "Our business is too big, my boy, to watch a few petty retail sales."*

Zeus-ikin said that a slave at the cost of one drachma in a day could dig out these figures; and he encouraged Aristoteles to pursue his questions. "I am tired of generalities," he said. "Pin Pushon down. Find out if it's true that he really sold enough to make a profit on the oil he wasted."

Aristoteles remarked that his questions were not directed at all along the line of the Zeus-ikin thinking; but that he would like to get the closest possible estimates. Pushon finally conceded that he knew the number was more

*This was the answer a few years ago by a vendor of garments to whom a system of records to determine a vital business policy was suggested. He was then doing 20 million drachmas a year. He had no time for petty records, he said. The next year the business went into bankruptcy.
—*The Transcriber.*



AMATEUR ARITHMETIC BY ARISTOTELES:—
HE COUNTS EVERY DROP!

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

than two hundred and fifty and less than three hundred, since he had given away one jug full for the free drops and had used part of a second jug, and that somewhere between 25 and 30, not fewer than 25, nor more than 30 jugs had been sold.

"The fact then appears, oh much-traveled Pushon," remarked Aristoteles, "that even where thou invitest the beggars to come, not fewer than one in twelve, and perhaps one out of every eight, bought the Ceos olive oil after tasting it. Therefore, in so far as these limited figures may guide us, it seems like this:—to sell a jug of olive oil cost only 8 to 12 finger tips of oil plus the cost of inducing the beggars to accept the free finger tip."

AMATEUR ARITHMETIC!—

BUT IT SEEMS TO SUIT ZEUSY

"By the dog of Egypt," exclaimed Zeus-ikin turning to Tauros, "this beardless boy brings me figures, and worth-while figures too. And for three long nights and days of talk, Tauros has brought me nothing, nothing, nothing."*

*This quotation was plagiarized in my hearing 2,300 years after Knotall's time by a w. k. inventor of electric and phonographic instruments, while addressing an almost equally w. k. exponent of "high-class" trumpeting (except that the inventor said "15 years" instead of "3 days").—*The Transcriber.*

A TRAVESTY ON TRUMPETING

"Beware," whispered Bullem to Tauros. "This pup of a mathematician will talk Zeus-ikin into getting the account himself for some agency with which he can hook up."

Tauros smiled somewhat haughtily and said: "As a novice in trumpeting, oh youthful Aristoteles, thou hast done well. Come tomorrow at the first break of business and see Boobo about a job in his investigorating department." He was greatly surprised when Aristoteles declined on the ground that he was studying philosophy under Old Sox; while remarking also that he had never learned to investigate anything *with a view to finding* a "proof" of any theory.

COUNTING NOSES—

THAT'S ALL HE KNOWS

"Might it not seem worth while, however," concluded Aristoteles, "for the sake of a study in the philosophy of experience, if Tauros would select a few trumpeters, telling them to trumpet something definite for every user of olive oil to *do*; whether by going to the Zeus-ikin warehouse or straight to a nearby vendor. Then, by *counting*, we shall learn not merely what they *think* they *think*, but what they *do*. And when we know what a few thousand do in response to a trumpet-call, then we can predict

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

what 360,000 men and women of Athens will do; 2000 or 3000 will be enough to teach us. That much I know from the philosophy of experience."

"That's it!" cried Zeus-ikin "that's it!"

(Bear with me, oh expert knockers of Old Sox:—for now we shall see how his knocking has opened the door for the tooters.)

My master arose. "Friend Tauros," he shouted, "that boy Aristoteles has shown me how to find out 'what's doing' when I trumpet. Mass psychology may be too deep for him; but at least he knows how to count noses. So we simply *must* try that tooting; and we'll toot right away."

Then he suggested the day following at which all verses for this try-out should be ready. But Tauros persuaded him to wait two days because of the extreme intellectual effort in preparing the verses, and the necessity of completing the art work already in preparation (the art work having been ordered because of the certainty that the olive oil trumpeting campaign would quickly be decided upon—that is still one way of "sewing up" a prospect in Athens.)

When the oil merchant suggested the next conference at the same warehouse, the head of the agency arose with dignity and explained that he had many clients and many telephone

A TRAVESTY ON TRUMPETING

calls; so that if he were to give this matter his personal attention, the next meeting, provided the noble Zeus-ikin would consent, had better be held at his own place of business.

My master did not seem to like the idea of a merchant Prince being forced to go to his trumpeting King; but he had a dim idea that Tauros had something quite vital at stake in the maneuvers to do business at his own headquarters. After all, Tauros had shown a clarity of vision and a grasp of statistical data far better than those of the average trumpeting agent who had tried to talk a leg off of Zeus-ikin in years gone by; besides there was that alley that Tauros controlled.

So, weighing all these considerations in a flash, Zeus-ikin consented to have the Mountain go to the Prophet; however, on the condition that Old Sox and any disciples he wished to bring, should be permitted to join in the conference at the Tauros agency. This being agreeable, the date was made for the beginning of the morning two days hence.

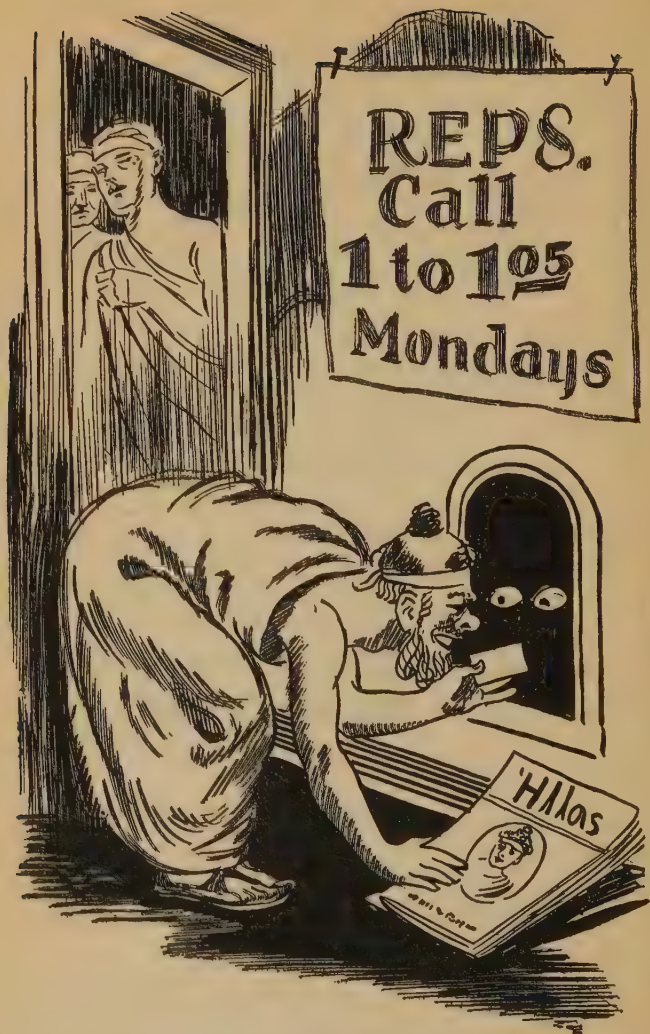
Then handing around cigars once more to expedite the exit of his visitors, Zeus-ikin buzzed for his dictation; and all of us except Pushon filed out.

Part V

The Trump of Trumpeting —*The “Plan”*

[A visit to the Tauros temple]

- XVII The Trappings and Trimmings.
- XVIII Art-Full-Ness in Trumpeting.
- XIX The Tricks of the Trade.
- XX And Now the Troubadours.
- XXI A Tragedy in Trumpeting.



IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE TAUROS AGENCY

CHAPTER XVII

The Trappings & Trimmings

[The Interior of a Trumpeting Temple]

Behold! we see the sanctum—how a quality atmosphere makes for high-class trumpeting—But what is “quality”?—and what is “high class”?—what is high-brow, middle-of-the-brow, and low-brow tooting?

THE appointed time had long passed when Zeus-ikin summoned us (Pushon and me) and we walked together to the offices of Tauros. There at the door of the building, we saw Old Sox sitting in the sun and quietly conversing with Aristoteles and another, slightly more mature disciple, whom he introduced as Platon.

Before we had had a chance to knock, the door swung open and the door-keeper, with a slave on either side, bowed low and asked us all to walk in. We were jammed into a tiny vestibule, containing in one wall a peep-hole through which a pair of suspicious eyes glared furtively. But, since we were clients, an inner door opened at once.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Lo and behold! the interior of the great Tauros trumpeting temple spread itself before us. Grandeur and sumptuousness! Yet the air of a bee-hive!

Innumerable clerks in short tunics, with legs and arms bare, were wielding large styluses, covering parchments with snappy scribblings. Some were sprawling on the floor; some bending over a stone, and others, for lack of room, marking up their parchments while holding them against the wall. The doorkeeper himself led us through a long lane of slaves, all of whom fell to their knees as we passed. Then finally we came to a room which we were told harbored the mighty Tauros Prophetikos Olym-pou.

A door swung open from the inside. The doorkeeper whispered, asking us to halt a moment. For there, inside the sanctum, we could espy the mighty Tauros sitting at a huge stone absorbed in deep thought. His left hand he was holding to his forehead, while in his right hand he was gently swinging an ivory wand. A slave, kneeling low before him, was placing tablets before his eyes, one tablet every second. Tauros glanced at the writing on each, touched the tablet with his wand, and then passed on to the next tablet.

Apologizing in an undertone for the momentary delay, the doorkeeper explained that the



TAUROS TESTING COPY WITH HIS MAGIC WAND

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Master was engrossed just then in his most profound task—the duty of testing copy.—But, as our guide explained further, it would take “only a few moments.”

Presently Tauros tossed the wand aside, and the doorkeeper led us forward—yes, right in, without the slightest fuss or formality. Our host arose and hailed us cordially, yet with due reserve.

I looked around his private room. It was really more than a room; almost a small amphitheatre. A score or more of important looking people were gathered in that sanctum.

Back of Tauros and on both sides of him stood, in addition to a line of slaves, five or six men and a hatchet-faced woman, who looked to me like verse writers. I also spied Fakem in the corner leaning over his staff and looking thru the high window, at the flight of some birds.

Next to Fakem, squatted on the floor, was Hotairo, dressed in an unusually elegant mantle for business hours, with a yellow tunic over a white bodice, his arms enshrouded in its flowing folds; a slave standing by held the poet's lyre. Off in the rear, leaning against the wall under the high windows, I saw Boobo and Nosar and nine brawny bare-armed men, one carrying a battle ax, the second some fishing tackle, the third a dozen or more of fox traps, and the other six holding in their arms huge contrivances that

THE TRAPPINGS AND TRIMMINGS

looked like scarecrows; these nine, as I learned later, were the Tauros Agency's toot-buyers.

Tauros introduced the hatchet-faced woman and some of the men as verse writers, their names I could not remember. The buyers he introduced by waving his hand at them without giving their individual names, but with a complimentary reference to their valor in battle, and their astuteness in that branch of war-service which never functions until after war has been actually declared (G2—negative intelligence).

Old Sox had started to introduce Platon as a teacher of the younger Aristoteles—when (suddenly!) a panel in the seemingly solid wall swung back and we had a vista of a large brilliantly lit inner hall.

There, right in front of us, stood Bullem in his flaming red tunic. He was a busy man; he did not seem to mind our knowing it; for he was pulling a sickly looking poet by the ear while angrily correcting him on some verses in which we could plainly hear the word Tachidermos (the Tauros Agency's most famous, perhaps its largest account). "Poor overworked Bull-em," Tauros remarked by way of excuse to Zeus-ikin, "he is so intent on getting just the very best kind of verses when he works on an account"—and to put a stop to the embarrassing scene, Tauros marched us all into the inner chamber.

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Now indeed we were in the shrine of shrines! For this inside room was evidently the court of the house, covered, however, by a roof. Bullem explained that this roof had been found necessary because the special trumpeting "reps" formerly came scouting over the Tauros headquarters in their aeroplanes to see what prospects were closeted there, and using radio-phones to hear what media were not yet in the discard. The room, as Bullem further showed us, was comfortably lit by the latest types of olive oil lamps.

In the middle of this inner recess was a long, long stone, as high as a low altar. Pieces of papyrus and styluses were thrown on this stone so that all of us could take notes on the pearls of wisdom that were now to drop from many lips.

While the miscellaneous retinue were entering this amphitheatre-room, five or six more came sauntering in to join the throng. They were handsome men all of them, and greatly differing types; short and long; robust and dainty; bass voiced and tenors; jovial and dignified:—one could just pick from among them the kind of a trumpeting expert to suit each client's individual tastes. For these were the juniors to Bullem, the next in rank, far out-ranking even Hotairo; being the "plan men" or "contact men" who more or less controlled accounts—more if

THE TRAPPINGS AND TRIMMINGS

they could and less insofar as Tauros could. Bullem introduced them to us one by one, mentioning in each case, the remarkable achievements of these heros in trumpeting victories. They had all wished to attend today's conference—so Tauros added—with eager willingness to add their wise and varied counsel on the trumpeting of Zeus-ikin's oil.

Tauros seated himself at the head of that stone, on the thronos, the high-armed chair, decorated of course with the crest of the sign of Tauros. Zeus-ikin, he invited to a seat on a couch at his right, with Pushon next to my master on the same couch. Nodding cordially to me, Tauros asked me to sit on the couch to his left, the other seat thereon being reserved for Bullem who, however, remained standing. Somebody pulled up a lot of tripods, small chairs looking like camp stools. Hotairo and all of the verse writers, including the hatchet-faced woman, scattered themselves on these chairs on either side of the long slab, while Fakem, still coughing, got down near the foot. The others, including the nine dangerous looking toot-buyers, stood around. Finally, Tauros motioned Old Sox, Aristoteles and Platon to the three remaining seats.

Bullem, still standing, closed the door. "Lest vulgar ears may hear," he explained; for now was to come the climax of our many discus-

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

sions:—the “plan” for trumpeting “Zeusy’s Own.” While Tauros passed the cigars and cigarettes, Bullem fumbled around in a stone chest, finally producing several goblets and a huge krater of wine.

“This is Pre-Peloponnesian-war stuff,” he explained, handing the first goblet to Zeus-ikin, who was looking at the Persian rugs, the all-marble ceiling, and the exquisite mural decorations, better than any he had in his own home; as beautiful as those in some of the best temples of Athens. Taking a bare sip of the wine and water, Zeus-ikin remarked:

“I wish I owned a trumpeting agency instead of an olive oil business.” He was evidently much impressed; but also a bit jealous since his own headquarters now seemed rather shabby.

Tauros hastened to assure Zeus-ikin that of course the king of olive oil could afford far more sumptuous offices than the prince of trumpeting; that it was only from sheer necessity that these beautiful furnishings decorated the agency’s headquarters. He explained that the proper quality-atmosphere inspired verse-writers to put an atmosphere of quality into their poetry.*

* We visitors had not seen the cells in which the poets worked at their verses, and Tauros likely figured that we never would see them.—*Knotall*.

THE TRAPPINGS AND TRIMMINGS

Zeus-ikin winked at Old Sox; who remarked that beauty should always be welcome both here and in an olive oil warehouse. The value of the right atmosphere, he said, he had always recognized; especially in offices which harbored a "no smoking" sign. But there was one word on which his muddled mind sought a definition.

WHAT IS "QUALITY?"

"Tell me, oh deep-thinking Tauros," he asked, "what is quality?"

"It is class," answered Tauros looking bored.

"Hear me, Old Sox," cried Hotairo, "and listen carefully that thou mayest the better learn: low class trumpeting reaches only the low class people. Therefore, classiness is everything in trumpeting.

"The magnificent monthly meowing in particular requires the utmost classiness; for then we reach a people far superior to those who listen to the daily dubs; or at any rate, if, indeed, they are the same people, then they are in a classier mood once a month than on wash-day. When a meower meows to millions, his audience becomes the classiest of the classy; even the big fat alley kittens beg us for classy trumpeting.

"Classiness, Old Sox, is made by putting classy verses in the right settings with high-class incense. Then and then only we reach the high class people."

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Old Sox mumbled something about a recent argument on connotation; then he added: "Tell me, gentle Hotairo, what is high class people?"

Bullem laughed loud, while looking contemptuously at the bare feet of Old Sox. "I do not wonder at thy question, thou street corner loafer. But some day I will give thee a ride in my chariot to show thee the rows of beautiful homes on the outer Cerameicus. Then thou wilt see what 'high class people' means. They are the people who ride in Corinthian chariots, not in flivvers."

WHAT IS "HIGH CLASS PEOPLE?"

"Hence, oh Bullem," Old Sox asked, "high class people means those who are rich?"

"That is, of course, a superficial way of putting it," retorted Bullem. "High class means the intelligent, intellectual, high class people."

"Forgive me, for I am slow to understand," replied Old Sox. "Dost thou mean that the intellectual classes are those who live in the palaces of the outer Cerameicus?"

Bullem laughed again. "Well, under high class, of course, we would include the upper middle class who live in the modest but clean part of town, such as well-rated merchants, philosophers who are regularly employed as tutors, and the lawyers and physicians who are

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out of debt, and those warriors who have a reasonably high rank."

"Then tell me, brave Bullem," continued Old Sox, "if there are 360,000 souls in Athens—my name is not Babson and I cannot well remember statistics—how many of these live in the outer Cerameicus, and how many of the lawyers and physicians are out of debt?"

"We have a department that looks after such details," retorted Bullem contemptuously.

Old Sox continued:—"And yet the thousands of cooks and barbers, underpaid physicians and lawyers, and philosophers, like me, who have never neither sandals nor profitable disciples, numbering nine-tenths of all Athenians,—we all buy olive oil?—hence, might not the kind of trumpeting, which appeals to the nine-tenths, pay Zeus-ikin nine-fold better?"

WHAT IS "HIGH CLASS" TOOTING?

"It seems Old Sox has a point," ventured Pushon. "Let's make our tooting classy but not *too* high class."

Old Sox glanced around, and continued:

"However, yet, nevertheless! here we are again, caught in an error of reaching a conclusion without examining our hypothesis! For I must first ask thee, oh Bullem, what is high class and what is low class trumpeting?

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"Is high class tooting indeed some kind of folderol, assuming Hotairo explained correctly, with a lot of trappings and with heavy smelling incense to becloud a message? And is low class trumpeting simply a brassy toot on a brassy instrument, seeking to pierce through other noises with a simple selling-message?"

"If so, oh bustling Bullem, which is the higher class—or the less low class—trumpeting?"

There were ugly murmurs; then Zeus-ikin, after whispering to Pushon, said out loud that of course he knew nothing about trumpeting; yet Old Sox had truly said that olive oil was bought by everybody; so he begged Tauros to make his trumpeting not too high-brow.

WHO WANTS "HIGH CLASS" TOOTING?

"One moment!" exclaimed Old Sox, and he pointed out that we had not yet analyzed the hypothesis that the thing Hotairo called high class trumpeting really reached the people whom Bullem called the high class people. He suggested that perhaps:—if Zeus-ikin wanted to appeal to the polloi, something along the lines that Hotairo had suggested, with plenty of incense, might be best; but if Zeus-ikin wanted to reach primarily the thinkers who had studied philosophy, and the peasants who despised in-

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cense, and the richer town folk, (who in spite of their ignorance and bad taste, were too shrewd to pay for incense when they wanted olive oil), if Zeus-ikin wanted to reach these higher classes, perhaps some simple low-brow tooting might be best.

Bullem threw his stylus upon the table. He leaned back and looked at me. "The man," he sighed, "has absolutely no conception of trumpeting."

But Zeus-ikin closed the debate by saying that the subject now under discussion involved so much of mass-psychology that a decision as to the exact niveau of the trumpeting, whether high-brow or low-brow or on the middle of the brow, had better be left to the experts.

"Which means," exclaimed Bullem, again standing, "that we want to get down to business." He clapped his hands and the doors were swung open by unseen hands.

CHAPTER XVIII

Art-Full-Ness in Trumpeting

[*Tauros Now Plays His Trumps*]

Enter the ablest artists of Athens; and master Zeus-ikin nearly topples over—But, what is art, oh Alcamenes?—Will we make our trumpeting too Art-Full?—My oily master checks a general strike!

IN THE entry stood two men dressed in the garb of sculptors, one man white-haired, and the other fairly young.

"Hail, hail, Alcamenes and Polyclitus, Jr.!" cried Tauros as the two sculptors entered, the slaves shutting the door from the outside.

Zeus-ikin nearly fell off his couch. "What!? Alcamenes and Polyclitus!" The two greatest sculptors in Athens, two men whom the oil merchant had unsuccessfully tried to lure to his home through various friends. He had always wanted the honor of having them among his guests; now he met them in the office of Tauros.

Alcamenes and Polyclitus each carried a piece of sculpture covered with cloth. At the request of Bullem, the white-haired Alcamenes removed the cloth and placed his piece of statuary in the center of the huge stone table.

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"Look, oh Zeus-ikin!" cried Bullem. "Look at this charming marble statue of a Piping Pan, the god who watches over the olive.—We shall place a duplicate of this statue at the head of each trumpeter."

"A wonderful piece of work, a noble piece of sculpture," said Tauros quietly; and all the verse writers clapped their hands, while Alcamenes, looking around with non-chalance, yet watching carefully for any signs of applause, seated himself among the verse writers.

NOW!—THE BUST OF ZEUS-IKIN!

"Now comes the noble Polyclitus, Jr.," cried Bullem as he took the other piece of statuary from under the younger sculptor's arm. He unveiled it and held it on high. "Look, oh men of Athens."

It was a huge bronze bust of a man; a magnificent likeness of Zeus-ikin himself. Indeed, it was a masterpiece of art, one of the greatest ever produced by the great Athenian sculptor.

"This bust, oh merchant prince of Athens," said Bullem, "we must recast a thousand times. Two of these bronzes must be placed at the front of every trumpeter trumpeting 'Zeusy's Own.' "

My master studied the bronze bust rapturously; then with some show of modesty, he declared that this bust could not be used.—

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Pushon caught the cue. He knew it was time for him to fall in with the plans of Tauros, or to fall out with Zeus-ikin. So he insisted that for the sake of the olive oil industry, and for the good of all Athens in cultivating the best of statuary, this wonderful bust of Zeus-ikin *must* be utilized.

Bullem added: "The noble Zeus-ikin must make this supreme sacrifice." With this fitting climax, he again clapped his hands, and again the doors were opened from the outside by unseen hands.

ENTER—THE GREATEST OF PAINTERS

A middle-aged man entered, followed by a slave who carried a huge screen. The slave immediately left, and the door was shut.

"Hail, Apollodorus of Athens," cried Tauros; and all of us, including the sculptors and Zeus-ikin, too, arose as a sign of honor to the great painter. Apollodorus nodded slightly; then while I changed my seat to a chair, he and Alcamenes lounged on the couch next to Tauros. Polyclitus, Jr., took the place of Pushon, who couldn't find another chair and hence was kept standing.

Zeus-ikin seemed overcome with awe, even more than when the sculptors had entered; for it was well known that Apollodorus could be

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obtained to paint pictures only for the noblest of the nobles in Athens, and that no amount of money from the vulgar rich had tempted him.*

Bullem, while placing himself in front of the screen so as to hide the picture from our view, had one of the toot-buyers drag the huge screen forward where the light fell well upon it from above. Then another toot-buyer dropped his scarecrow and seizing a golden trumpet which lay in the corner, he took his stance back of the screen while holding the trumpet to his lips.

THE BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL BORDER

"Now, oh Zeus-ikin," cried Bullem, still standing in front of the screen so that only a small portion of it could be seen, "whenever a trumpeter trumpets, he will stand back of a duplicate of this screen. Look at the border! An ornate border is the first mark of distinction

*I fear me the youthful Knotall exaggerates a bit; for in those Athenian days—so I've been told—the sculptors and painters were looked upon askance because they labored with their hands; and even Phidias, the chief builder of the Parthenon, could not entirely wipe out this social taint. Furthermore, when it came to a really important citizen of Athens like this merchant prince, Zeus-ikin, what Phidias or Alcamenes would not be proud to say, "I supped with him tonight"? Especially when we consider that Zeus-ikin could afford not only to admire painting and statuary, but could afford also to buy it.—*The transcriber.*

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between ordinary trumpeting and the classy kind tooted by the Tauros Agency. Note, oh merchant prince, that this border is almost as wide as a man's head, taking a third of the space of the screen. Is it not a wonderful design?

"Jump up, oh Zeus-ikin, and look closely! And thou shalt see that this is a design of interwoven olive leaves."

My master seemed uneasy; but fearing the displeasure of Apollodorus, he did step up to the screen. "I do not want to criticize the greatest of all Athenian artists," he stammered. "However, nevertheless, what I am selling is olive oil; we do not eat the leaf of the olive."

"Oh vendor of oil," Apollodorus answered contemptuously, "why think always of eating and of material things?"

Here Old Sox interrupted, "Dost thou, oh Apollodorus, put such borders as these around thy other paintings? For instance, is the picture of Ajax struck by lightning surrounded by a border of thunderbolts?"

Apollodorus half closed his eyes and said, "This is the question-asking sandal-maker, Old Sox, is it not?—Well, shoemaker, stick to thy last." But fearing that his art might be misunderstood, he explained that such decorative borders were used exclusively on trumpeter's paintings, and only because experience had shown him that they were necessary.

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Aristoteles blushinglly ventured to ask what was the experience by which Apollodorus had learned this. And further questions by Old Sox brought out the fact that the painter had learned from experience that if he did not put beautiful borders around the screens, Bullem was not satisfied; and that Bullem knew from ample experience that at least some little border was necessary in order to satisfy his clients; and that the clients knew from experience that beautiful borders were necessary because they had always been used in high class trumpeting by Tauros. Thus Apollodorus had learned from experience what was good and beautiful and necessary.

[Remember this happened 40 years ago. Today perhaps *most* of us use a narrower border. But of course every "high-class" expert knows that we must have either a little border or some other effect to make the composition a *unit*; —*not* a vulgar border designed to make the brassy trumpet call more brassy, but rather a *little* decoration, just enough to label that unit at first sight as a trumpeting message, so as not to shock the innocent on-looker into listening unless, indeed, he is interested *in advance*.

Aside from this, if Old Sox were the least bit practical, he'd realize that each trumpeting message is shown to a prospect, not in juxtaposition with other men's messages, but as a separate entity; hence, of course, as Apollodorus well understood, here's an additional good and beautiful necessity for a border or frame.]

* * *

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Bullem called attention to the fact that the border contained some highly artistic lettering.

"Are those Egyptian characters?" asked Zeus-ikin.

"Dost thou not read ordinary Greek?" the painter shouted.

"Just look closely, noble Zeus-ikin," cried Bullem, "and thou canst plainly see the characters thrice saying: 'Eat more Olive Oil'."

"Yes," the oil merchant answered, stepping up and looking closely at the border, "I see now. It's most artistical, noble Apollodorus. But why this strange writing if ignorant men such as me cannot read it?"

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE TYPOGRAPHY

Apollodorus turned to Alchamenes, ignoring all the rest of us. "My typography, friend Alchamenes is always connotative. (When he spoke this word, I winced a bit, for I saw Tauros looking furtively at Old Sox). For instance, last week, for a builder of wooden stairways, I used a rising 'alpha' thus: **A**; for the oil from the tiny olive, note that I am using the smallest possible omicron, thus: **o**. The un-understanding oil-vendor, friend Alchamenes, will presumably not feel this delicate connotation."

"But the oil-eaters will feel it?" interrupted Old Sox.

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Apollodorus continued to treat the interlocutor as if he were nothing more than connotative atmosphere. "Friend Alchamenes, typography differs from thy immovable sculpture in that it makes wonderful strikes constantly. There's always a new fashion. Three moons from now I shall probably paint for this oil vendor an entirely different style of lettering. Only the experts know these fashions."

"But tell me," interrupted Old Sox, "what is a 'fashion'? When only a few experts know it as being fashionable?"

THE SUPERB, EXQUISITE PAINTING

To stop the argument about typography, Bullem stepped aside from the screen, letting the assembled multitude see the central painting. There it was! indeed, a picture fit for the temple of Pan. Not, as some crude mind might have conceived, a picture of a jug of olive oil or a woman rubbing her hair with oil, or some old glutton eating a salad seasoned with olive oil—nothing so crude and commonplace. But instead, a masterpiece by Apollodorus—an olive tree with the ripe olives thereon (in exquisite gradations of light and shade)* and twelve beautiful maidens dancing about the tree in harvest time.

*Apollodorus developed gradations of light and shade, also perspective, in painting.—*The Transcriber.*

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"We might have made it six maidens, oh Zeus-ikin," explained Bullem. "However, we were liberal."

"But," stammered Zeus-ikin, again fearing to offend the greatest of living painters, "I am not in the tree nursery business. And I am not a slave trader. I sometimes buy a few maidens for harvest time and sell them again afterward—forgive me, noble Apollodorus—but I do that privately and I do not want to trumpet about my slave trade. My business is only with the juice of the olive, namely, the oil."

Apollodorus arose. "These men of commerce are too low for me, oh Tauros," he growled; and turning on his heels, he walked out without another word, slamming the door.

"I fear I have offended him, good friend Tauros," said Zeus-ikin.

"Do not worry, gentle Zeus-ikin," answered Tauros. "For many years Apollodorus served my trumpeting agency in secret, signing his pictures with another name. But in recent years he has realized that the greatest glory an artist can achieve is to be engaged to paint the outer breast of one of the trumpeters, or to decorate the trumpet calls of some great agency. Today, that means to an artist social distinction."

"He will come back, noble merchant," added Bullem. "How many artists could live without us, oh Tauros Olympou?" Alcamenes and Poly-



LOOK!—LOOK AT THE ART-FULL-NESS!

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clitus, Jr., looked daggers at Bullem, but said nothing. However, Zeus-ikin begged Tauros to send a messenger to Apollodorus that day with an apology and a word of appreciation of his superb art.

"Yes! Appreciation," said Tauros in a kindly voice. "To understand the value of this screen, oh sweet friend Zeus-ikin, we must feel the trumpeting expert's sense of the artistic."

"In fact," added Bullem, "all trumpeting agencies—except the vulgar ones—attempt to secure the best sculptors, painters and poets. The Tauros Agency, however, excels in what these others attempt, and that is why our trumpeting is famous."

"Yes, famous!" echoed Hotairo, "and *because* we use such highest class art we shall make the noble Zeus-ikin famous."

"Hast thou, perhaps, any *comparison*," asked Old Sox, "with the results in trumpeting accomplished by the vulgar ones who would show just a picture of an olive oil jug or some other commonplace painting?"

"The vulgar ones understand nothing of art," Tauros interjected with dignity. "Furthermore, we know nothing about their methods and don't want to."

"Then," sighed Old Sox, "there is no experience to teach us what trumpeting might accomplish with inferior art."

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One of the account-executives, an impressive man with the mien of a Euripides, arose; but a look from Tauros silenced him. He surely ought to have known that he and his cohorts had been invited to the conference, with brother Bullem's prospect, not to queer the game by extraneous advice, but to add dignity and avoirdupois!

* * *

WHAT IS "ART" IN TRUMPETING?

The old sculptor Alcamenes, who seemed to be a good-natured scout, now spoke up. "Oh, friend Socratidion," he said, "the mighty Tauros, in mentioning 'art', was not talking merely about painting, but about art as a whole:—art in the picture, in the sculpture, in the manner of phrasing the verses and in the beautiful pleasing music of the trumpets. For art makes the trumpeting of olive oil truly good and beautiful; and surely thou of all men wilt agree, Old-Sox-ikin, that without art, life would be worthless." Old Sox scratched his bulby little nose, and after looking around the room he said that the talk about quality a few minutes ago had reminded him of a recent discussion about indirect effects of connotation, atmosphere and pleasant music causing pleasant 'association of ideas'. But Alcamenes protested that he was not talking about indirect effects, but about art in trumpeting, art for the sake of art.

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"That is profoundly interesting," remarked Old Sox, "but sweet-tongued Alcamenes, tell me pray, what is art?"

"Well, friend Socratidion, thou knowest well that art is the higher life," answered Alcamenes. "It deals with the better things. Right here today it gives an artistic atmosphere to a commonplace merchant's every-day olive oil." (Zeus-ikin glared a bit, but he felt so proud to be sitting at the same conference with the sculptors that he did not dare to interrupt.)

"But what is art, oh Alcamenes?" Old Sox insisted. "Is it not true that any kind of art lies in *doing well the thing that is to be done?*—Thus we speak of the good art of the sandal-maker if he makes good sandals. And we praise the art of the weaver if he makes a beautiful cloth, and also if he makes just a plain cloth that wears well. Does it not follow then that there is also an art of trumpeting independent of the art of the sculptors, as it is independent of the art of the sandal-maker?"

There was hubbub among the verse-writers and account executives; some of the toot-buyers sneered at Old Sox.

Again addressing the sculptor, Old Sox asked: "Now tell me, friend Alcamenes, when we Athenians wander about of an evening to see thy statue of 'Aphrodite in the gardens,' and

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then we say, 'How charming a sculptor is Alcámenes!'—is that thy desire?"

"Proof; Socratidion!" replied Alcámenes. "Thou knowest I would despise such a tribute."

"Or," asked Old Sox, "if we say, 'What a charming statue of Aphrodite!'—what then?"

"That might be better," replied the sculptor.

"Or, when looking at the statue, if we exclaim, 'How charming is Aphrodite!'—then?"

"That indeed would be the tribute that I deserve," exclaimed Alcámenes.

"Now, Alcámenes, supposing Tauros starts trumpeting Zeus-ikin's olive oil, and supposing the Athenians cry, 'Indeed, those artists in trumpeting are good!'—is that thy end?"

"No! No!"

"Or supposing they say, 'Indeed this trumpeting is good!'—would that be better?"

"It would be—well—not much better."

"Or shall the Athenians, upon hearing the trumpeting, exclaim, 'Indeed, that olive oil must be good!'—is that thy end?"

"Yes, friend Socratidion, that should be our end!"

"Hence, I, an erstwhile poor statuary, and thou, Alcámenes, the master statuary of our day—we are agreed that true art is never obtrusive, whether it be the art of a sculptor or the art of a trumpeter?"

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"Thou hast well spoken, Old Sox," answered Alcamenes.

"Therefore, oh Alcamenes, if the art in trumpeting becomes obtrusive, then our minds are directed to the trumpeter's skill? and thus we forget the trumpeter's message?"

The sculptor scratched his head and said: "This might be true."

Old Sox remarked that a similar point about things extraneous to trumpeting had been discussed a week ago with Tauros, who had wanted to utilize some of Bthoven's and Irvnberlinos's rhapsodies in order to give the art of trumpeting the right association. He continued:—

"Likewise, oh good Alcamenes, when thy splendid statue of Pan thrills the Athenians with thoughts about the pipe-playing god, will the 'association' make them think of putting olive oil into their salads?"

Alcamenes shook his head.

"And therefore, if we add to the trumpeter's message, the arts of Alcamenes, of Polyclitus and of Apollodorus, might not our trumpeting art become too Art-Full?"

* * *

It seemed to Old Sox that Alcamenes had conceded the argument about art. But while he was coming toward the end of his questions, there were groans from nearly all the others—

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(canst thou blame us, considering that we were all experts in high class trumpeting?)—I say there was such a series of groans; and, when Alcamenes subsided, what a babble!

During this talk Old Sox was called a “rube” and a “ruffian”; yes, several even implied that he seemed to have associated with the two lowest sub-strata of the kakoi in trumpeting:—the classified climbers and those horrible hucksters, the degraded disciples of direct selling.

A DIFFERENT USE OF ART

“And yet, friend Alcamenes,” he said, “perhaps thou art worth thy huge stipend for a trumpeter; if, for instance, thou wouldst make a really appetizing jug of olive oil—so appetizing that we forget all about thy art and that our mouths water for a taste of Zeusy’s Own! And who in Athens could make that jug half as appetizing as Alcamenes? And what then would a few thousand drachmas more or less matter, if by thy better art twice as many tens of thousands of appetites are whetted?”

“Tauros, I’ll accept thy order for the jug!” exclaimed the white-haired Alcamenes, “but remember—cash-with-order.”

Tauros looked inquiringly at Zeus-ikin, who seemed too confused to answer.

Hotairo could not resist butting in. He arose,

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and yelled above the crowd: "A jug of oil, pooh! Vulgar stuff! Where would *that* lend the atmosphere for my verses?"

With a shrewd look at Bullem the hatchet faced woman tried to pull Hotairo back into his seat, but the poet while shaking his fist at Old Sox, yelled:—

"It's not the thing to do!"

"Why not?" asked Old Sox.

"Because," yelled back Hotairo, "it's not the thing that's done!"

Bullem tried to compromise by saying that the jug might be used advantageously with a few decorative olive leaves, just enough to *hide* the jug a bit and to keep it from being too plainly at first glance an *ordinary* olive oil jug.

This compromise idea seemed to appeal to Zeus-ikin. Were it not that I feared Tauros, I could have readily explained to my master that many trumpeting experts (unlike Tauros, whose ace of trumps is his staff of artists) had already—in a measure—abandoned the extremes of art for art's sake. But knowing full well that not one in a hundred of the Big Kompanies, even if It agreed theoretically with Old Sox, would permit its own trumpeting to go out naked, plain and *utterly unadorned*, I felt it my duty as trumpeting manager of the Big Zeus-ikin Ko not to let that bare-footed tyro lead my master into heterodoxy. So I seconded friend Bullem by stating

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that no expert in massive psychology would ever become *so* engrossed in the commonplace problem of selling and, worse still, of *checking sales*, as completely to forget his "classiness" in tooting; and that few directors of any Real Kompany would ever be satisfied if the tooting expert paraphrased the salesman's brassy trumpet calls without *mitigating* them with a bit of poetry or with just a thumbnail of Art-Full-Ness at any cost, yes *at any cost*, in order to lend at least *some* atmosphere, *something* of the impressive, some *touch* of which a Real Kompany may be *proud*.

But Old Sox, being utterly impractical, could not grasp the absolute necessity of at least a reasonable compromise with Art-Full-Ness.

IS THE ART-FULL-NESS

ELEVATING OR IS IT DEBASING?

Addressing the flock of verse writers rather than Alcamenes, he again pounded his tedious point by saying: "When the many idlers in the market place are intent on pleasure, they will listen in droves to trumpeters tooting rhapsodies from behind exquisite statuary and gorgeous pictures. But if I am hungry for a salad and am consciously or sub-consciously thinking about getting some olive oil, then, oh expert poets, should not the trumpeter hold up an every-day olive oil jug in plain sight? and tell me in an

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Art-Less way something worth my while about that oil?"

Alcamenes (who while helping Phidias on the Parthenon had evidently made a competence) ran his fingers through his white locks. He remarked that ever since he had started making statuary for trumpeters he had run into so many jackasses who tried to argue with him about art, that he always got cash-with-order for trumpeting jobs. But in this case, since Old Sox seemed to have a point, he said he might be willing to refund Tauros the price of his statue of Pan, selling it for some "more worthy" purpose than trumpeting.

Bullem interposed that the higher arts of painting and literature were necessary in order to elevate this commercial message. But Old Sox reminded Bullem that at the first conversation they had agreed that there was nothing either "lower" or "higher" about trade than there was about any other activity that was good for the commonwealth; and that he, Old Sox, did feel that art might debase commerce, just as commerce sometimes debases art.

"Tell me, best of bullers," he asked, "is the trumpeting art, without a helpmeet, bad and ugly?"

Alcamenes grinned good-naturedly; while Old Sox again turned to Bullem:—"Is it not true, oh Bunky Bullem, that we agreed at the

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start that the art of trumpeting consists in saving on Zeus-ikin's selling expense?"

"You bet your boots," suddenly exclaimed the oil merchant, before Bullem could reply.

"Hence," the philosopher concluded, "if trumpeting is to be primarily a part of the art of entertaining, shall we ask Zeus-ikin to pay for it? But if trumpeting is to be part of the art of selling, is not the use of various arts for Art's sake a misuse of these arts? And likewise a misuse of the art of trumpeting?"

And when he saw us all glaring at him, he leaned over the huge stone, and added: "—Just as men at a banquet will sometimes spoil the feast and spoil the music by misusing the flute girl?"

At these words Polyclitus, Jr., arose. Hotairo followed suit, signaling to the hatchet-faced woman and to the other verse writers to leave with them. They all jumped up. It looked like a general strike, the one thing every Athenian business man instinctively dreads. So Zeus-ikin waved both his arms, telling everybody to sit down.

"Peace, peace!" he cried. "Have I said anything? I have merely been listening. I know Hotairo is a wonderful verse writer; so now let's hear his verses."

All of the rebels thereupon lounged back on the couches and tripods.

CHAPTER XIX

The Tricks of the Trade

Me and Bullem have a real confidential talk—especially about those powerful toot-buyers—I realize at last where my duty as a team player lies.

[To all Zeus-ikins who have not yet been bored to death: Please don't read Chapter XIX or you'll surely die of boredom now; for only the toot-buyers and the "reps" can understand it—and, anyway, it contains the essence of the esoteric dope that no merchant prince has any right to know.]

WITH the rebellion crushed, Bullem took occasion to remark that the Tauros agency often debated very patiently important details of the art part of a campaign, such as the advisability in this case, for instance, of having 40 instead of 50 ripe olives on the tree; but that he had never before in all his years of experience heard time wasted on such a futile talk as this today.

"Of course," he said, "statues and paintings with their qualitative effect give only the background of the message. The real thing is the

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verses." And he reminded Zeus-ikin that this had all been covered on the night they were playing billiards, when Tauros had so clearly explained the theory of trumpeting both as to connotations and as to reason-why trumpeting. Zeus-ikin, evidently fearing another incipient strike, nodded assent.

Then Bullem added that during this endless discussion where the roof hid the sunlight, it seemed to him that midday must have passed. Hence he suggested that Zeus-ikin had better not swallow the verses on an empty stomach. Thereupon he pressed an electric buzzer. The door swung open, six slaves bringing in trays of cornmeal, fried sausage and wine, which they passed around to all of us.

The sausages, Bullem explained, had been fried with "Zeusy's Own" in the Tauros test kitchen, a part of the Tauros Temple which Zeus-ikin *must* see to-day before leaving.

"Every product," Tauros added, "is carefully tested in that test-kitchen before our agency accepts the account."*

Hotairo bit into one of the sausages, as fried with "Zeusy's Own." The test must have been satisfactory; for he immediately swallowed the entire sausage and grabbed three more.

*My Zeus-ikin—dost thou think Knotall is joking? Well—guess again!—*The Transcriber.*

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Bullem, munching one of a string of sausages, while two more were hanging down his chin, at last sat down—and right alongside me. He was too busy now to argue about art. Yes, he was most affable. While he had not paid much attention to me outwardly in full view of master Zeus-ikin, he now proved that he had recognized all the time that proper deference is due—in private converse at least—to the head of his client's trumpeting department. This, I felt, showed his sense of decency and fairness.

We chatted like fraternity brothers, which, indeed, we were. While he referred, of course, piously to trumpeting (as one priest of Apollo would talk with another when discussing the oracle at Delphi, which our younger Athenians nowadays sometimes treat most flippantly), yet he spoke in an undertone with utmost frankness of the ways we—he and I—must trap master Zeus-ikin while gagging Old Sox. It made me glow with pride; and I felt as if I were already a regularly employed outpost of the Tauros Agency.

Everybody around us was munching sausage and talking loudly. Zeus-ikin was telling Tauros how Hippodamus had made a great mistake in building so many useless alleys in the Piraeus, and how these restrictions were hindering the merchants from trumpeting. The hatchet-faced woman was having a boisterous argument with

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Hotairo about the value of pentameter versus hexameter, claiming that the five-pointed pentameter made people see stars, and therefore heightened the necessary atmosphere of optimism.

Polyclitus, Jr., was shouting to Platon his criticisms of the Alcamenes statue of Pan; while Alcamenes in round tones was pointing out to Aristoteles the defects in the Polyclitus bust of Zeus-ikin. Both sculptors yelled to Old Sox that he was correct in condemning the picture by Apollodorus;—since it lacked perspective. The toot-buyer with the battle axe—on request of the toothless Fakem—was on the floor chopping some sausages into fine hash. Others were drinking a toast to the success of “Zeusy’s Own”. So amid all this noise, Bullem and I were able to continue our charming confidential conversation.

“Brother Knotall,” Bullem said, while holding his goblet of wine and water to my lips, “It’s up to thee now to applaud like Hades when Hotairo sings his verses.” He pointed out how in spite of Old Sox, we had successfully passed every barrier, with Zeusy frantic just now to keep the conference from busting up. “Now comes the last and most dangerous hurdle, the O. K. on the verses,” he said, “and when we’ve leapt that hurdle, then, Knotall, thou art a made man.”

Then, as if he sensed my thoughts, he added

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that of course after the contract was signed all the later verses must be corrected by "usn". Not that either of us should waste our time drooling out this doggerel. But, as he wisely suggested, he'd show Zeusy how we two together developed the basic ideas for the verse writers; and he even promised to submit every trumpeting composition to Zeusy with some improvements (on which Tauros Himself would help) but always in my handwriting. "And," he whispered, "in doing this, we'll help Tauros by keeping that ass Hotairo from fraternizing too much with Zeusy."

To this fair-minded teamplay on the verses I agreed readily. But the cornmeal stuck in my throat when I decided to talk just as straightforward to Bullem as he talked to me:—

What worried me most, I finally stammered, was the toot-buyers; for I feared they would try to "butt in" on my job of sticking the trumpeters. I couldn't quite understand why "buyers" were needed at all, since the Alpha Beta Gamma and others had so fixed it that no one could buy below the regular price of the Daily or Monthly Drama.

Bullem explained that the buyers were really not employed to buy, but to *pick* trumpeters. These toot-pickers were important in that they contributed the necessary noise and activity in contrast to the sedate poets. He remarked quite

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frankly—what I, being well posted in the politics of trumpeting, knew full well—that the so-called buyers were really far more important factors in building the power of the towering Tauros than a whole caravan of verse writers. For in dealing with the world (and the “world”, of course, consists mostly of special “reps”), the toot-pickers are the distributors of the bosses’ big favors. In return for these big favors, they receive regularly little favors from the Daily Dubs and the Meowers. As the “no-tipping” system had not yet come into vogue in our Athenian days, they therefore worked for very small stipends, but they often stumbled into fat commissions, so that some of these here toot-pickers are making in toto as much as Hotairo—between us—really gets.

Bullem then put his big bare arm over my shoulder and whispered that in case Zeus-ikin should decide personally to distribute the afore-said favors, his 65,000 drachmas annual expenditure would be worth less to Tauros than one-third that amount spent by someone who—ostensibly or actually—permitted his agent to pick the favored trumpeting “reps” out of the waiting breadline. I then agreed that—ostensibly—the Tauros Agency should pick all the Daily Dubs and Meowers and that for this purpose I would borrow a real screechy scarecrow from the agency; whereupon Bullem addressed



A FEW FAMILIAR SCARECROWS

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me as if my name were Zeus-ikin and went to fetch me with his own hands another luscious sausage.

I then asked Bullem why more than half the toot-pickers carried only scarecrows and he made answer that I ought to have learned why during the six days past; and anyway in another moon I would be spending most of my own time always devising new kinds of scarecrows since none of them seemed to be effective very long.

As for the man with the battle axe, Bullem explained, he was busy most of the time trying to chop off the tail of the biggest Weekly Wowser who is as big as a Tiger. Of course, the Tiger always wins every battle—yet the man with the battle axe is forced to put up a good fight, nevertheless, in order to entertain the client.—But the axe did come in handy once in a while in cutting the claws of the big fat alley kittens that had been born lately among the Monthly Meowers.

Pushon, overhearing this, bent over and shouted amid the babble that those alley kittens were corrupting the youth of Athens. Bullem answered that we could not afford to ignore them since they were much more tractable than the old cats and would meow longer when given a dish of milk, than a cat would for two rats.

“Friend Pushon,” added Bullem, “thy man Knotall and I were discussing the selection of

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the right cats, kittens and daily dubs; which selection, as the noble Zeus-ikin wisely decided at our first session, is to be left to the departmental experts of our trumpeting agency."

"Well, then," cried Pushon. "Let's use 13 annual howls, one every fourth week, by the one big Tiger. That's it! as everyone of my salesmen knows."

Bullem avoided a direct answer. If he now opposed Pushon, the Tiger might eat him up; on the other hand, with 65,000 drachmas to spend, there might be some advantage to Tauros in feeding quite a large menagerie. So—since the chap with the fishing tackle just happened to be passing with a sausage on the end of his hook for delivery to Zeus-ikin—Bullem ducked behind the brawny youth, and told Pushon that he knew nothing about toot-picking and left this "detail" to the departmental experts. My sales manager shrugged his shoulders, but was drawn into a talk with Zeus-ikin and Tauros, apparently about a possible cancellation of that 5 per cent import tax which Tauros hinted he might force the Daily Drama Dubs to agitate.

So Bullem and I were able to resume our private discussion about toot-buying. As for the man with the fishing tackle, Bullem explained, he hooked all the little herring (and sometimes a whale) when the Tiger wasn't around; and occasionally he would drag up an old boot or

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tunic from the sea, which—in recent years—the Tauros Agency had always donated to the man who paid for the herring.

“The buyer with the traps,” Bullem said, “is in a sense practically *passé*.” But he was still useful partly to inspire the client with the Awefulness of a trumpeting agency, and partly to cause the necessary excitement among the special “reps”. These “reps” were then helpful; for they not only told every merchant in Hellas about the terrible traps so skillfully set by the astute Tauros; they told also how all the *other* “reps” had fallen into these traps and had been forced to give up half a leg or more free to a Tauros client.

“There are, however, oh able Knotall,” the Di-kuros continued, “two genuine points of merit in these toot-pickers. For they are expert snake-eaters, just look at their long teeth; and they are expert bloodhounds, as thou canst see by their long noses.”

Bullem then confessed to me in strict confidence that old man Fakem, like all other general-agency snake-charmers, was a two spot compared with the more recently born adepts employed by the richest Daily and Monthly Dramas. These latter carry boa-constrictors and pythons, which had been trained to writhe into every conceivable curve, so as to prove the exact truth of their masters’ figures. In fact, (while



THE MANY TRAPS MADE TAUROS FAMOUS

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the Daily Drama Dubs were not quite so daring) the Monthly Meowers, after feeding up some extra beautiful python, would not hesitate to insist upon a special appointment with Tauros Himself; then they would deliver the beast in a gold-rimmed cage and take up half of the prophet's morning showing him the antics of the reptile. This at first seemed instructive to Tauros; but after his library began to overflow with the snaky-looking mysteries, he turned them all over to his toot-pickers.

Now, these toot-pickers soon found that the convolutions of all the pythons and boa-constrictors were much alike, and that their scientific hisses were really little more than disguised trumpet-calls about trumpeting. So the toot-pickers thereafter, upon touching each snake nimbly to see if it really had any new tricks, either threw the thing out of the window or swallowed it in a jiffy, so as not to disturb the meditations of the nearby poets.

"But the greatest value of the toot-pickers, oh sweet friend Knotall," Bullem continued, "lies in their skill as bloodhounds." He then explained that bloodhounds were hardly needed to track the right Daily Drama Dubs; for the "buyers" always play safe by picking the fattest Morning Dub and the fattest Evening Dub without allowing themselves to be ensnared into hair-splitting distinctions by the leaner rivals.

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But when it comes to picking the right Monthly Meowers, the toot-pickers prove the value of their long noses. Of course, it is easy for them to scent the difference between a male and a female meower—not, however, always apparent from the name, nor from the beast's fur. More than that—the toot-pickers can sniff the atmosphere (and atmospheres of course differ) and thus judge the circulation of the air. Hence they learn exactly what kind of people listen to the meowing of each meower.

For example, if we hear a certain female meow in a falsetto, the psychic nostrils of the expert toot-pickers tell them that she is heard by the class of women that need a washing machine; and another female meowing in a succulent alto is the one that appeals to the eaters of sweetmeats. The Monthly Meowers themselves will confirm these distinctions by analyzing their audiences through the media of the boa-constrictors.

“And—between us—good friend Knotall,” Bullem concluded, “there is no question that this here bunch of roughnecks munching their cornmeal and sausage, have the keenest psychic sense on meowing, of any experts in any agency.” Then he reassured me by promising that I and he and Tauros, and mostly I, would privately pick the Daily Dubs and Meowers we want; while we would send them all to the

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Tauros toot-buyers for seemingly final decision.

When the toot-picker has once picked a certain trumpeter and the trumpeting to that trumpeter's audience has started, Bullem warned me, it is very important to make Zeusy feel the finality of the decision. Better for us to feed only a few dramas well rather than to scatter our appropriation like chicken feed. The longer the Wowzers who're getting nothing have to starve, the harder they'll beg and try to stay friends if they know we'll feed them well when the time comes.

So never let Zeusy switch audiences, said Bullem; no, none of this here vulgar in-and-out stuff, hopping from trumpeter to trumpeter. Twelve times in every Monthly Meower we've once picked, $12 \times$ each year, year in and year out, and $13 \times$ (note the magic 13) in every Weekly Wowser—that's it! Let Zeusy have his way about the pictures, the verses and so on, but be sure, friend Knotall, to make him feel it as a religion, that switching from one trumpeter to another is dangerous.

Yes, every trumpeter, while he's getting the tooting orders, knows how dangerous it is. It is also dangerous to us (Bullem and me), because if Zeus-ikin once gets the switching habit he might switch from the original trumpeter to nobody.

The fellow with the fishing tackle, Bullem

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explained, will watch out for us on that point; for there's a little counter hook on his hook line which makes it impossible in many cases to unhook Zeusy's fish, particularly the whales, after he has once ordered us to hook that fish. This counter hook we'll show to Zeusy later on (in a quick sort of way), so he can't feel we haven't been perfectly frank. But Bullem advised me as a fraternity brother not to do much talking about the hook unless or until Zeusy himself should insist upon trying to switch or quit.

But the honest-to-Zeus reason for not switching trumpeters too often, so Bullem concluded, is the need for holding the same audience by constant 12 $\times$ and 13 $\times$ repetition.

Now Bullem touched upon another important duty of the toot-pickers; they must guard against duplicate audiences. With only 360,000 souls in Athens, and the combined trumpeters tooting (as their snakes clearly show) to some 3,600,000 Athenians, the toot-picker naturally must exercise great skill to use all the tooters of Athens on a big list and yet show no duplication—lest the client start chopping down his list.

I asked Bullem why this duplicate-audience stuff was to be avoided. He answered: primarily because duplicate audiences were bugaboos to the Zeus-ikins; and anyway we ought to avoid



ANOTHER PUZZLE FOR OLD SOX

(We *must* stick to a trumpeter to reach the same audience twelve times a year; but beware of the duplicate trumpeter or we'll reach the same audience two times!)

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excessive duplication because it means reaching the same person twice—obviously wasteful repetition. "However," he added, while stuffing a handful of cornmeal into his mouth, "friend Knotall, let's not bring this up while Old Sox is here; for that old gasser wouldn't be able to see the difference between needful twelve time regular repetition by the same trumpeter and needless twelve time duplicate repetition by two different trumpeters, and he might get Zeusy all balled up."

All this time, while looking squarely at Bullem, I had, of course, kept my left eye on Master Zeus-ikin; and, noticing that he had finished his last sausage, I nudged Bullem. The Di-kuros promptly arose, while scraping the grease off his fingers, and yelled for the slaves to take away their dishes. The noise subsided.

"Yes," said Tauros, after the slaves had passed the vessels for the libations, "now let's hear the verses."

CHAPTER XX

And Now the Troubadours

Now the poets' inning!—And first the slogan—then we listen to the lyre—But Old Sox asks: Why the silence?—Why the brevity?—Why the rhythm and rhimes?—Why the originality and cleverness?

“GOOD,” cried Bullem, ordering the slaves to leave with their plates and jugs. “So now, first of all let us hear the slogan.”

The slogan! Every verse-writer sat up, hands on the table, at “attention”. All the other employees, even Bullem, sat or stood at attention.

ATTENTION!—THE SLOGAN!

Tauros Prophetikos Olympou took a long, slow glance around the room. Then, in a half whisper, he began thusly:—

“We have pondered over the slogan in many a conference, oh friend Zeus-ikin. In fact, the enthusiasm was so great that five of us sat up half a night arguing. Finally we came upon the best slogan of them all; the best slogan we have invented in this huge trumpeting agency for many years. Prepare thyself, oh merchant

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prince, for something that will surprise and please thee."

He paused. I wiggled all over while waiting. Then Tauros Prophetikos again opened his mouth, saying, "Here is the slogan:

"Zeusy's Own—Some day—Why not today?"

Pushon, the plebeian, started to applaud. But Tauros hushed him with a look of kindly reproof. However, even though it was the moment of the announcement of the slogan, the agency chief could not prevent a few murmurs of approval.

After an appropriate silence we began to talk. Zeus-ikin wrote out the slogan on his piece of papyrus, looked at it, turned it upside down, and looked at it sidewise, and said it was "very good, indeed; yes, excellent." The chorus of verse writers, together with Pushon and me, chimed in "Excellent!" Hearing this, Zeus-ikin looked at the slogan again and declared that it was "perfect, just perfect," and we all chorused, "Just perfect!"

My master wrote the slogan a second time. Then he ventured the remark that perhaps instead of saying "Why not today" we might say "Why not yesterday". Thereupon Polyclitus, Jr. arose, saying that he was a sculptor and knew nothing about trumpeting. The slogan he thought was splendid, but would it not be better

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to put a verb into it? Pushon expressed himself as more than pleased, but wondered if some expert writer could not shorten the slogan a bit. I thought it was time for me, as head of a trumpeting department, to make myself noticeable; so I suggested that we keep the slogan as my noble master, Zeus-ikin, had suggested, except to use the expression "some evening" instead of "some day". One of Hotairo's assistants added the idea of putting the word "Zeus-ikin" at the end; but the toot-buyer with the hatchet wanted everything chopped off except "Zeusy's—why not?"

The merchant looked inquiringly at Old Sox, who remarked that he could express no opinion as he personally always called for goods by their brand name and not by their slogans.

Bullem waved his hand contemptuously. Turning to Zeus-ikin, he declared that all trumpeting experts knew from experience the value of slogans; "they summarize the argument," he explained. And when he saw Old Sox and Aristoteles looking quizzically at Platon, he added:

"Every Athenian knows the widely trumpeted slogans, such as: 'Best by test', 'He won't be happy 'til he gets it', 'Good to the last drop', 'Ask the man who owns one', 'Everybody wants one'—these, and many other famous expressions are to us like the names of our best friends."

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"Thou art quite right, oh Bullem," answered Old Sox. "While I do not see what 'argument' these slogans summarize, it is true that even I, who never listen to trumpeters, am familiar with all these slogans. But do instruct me further. For instance, 'He won't be happy 'til he gets it'; is that the argument of Hokuspokulos, the rich soap manufacturer, or of Stuffem, the maker of a wheat mixture? No doubt the experts here can tell me for they are studying trumpeting all day. But canst thou, oh Pushon, though well versed in sales; or can Zeus-ikin; or can 360,000 more of the 365,000 Athenians? We all know the slogan; but do tell us who is the sloganeer?"

Zeus-ikin looked puzzled. But Bullem calmed him by saying: "Everybody has a slogan or he isn't really trumpeting."

"Supposing then," Old Sox resumed, "Zeus-ikin invests 650,000 drachmas in tooting 'Zeusy's Own—Why not yesterday?' would it not be possible for Aristoteles some day to start tooting 'Aristo's Own—Why not yesterday?'"

"The Agora will protect thee on thy slogan, oh Zeus-ikin," Tauros said, with supercilious languor. "The law will force the second sloganeer to give due credit to the originator."

"But the law takes time and money," interjected Pushon.

"And supposing then," Old Sox insisted, "a manufacturer of a calf-meal should, for thirty

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or forty years, show a picture of a calf licking the bottom of a pail, together with a trumpet call—"Good to the last drop". And supposing thereafter some day a maker of a fancy beverage for the aristocrats of Athens, never having heard any trumpet calls among the peasants, should unwittingly invest a few million drachmas in the same slogan, 'Good to the last drop'—tell me, oh well-instructed Tauros, would the maker of the beverage for the Athenian aristocrats then be forced to trumpet that his beverage is 'just as good as So and So's calf-meal'?"

Zeus-ikin slapped his hand right on the stone table.

"A pointed criticism," he cried. "We must have an exclusive slogan; we must have something they cannot steal.—Let's make the slogan: 'Zeusy's Own—Some Day—Why Not Zeusy's Own Yesterday—Yes, Zeus-ikin's Own'."

"Indeed," echoed Pushon and I, clapping our hands in admiration. All the others applauded and a triumphant grin spread over the face of my master.

"Admirable!" cried Bullem.

Tauros heaved a sigh of relief. For the worst time-consuming factor in a trumpeting campaign was out of the way. Without using a slogan, Tauros would have been open to criticism from all the other experts. And, furthermore, he would have been subjected to constant slogan-

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suggestions from other trumpeting agencies. But a slogan once adopted closed the door to this particular form of competition. So while Tauros lounged back in his chair, Bullem immediately took a piece of parchment and wrote down the words as given by the oil merchant, and after holding the papyrus on high just a moment for the crowd to admire, he passed on promptly to the next subject.

* * *

VALUE OF LONG-TIME TRUMPETING

"Now then," Bullem said, "the trumpeters at the street corners trumpet this slogan. They make it brief and loud so that they may be heard above the din of the street-corner loafers. But at the Drama the people hear the trumpeters trumpet our verses. Some trumpet just for a little bit of a toot and others for a long time—a full period of fifteen minutes."

"Well, which is the better?" asked Zeus-ikin.

Fakem arose. "The most enterprising merchants, as thou knowest, oh Zeus-ikin, take a double period of thirty minutes, especially in the one biggest weekly Tiger. My statistical department, in collaboration with Professor Protagoras of the Perry-Pattic School and Dr. Gorgias of the Sophists, has scientificallistically tabulated the psycho-analytical results."

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"High priced men, oh Zeus-ikin," shouted Hotairo, somewhat jealously.

"The titles alone ought to convince thee, oh Zeus-ikin," cried Bullem, while giving Hotairo a freezing look.

Fakem continued: "I and these learned men have, by careful tests, discovered just how the human mind reacts to trumpeting—we have it down so clear that we can calculate the strains and stresses of every adjective as closely as a bridge-builder figures his problems. Well, anyway, here are scientific data, oh Zeus-ikin:—a full period of 15 minutes produces 2.47 times the effect or a half period of $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and it brings 5.48 five times the results of a quarter period. The conclusion: the full time costs four-fold but brings more than five-fold. Moral: always pay for at least full fifteen minutes."

Aristoteles could not resist asking: "May I ask how these figures were obtained?"

"As I said, by mental tests, thou beardless fool," answered Fakem. But when he saw that the oil merchant wanted an answer, he continued: "Our professors (he stammered and quickly corrected 'our' to 'the')—the professors asked 1,000 Athenians what trumpeting they remembered best. 2.47 times as many remembered the full periods as the half periods. That's plain enough, isn't it?"

"But besides the full period and half periods,"

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interrupted Old Sox, "there is also very short one and two minute tooting.

"Now tell me, fallacious Fakem, how many Athenians remembered best that one minute tooting? May I correctly assume none? Then if the professors' mental tests were a measure of values would it not follow that the value of the single minute is exactly zero? And since this conclusion is surely wrong, may we not assume that there is some little slip-up in the mathematics of the psychology professors?"

"No one here," said Bullem, by way of an answer to the last question, "is considering short period trumpeting by the noble Zeus-ikin. It is an insult, Old Sox, to suggest petty five-minute tooting by the greatest merchant prince of Athens."

Zeus-ikin adjusted his mantle and swelled up a bit. "If I trumpet at all," he said, "I will want to do it the full period of 15 minutes or double periods. I want to make a lot of noise. Remember, my name is Zeus-ikin."

"Correct principle," shouted Bullem. "Thou seest, Old Sox, that Zeus-ikin is no 'piker'. He is a man of vision, a man of large parts."

My master cleaned his spectacles and glanced at his protruding stomach; but he accepted the remarks about vision and large parts as compliments. "Well, then," he said, "let's hear what we are going to toot during those 15 minutes."

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Pulling a piece of parchment out of the folds of his garment, Bullem said: "We had these verses prepared, of course, after many consultations with all the men of the verse-writing department. They are perhaps the most marvelous verses that have ever been written for trumpeting. While I give due credit to Hotairo for his share, oh Zeus-ikin, I must say that there are other jewels in our verse-writing department whose help Hotairo appreciated greatly." (This he added with a sharp look at the master poet, as if to say "Don't try to get too important, oh Hotairo, or we'll let that female recite her pentameters.")

LISTEN, LISTEN—TO THE LYRE!

"Let's see the verses," cried Zeus-ikin, nervously grabbing for the piece of parchment. But Bullem handed it to Hotairo. The poet, after throwing back his black locks of hair and taking a careful pose with lyre in hand, chanted:—

"Sing to me, Muse, of the much traveled
Zeus-ikin, hero of Ceos,

"Fearless and strong, in six galleys he
braved the treacherous ocean.

"Noblest and greatest of merchants, he
brought us the oil of the olive;

"Down, we shall drink it down; down
through the thorax, thanking our hero."



LISTEN, LISTEN TO THE LYRE

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Hotairo stopped. There was a salvo of applause, thundering applause, especially from every toot-picker and every verse-writer. For my part I yelled as loud as I could and threw my cap into the air from sheer enthusiasm.

When the ovation had subsided, Zeus-ikin said to Hotairo: "Go on, go on."

"That is all," answered Hotairo with dignity, "except, of course, the slogan at the end."

"But," interjected Zeus-ikin, "we have agreed that we are going to trumpet for full fifteen minutes at a time, and Hotairo's verses, while beautiful, will take perhaps one-half a minute. Will the trumpeters toot the same thing over and over again during that fifteen minutes?"

VALUE OF AWE-FULL SILENCE

"Of course not," replied Hotairo. "Each trumpeter starts with a few moments of silence. Then he recites one line of my verses; then there is more silence; then he recites some more; and silence all around."

"But why?" asked Zeus-ikin, "why should I pay the trumpeters for keeping silent?"

Hotairo tossed his lyre to a slave. I was afraid he would try a bluff like Apollodorus, but my friend, Bullem, saved the situation.

"Noble Zeus-ikin," he said, "we all feel that speech, like water is silver, but silence, like olive oil, is golden.—The silence gives the weight to

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the message.—No, no,” he shouted, seeing Old Sox was about to ask a question. “I’m not referring now to atmosphere nor to anything else ethereal; but to that power, that force, yes, that strength of Heracles, added to the dainty words by the Awe-inspiring Silence.”

Our little Zeus sat up a little straighter than usual, while making answer that he, himself, had spoken a word or two at an oil banquet occasionally, and undoubtedly a little pause before and after each word drives the ideas home. But immediately thereafter he scratched his nose. He now looked more like Graball-ikin than Zeus-ikin, saying that he would be glad to buy all this silence from the trumpeters if he didn’t have to pay for it.

Hotairo stepped right in front of Bullem. “Zeus-ikin!” he shouted. “In this world we get what we pay for.” And there was a round of applause from the verse writers.

Zeus-ikin now scratched both his nose and his head. He seemed to realize at last that *super-salesmanship* is something for the comprehension only of college professors, expert trumpeters and other really deep thinkers. So he looked at Old Sox, who said:

“I am beginning to understand the Tauros argument about mass-psychology. Helen and I both said the first night that we never listen to any trumpeters. Therefore,—is this the logic

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of it:—since nobody listens to any trumpeter, his silence is his most effective sales-talk?”

“Silly, sandal-maker!” shouted Hotairo. He stepped up closer to my master, and in a confidential tone he explained that Awe-ful Silence was only one reason for not trumpeting too much during the period allotted to Zeus-ikin’s tooting.

BREVITY—THAT’S THE REAL REASON

In a well-rounded speech, Hotairo then elaborated:—we must not stuff our full fifteen minutes with rag-chew; only the vulgar verse writers make that error, the retail vendors who hungrily want to count the shekels received after each daily toot, and those friends of Old Sox, the direct-selling hucksters.

“When trumpeting to the daily dubs,” he explained, “brevity is not so essential as in the case of message that lasts a whole moon. In high class trumpeting each word, besides being enveloped in silence, is chanted, that is, long drawn out and enlarged.” For the ears of the public, as Hotairo’s illuminating discourse further showed, are not attuned to listen to words tooted without this enlargement.

This puzzled Old Sox; he admitted that, of course, no talker should jumble his words in order to crowd in more than he can impressively say in fifteen minutes; but he added that people

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do listen to ordinary words at the Drama, and if they are interested, they want all these words.

Now Pushon once more interrupted the talk. He took a firm stance by saying that all, yes, all his salesmen know that a long rag-chew by a trumpeter is all waste; they've told him so by the hour; hence, if Zeus-ikin desires the heart-felt cooperation of these salesmen, his trumpeting stuff must be short and to the point.

"Wise Pushon! A practical man," shouted Hotairo. Then he turned to his verse writers. "Now tell me what is the slogan of our department?"

"Brefity—brefity—brefity," came the chorus; even that woman yelled for brefity.

Zeus-ikin remarked that he would feel eternally grateful if Hotairo drilled this slogan into every Athenian trumpeting solicitor. He added that, of course, he knew nothing about trumpeting and would accept the judgment of Pushon's salesmen. Furthermore, Hotairo talked sense, just ordinary common sense. "All my life," shouted Zeus-ikin, "I've yelled and yelled for brevity."

Elaborating on this point (in order, I suppose, to drive home, to us all by varied appeals, the idea of brevity), Zeus-ikin arose and made quite a lengthy talk, full of meat, yes, one complete argument right after the other. He ex-

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plained how he had always told his callers to cut it short. Yet the same salesmen—like Push-on's pets—who recognized the value of brevity when toot-buying or other buying, were endless when they wanted to sell something. My master concluded by thanking Hotairo for his happy four-minute finish in proving that his crisp verses, surrounded by Awe-full silence, were just the stuff!

Aha, the last hurdle has been leapt! And my friend Bullen winked at me so hard, I could hear the crack of his eyelids.

OF COURSE OLD SOX, HE OBJECTS TO BREVITY

But what now? Right on top of master Zeus-ikin's verdict, the impudent Old Sox rises from his tripod to talk. And Zeus-ikin, suddenly changing front, encourages him!

"I am all at sea," Old Sox sputtered, "for the experienced Bullem told us that the time to trumpet is all the time; and the experienced Hotairo tells us that the time to trumpet is only a very small part of the time. But enlighten me, oh Hotairo, since thou hast spoken often in the Assembly—tell me, on the last moon thou didst want a new street pavement for some part of Athens; didst thou condense thy arguments into fifty or sixty words while standing silently before the Assembly for many minutes during

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thy speech, or didst thou use every minute of thy time for all possible arguments?"

"Well," answered Hotairo, swelling up, "thou knowest, Old Sox, how full I am of eloquent speech when I stand before the Assembly."

"And when the judge rises as a signal that thy time is up, then, oh Hotairo, hast thou still more words ready to back up the many words already spoken?"

"That is correct, Old Sox; for I am full of dope about the need for that new pavement."

At this point, Old Sox admitted that in expressing an idea, the fewest words are of course the best. Furthermore, one idea succinctly stated, may be worth a dozen scattered thoughts. Also, in every talk, one important idea must stand out; if a man cannot make it stand out while expressing other ideas, he'd better leave out those others, and briefly say only one thing. In general, Old Sox said, we all advocate brevity because we hear so many blabberers who try to hide their paucity of ideas in a torrent of verbiage.

But, when a man, like the able Hotairo, has many good ideas, for example ideas in favor of a new pavement, shall he bury his ideas in an Awe-Full silence? Shall he cut himself off just for the sake of the cut? Brevity may be a means to an end, but is brevity to be worshipped as an end in itself?

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"And," continued Old Sox, "perhaps Pushon, who has spent his life in selling olive oil, can enlighten me further. Tell me, oh wise Pushon, dost thou instruct thy salesmen to talk briefly or at length?"

"I tell them," answered Pushon, "to cut it as short as possible and to get out as soon as the order is signed."

"But what until the order is signed?"

"Then, of course, my salesman must talk on; he must keep on with more arguments and more talk and more ideas—as I've often told Knotall—until he gets the order or gets ordered out.—For it is like this, Old Sox: some vendors will buy at once; others are persuaded by being begged, and others must have arguments of a certain kind choked down their throats, and still others must have different arguments, and the salesman must find all those arguments and never quit until he gets the order."

"And thy salesman, oh Pushon, spends no part of his allotted time in golden silence?" asked Old Sox. "If he talked to all those different kinds of vendors at once, he would have to crowd in all the different kinds of talk?"

"How canst thou, Old Sox," interjected Bullem, "compare the commonplace selling by a salesman with the intricacies of mass-psychology involved in skillful trumpeting?"

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At the mention of the words "mass-psychology" Pushon again looked frightened. But it worried me to see master Zeus-ikin not deferential, as heretofore, upon hearing this deep word; in fact, he frowned, as if impatient.

Bullem continued, "All this talk and theory against art and against skillful condensation and in favor of vulgarity and long-windedness, oh noble Zeus-ikin, seems such a waste of time to men like Tauros; since we know so well from experience what are the facts. For we have had not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of replies from Athenians in response to our prize contests. And 95 per cent have always said that they will not listen to a long-winded trumpeter."

PRIZE CONTESTS PROVE— WHO IS THE EXPERT

"Then all Athenians are experts on trumpeting?" asked Old Sox.

Bullem waved his hand impatiently. "The prize answers are unanimous, yes, unanimous, oh Zeus-ikin—in saying that they will not listen to long trumpet calls. They are unanimous—yes, unanimous—in awarding prizes to the beautiful brevity-trumpeting of the Tauros Agency."

Old Sox wanted to revert to his argument about trumpeting that entertains the many, instead of selling goods to the few; but my master, after moving about uneasily on his couch,

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asked if he could not have "just a few, just a little more verses." He added: "If the tooters, for fifteen minutes' pay, are going to tell the Athenians about my oil, I think they ought to tell them as much as they can."

"Exactly our idea!" shouted Bullem.

Hotairo, who seemed proud of his ability at extemporaneous poetry, grasped his lyre, and arose. But Bullem waved him back to his seat. Being a wise trumpeting agent, he of course would not permit the poet to dash off the 15% service in front of the client. The additional verses, he said, would be carefully prepared.

PLATON PALMS OFF HIS PROSE

Zeus-ikin then shouted to Old Sox asking if he could suggest some more verses right now.

Old Sox called on Platon, his disciple, who arose stammering and said he had written out a long lot of prose beginning, "Hast thou ever tasted olive oil from Ceos? A richer, sweeter taste. Ask for a—"*

*Platon, after having abandoned poetry in youth, opposed every kind of literary finish, poetic or other, if produced for the *sake* of the "finish." Old Sox taught him to say nothing until he had something to say, and then to say it. Platon always strove for content, never for mere form. But 2,300 years later, ingenuity and literary finesse, if not actual poetry, seem to be still the sine-qua-non, not only in trumpeting, but also in allied trades.—*The Transcriber.*

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"Stop, young man," interrupted Hotairo, turning on Platon. "No verse writer in the Tauros Agency would stoop to write such stuff as that; stuff that any thirty-drachma-a-week scribe could grind out. What bourgeois gentil-homme, dost thou suppose, would pay us for giving him thy plain prose?"

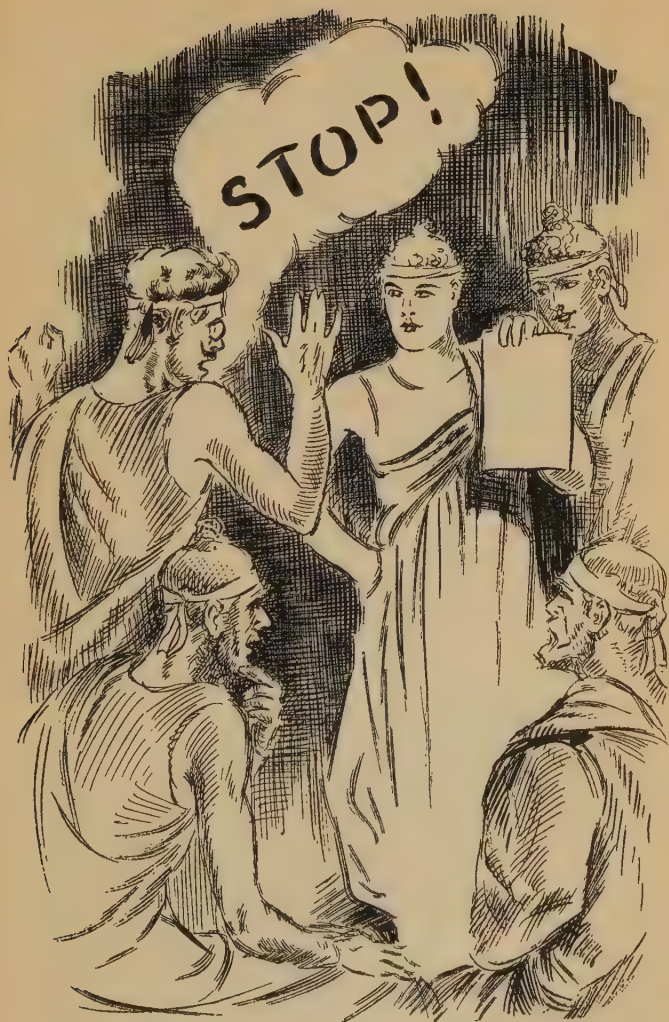
"But gentle Hotairo," asked Old Sox, "when thou talkest to a shoemaker like me, dost thou address him in poetic finish or in prose?"

"Foolish question No. 100," retorted Hotairo.

"And tell me, oh Hotairo, when we see the huckster on the street corner, offering pottery or food or a toy for the children, does he address the crowd poetically? Or does he shout at us in the very simplest Greek?"

"Well," Hotairo growled, turning to Tauros, "wilt thou permit Old Sox to compare me with a street huckster?"

"But is it not true, oh gentle Hotairo," continued Old Sox, "that the purpose of the huckster on the street corner is exactly the same in calling the multitude around him as is the purpose of the trumpeter? And if so, might not the famous verse-writer, instead of scribbling in his cell, learn something by watching the huckster? For the huckster addresses no unseen audience, but he knows precisely what happens in the crowd around him at each word according to the



PLATON TRIES TO PALM OFF HIS PROSE

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

way he talks.—And isn't it true that the huckster makes money by saving selling expense?"

"Nonsensical question!" growled Tauros, for once losing his temper.

"The question is okay with an upper case omega!" yelled Zeus-ikin. Tauros tried to interrupt; it was his first and only mistake. For he should have remembered that on Olympos he was only Tauros, with no one else as great as Zeus. My master silenced the Prophet with a wave of his hand, an angry, imperious wave. And Tauros subsided mildly:—his position as *the* Master and *the* Prophet was lost!

* * *

CLEVERNESS! ORIGINALITY!

TAUROS THROWS *THE* BOOMERANG!

After a moment's embarrassment, Tauros tried to regain his dignity by assuming a didactic attitude. He laughed gently. "Thou art the most plausible of sophists, oh Socratidion," he remarked, "but surely in all seriousness, thou wouldst not compare a trumpeter with a huckster. A huckster is an ordinary fellow; he talks like this beginner Platon writes. A trumpeting message, aside from arousing the aesthetic emotions of the multitude (as so ably explained by the gentle Hotairo), must possess cleverness—originality."

AND NOW THE TROUBADOURS

"That is another and an entirely different point, oh thinker and tinkerer Tauros," answered Old Sox, "but since I am evidently unable to grasp the reasons for poetry versus a huckster's prose in trumpeting, let me inquire into this other point about originality. I noted well the charming, clever originality of Hotairo's verses."

"The truth, of course," interjected Tauros emphatically.

"Yet, if the truth hath already been told in some simple and most direct way, then in order to be original I must find some less simple and less direct way?"

"No, no, we find a better way to the truth," exclaimed Tauros.

"Always something new!" cried Bullem. "That's trumpeting!"

Old Sox continued:

"Of course, oh Tauros, if I can find some improved, clearer way of conveying a truth, then I am, indeed, original. But in that case I merely sought a better truth; I did not seek originality. However, if I seek originality merely to be original, must I not forget about the truth I wanted to convey and become merely clever or all muddled up?"

Since Tauros did not answer, Old Sox continued: "Is a thing good because it is original? For example, we all heard last year of a mur-

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

derer who had an original way of ripping up and stabbing women before killing them. He was original, but was he good and beautiful?"

It looked as if Old Sox had made a three-bagger to bring Pushon home from first base. For the old sales manager straightened up as if he had lost all fear of mass-psychology. Yes, these questions by Old Sox about the "clever" touch in selling—a point that Pushon's prosaic mind had always resented without the fear that my mass-psychology-talk inspired—I say these questions by our drooling questioner now gave old man Pushon his chance to slap at me and to *defy* the world's greatest experts in trumpeting.

"There is sense, Old Sox, in thy sayings," Pushon exclaimed. "I always tell my salesmen, 'Spit it out, talk plain Greek and deliver the goods'—but what the dickens would become of Knotall if he were not paid to hunt around for words that are clever and original? Master Zeus-ikin, I've warned and warned this kid that every time he gets original he gets me into trouble. And I say, oh men of Athens, if a chap wants to be original, he has got to be mighty clever to be clever at all:—

"Yes, unless he is so clever that he can look like a dub, his cleverness sounds like the meowing of a hidden cat sounds to a scared rat."

"Well said, Pushon Polutropos," exclaimed Zeus-ikin. "Any darned fool can see that these

AND NOW THE TROUBADOURS

beautiful verses of Hotairo are clever; even I did. And I've always said that the clever salesman sells himself to the boob who hires him; but the 'clever' salesman can't sell olive oil."

"Some simple verses will be prepared; they will be prepared," answered Bullem quickly. "Thy ideas, oh Zeus-ikin, meet exactly the ideas of the mighty Judge and Advisor Tauros."

* * *

But the oil merchant said neither yes nor no. He arose, summoned Pushon and the two whispered in the corner;—what in the world was brewing; was there to be a hitch in our trumpeting plans? Everything Bullem had said sounded so reasonable; for my part I could not understand why my master should be so upset by the quibblings of Old Sox; if he only had the faith, the vision that I have learned as head of a trumpeting department! Finally Zeus-ikin and Pushon returned to their seats, and my master, again addressing that pest of pests, said:

"Didst thou not promise, Old Sox, that thy disciple, Aristoteles, would or might give us his ideas again today?"

CHAPTER XXI

A Tragedy in Trumpeting

Aristoteles again, that awful ass; and with additional antics—he tramps around among the trumpeters—a little toot here, a few toots there—and then a count of noses—Does he call that a “plan”?—He queers the game;—and, oh gods of Olympos, all is lost!!

SEEING the nod of his master, Aristoteles arose timidly and said that he had spent the last two days in an investigation of trumpeting, and more particularly, this time, of the trumpeting of olive oil; but that his observations in that limited period had led him to conclusions he knew were wrong; since they were exactly the opposite of those of the experienced Bullem; he therefore preferred to wait a few months or a few years before saying more.

“Never mind,” cried Zeus-ikin, “tell us thy observations. We will reach our own conclusions.”

Aristoteles remarked that he had already two days ago reported his limited observations on the number of Athenians who listened to trumpeting and on the percentages of those who went to the vendor after listening. Since then he had

A TRAGEDY IN TRUMPETING

begun to gather further experience by the only method he knew of gaining experience, to wit, by comparison. Bullem insisted that Aristoteles should now quote his—"heterodox and therefore obviously incorrect"—conclusions.

"My first comparison," he said, "I made between the high-brow and the low-brow trumpeting, watching both kinds; for that seems to be the fundamental comparison."

And Aristoteles said that he had run the very first thing into two trumpeters trumpeting about two different kinds of roofing. One of the two was tooting very beautifully about keeping out rain and enjoying sunshine where sunshine belonged, and there was a large crowd listening to the sunshiny message, enjoying the verses, the pictures and the music. The other roofing trumpeter was tooting at great length, and in a rather stupid style, to just a very few men, evidently owners of houses, who had gathered around taking notes about the points on this roofing. And, Aristoteles added, he had spied Zeus-ikin himself writing down something this trumpeter was tooting.

Zeus-ikin grinned and nodded. He said he remembered the trumpeter very well; he was a very ordinary trumpeter, not at all impressive; not at all the kind that Zeus-ikin himself would want to hire. But he was tooting the word roofing in such a piercing and unpleasant way that

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Zeus-ikin could not help but hear; and since he happened to need some roofing for his warehouse, he stopped to listen to the whole story, altogether too long and ordinary a story for good trumpeting. What he tooted, Zeus-ikin said, was really not much good and not at all impressive nor put in a convincing style; but the roofing seemed to be all right, so he had bought some of it.

Zeus-ikin then asked Aristoteles whether his comparative check-up had not shown that most of the other trumpeters were more expert than this rather stupid roofing-trumpeter.

WHO—WINS THE PRIZES?

Aristoteles answered that he had found that those who were dressed neatly and spoke in gentle tones and tooted pleasing harmonies were 160. "There were only seven," he said, "who dressed in glaring colors, and some of the seven looked a bit clownish, tooting at full blast, so that some of the passers-by rushed away holding their hands to their ears."

"Well, then there is one thing the boy has learned," said Bullem, turning to Zeus-ikin. "High class trumpeting is the only way, oh merchant prince, and to get high class trumpeting one must go to a high class trumpeting agency."

"I evidently learned my first lesson correctly," Aristoteles replied, "for as the Tauros

A TRAGEDY IN TRUMPETING

Agency has taught us today, the vulgar trumpeters are very unhappy trumpeters, since they attract none but cooks and housewives and a few busy men intent on buying; and they were never listened to by any cheering crowds.

"I wanted to get a little exercise moving around following people who had listened to trumpeters. While many people fled from the vulgar, brassy trumpeters, I followed 8 of those who listened to those brassy toots and counted up 2 or 3 who bought.

"On the other hand, one trumpeter trumpeted with such lovely music that twenty-four out of a thousand, three times the average, listened and even applauded. Many said his trumpet call deserved the *first prize*. I followed the 24. Only one of them bought anything."

Zeus-ikin looked kind of sheepish. But I know my master; he doesn't mind getting a kick, no matter where, if the kick teaches him something that's worth money. So he urged Aristoteles to go on.

"After my preliminary experiment with the two roofing trumpeters and the check-up on others," Aristoteles continued, "my time was spent mostly with one trumpeter to whom I presented a jug of thy olive oil, oh Zeus-ikin, which I got on credit from Pushon." (The oil merchant laughed this time instead of frowning.) "I stood alongside of him while I had him toot this:

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

‘Eat More Olive Oil! Eat More Olive Oil!’—and something very snappy which I wrote about ‘Zeusy’s Own’. But only two of the thousand passers-by gave my tooter a glance. Only a very few stopped to listen, and the things the trumpeter said did not seem to hold their attention; anyway, they all walked off.

“I realized that my verses were a failure (much though they had been praised). So I ran to my young teacher Platon who wields the stylus with more agility than I. I begged him to write me not only what he has already read to you, but several *different* ways, for *comparison’s sake*, of tooting about ‘Zeusy’s Own.’ ”

NOW THAT PLOTTER PLAYS UP PLATON

With the permission of Hotairo, Aristoteles said he would now like to have Platon read his lines. He continued:—

“Oh men of Athens, the words of Platon are nothing wonderful, just plain prose like one cook talks to another. However, with a little more training under some skillful man like Tauros, Platon may learn to write these lines better.”

Platon, upon getting assent from Old Sox, arose and said that he would prefer not to start again trying to recite his prose, as Hotairo had already pointed out its defects. He had for-

A TRAGEDY IN TRUMPETING

merly written some poetry but had thrown it away after meeting Old Sox. In the art of writing for trumpeters, he said he was an absolute novice. Being descended from one of the noble families of Athens, he explained, he had, of course, always favored brevity in trumpeting; but now when he came to writing out his ideas—after eating “Zeusy’s Own” and after rubbing his body with it—he had so much to say that he did not have sense enough to stop without saying it; so besides writing it in vulgar prose instead of poetry, he had written altogether too much.

Zeus-ikin interrupted that he was glad that Platon would not insist upon making him listen to a long rag-chew; but he wanted to hear the general idea of Platon’s stuff; and without any interruption from Hotairo.

So Platon began like this: “Hast thou ever tasted olive oil from Ceos? A richer, sweeter taste. Ask for a jug of ‘Zeusy’s Own’—so pure and so sweet and with a delicate flavor different from any other. Try it and know. This oil is three grades heavier than any other and it has ten per cent more food value than any other. Why? Because the soil of Ceos is rich in nitrates from the Nile and the Ceos olive trees therefore—”

Platon stopped, wondering if he had already spoken too long. Zeus-ikin and Pushon both smiled, stating that Platon “might do.” Aris-

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toteles wanted Platon to read some more of his lines, but Zeus-ikin said that the stuff was very ordinary stuff, just like one of Pushon's letters, and that he did not need to hear any more. He wanted Aristoteles' figures.

Aristoteles recited the results of tooting Platon's lines, the number who listened, and the percentage who bought (in so far as Aristoteles could trace it while guessing at totals). He compared the results of two different kinds of Platon's prose; *comparison of results*, he emphasized, was his *only* basis for "experience," and he could not understand how others had ever become "expert" in any field of knowledge without constant checking of comparative results.

Aristoteles then recited one line of Platon's, the idea for which he said had come from the Boobo questionnaire:

"Free! One drop of Olive Oil!"

And this free offer, Aristoteles said, was followed by a long talk by Platon about bathing and eating and so on. He continued:

"I did not have time to follow the many people who got the free olive oil; but if we may judge from the experience of Pushon, we know that at least one out of about ten immediately bought a jug, provided he could get it handily nearby. So many dipped their fingers into the

A TRAGEDY IN TRUMPETING

trumpeter's jug that he became angry and demanded another free jug for himself, oh oil merchant."

Zeus-ikin waved his hand: "The dope thou art giving me, oh youthful Aristoteles, is good enough for three jugs for the trumpeter, for thee and for thy teacher, Platon."

Aristoteles suggested tooting some extracts from Pushon's sales letters every day until 50 jugs of olive oil had been given away. "Then," he said, "we may have some idea as to what all Athens will *do* if Zeus-ikin toots regularly. So I concluded Zeus-ikin should try some trumpeting."



WHAT'S THIS—SHALL THE BOY BE BOSS?

Zeus-ikin arose from his couch. "You bet we'll trumpet," he cried, while pounding his breast; "not to make people think or feel things, but to make them *do* things, as Aristoteles explained." He glared at Tauros.

"But when I toot," he growled, "I want no statues, no pictures, no art for art's sake. And what's more, I want to pay for sales talk, and not for silence. I am no poet, and Pushon is not clever, and Knotall knows nothing about brevity. But we all three know how to sell olive oil."

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

(Now note, oh boosters of boosting:—that in 401 B. C., not Tauros by his trappings and trimmings, but the newcomer, Aristoteles, with amateur arithmetic played the trump that made at least one Zeus-ikin trumpet.)

Bullem started to mouth something, but Zeus-ikin shouted:

“That was an asinine idea of thine, oh Tauros, about waiting for something cumulative to effect me some day.—Tell me, Tauros, why eventually? Why not yesterday?”

Tauros arose from his throne. He was about to speak.

“Aristoteles has shown me how to sell *now*,” yelled Zeus-ikin. “It’s so simple, so awfully simple. So I shall refuse to entrust my trumpeting to thy connotative agency.”

Tauros stood aghast. Bullem wanted to talk, but his chief stopped him, saying:—“I have not yet told thee, oh Zeus-ikin, that the Tauros Agency would accept thy account.”

Zeus-ikin made no answer. Bowing low to his host, in Persian fashion, he signaled to me and to Pushon, while indicating with his head that Old Sox, Aristoteles, and Platon, too, should follow. The doors of the chamber opened silently and we strode out. What went on in that chamber Tauros, Fakem and Bullem can tell, if they will.

Part VI

The Final Tributes to Trumpeting

[*Outside the portal of the Tauros Temple*]

XXII Treason Against Trumpeting.

XXIII But! — Trumpeting Triumphs.



ZEUS-IKIN PLOTS TO BECOME A ZEUS

(He wants both the 200% Olive Oil and the 15% Trumpeting Agency profits)

CHAPTER XXII

Treason Against Trumpeting

Zeus-ikin plans the plot—While Old Sox walks away, we all pay tribute to trumpeting—How? by becoming experts!—Three new trumpeting trustees are born.

AS THE outer door of the Tauros Agency closed behind us, Zeus-ikin mysteriously beckoned and all six of us gathered in a cluster on the street.

"I have a plan!" he whispered. "Aristoteles and Platon have shown how all this trumpeting stuff is childishly simple. So I am going to write the trumpeting lines myself; or if I am too busy, Pushon can write them. It's our knowledge of olive oil that counts; not the way some scribe slings Greek. Dost thou get my point, Old Sox?"

Old Sox shook his head.

(Hear me, oh experts and professional tyros in trumpeting!—Quit knocking Old Sox as a knocker; for now he'll tell us who's been the knockee.)

"Last week I suspected," the aged philosopher said, while pointing his finger at my master,

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"and I see it clearly now, that it is the Zeus-ikins of Athens who breed the Tauroses among trumpeting agents."

"How now, thou rogue of a shoemaker!" shouted my master.

"Vendor of olive oil," answered Old Sox, and for the first time sternly; "take heed; take good heed for the sake of thy pocket book and for the benefit of the commonwealth! For is it not true that the trumpeting expert, if he wishes to wax as rich as Tauros, is tempted by *thee* to feed thee with expert talk about mass-psychology, expert paintings of slave girls, and expert hexameters?"

"Foolish Socratidion," answered Zeus-ikin, calming down and patting his critic on the bare shoulder. "Did I not 'call' that bunch of quacks?"

Old Sox smiled pleasantly, but turned to leave; my master pulled him by the mantel and insisted upon knowing what was in his mind.

"Perhaps," he said; "Zeus-ikin should go back to the Tauros troop? For they know their oats; and if Zeus-ikin wants to reform will he not find them eager to help? For no man loves quackery." But my master shook his head impatiently.

Talking more to his disciples Platon and Aristoteles than to us, Old Sox said: "Quackery can breed only in the penumbra of half knowledge. Neither utter darkness nor bright sunlight can harbor vermin. Only at the particular time

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when learning *begins* to dispel ignorance, quackery seems necessary to dress new truths for the benefit of half-taught, half-ignorant men."

"Half ignorant!" Zeus-ikin shouted, again nettled. "Didn't I see plainly that the Tauros troop knows nothing about trumpeting?"

"But may it not be, friend Zeus-ikin," retorted Old Sox, "that the Tauros troop knows a great deal about trumpeting? Or at least a great deal more than all six of us? And that they are forced to veil the truth in quackery on account of the Zeus-ikins, until they themselves can see the truth only through that veil?"

"I saw through the veil!" shouted Zeus-ikin, stamping his foot.

"Yet, merchant prince of Athens, tell me this—when Aristoteles and Platon tore off the veil by using simple common sense, didst thou have the common sense to appreciate the value of common sense simply applied? Or is thy mind too simple to appreciate that only the deeper thinking can lead us to simplicity?"

"But, Socratidion," answered Zeus-ikin, "thy disciples have proven that there is nothing deep about this trumpeting. Surely anybody who can count noses can do what Aristoteles did—"

Old Sox shrugged his shoulders.

"At least thou wilt not deny, Old Sox, that anybody who can talk can write Platon's everyday prose."

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"I, for one, oh omnivorous oil man," replied Old Sox, "never wrote anything. I talk and Platon writes it down.

"The muscles of the lips and the muscles of the hands are trained by different parts of the brain; even the thinking about these muscles is different. Hence a man like the glib-tongued Pushon, who can talk a leg off of any retail vendor in Athens, loses all his skill—does he not?—when he grasps the stylus? Yes, even when a scribe with a stylus appears before him, and asks him to talk his thoughts for the parchment! Isn't that true, oh Pushon?"

The old sales manager nodded furiously.

"It sure is," he exclaimed. "No verse nor prose trumpeting from me, master Zeus-ikin!"

"All right, all right," my master cried. "Old Sox, I'll hire thy disciple, Platon, to write the trumpeting lines—if he will work for a modest stipend."

Platon, without answering, looked eagerly at Old Sox, who said: "I did not give thee my philosophy, oh merchant prince, in order to get a job for my disciple. I must admit that Platon in his writings often quotes me as talking with men who died before I was born and with others who will not be born until after I am dead. But this powerful imagination (as far as I have learned the last few days) may be of value in trumpet writing. So perhaps Platon might be

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able to help thee, oh oil vendor, if some man who knows trumpeting and some other man who knows olive oil will both help him."

Concluding thus, Old Sox stepped back and outside of our circle; while the rest of us—Pushon and I, Platon and Aristoteles—crowded around the oil merchant.

* * *

NOW!—THE PLOT IS HATCHED

"Listen, friends, listen to my plans," Zeus-ikin resumed. "I'll give Platon a tryout as a verse and prose writer.—Knotall, thou shalt see that Platon works full twelve hours a day. We'll pay him—well—25 drachmas a week to start. If Knotall and I find that he improves his style, it will be 30 drachmas. I'll name some slaves to pick out the best trumpeters. Anyone can tell which are the best by looking over their dresses and hearing how long they toot, as Aristoteles has plainly shown." Zeus-ikin's voice sank to a low whisper.

"Then, on the trumpeting of my olive oil, I'll make all the commissions myself, by forming this minute the Zeus-ikin Trumpeting Agency."

I, Knotall, shook my head.

"Any agency named Zeus-ikin will be boycotted, noble master, if it tries to trumpet an oil named Zeus-ikin. The first trumpeter who gave

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thee a commission would be cast into a dungeon and starved to death by the Tip Top Trumpeting Trust."

"I forgot about the midnight oath at the Temple of Apollo," my master mused—"I have it!—I'll form the Knotall Trumpeting Agency, with Platon to do the work, and thou, gentle Knotall, shalt be the boss and have one share of stock, and I only 99."

To this I readily assented on condition, however, that my present stipend should not be cut and that Zeus-ikin must keep strictly confidential the fact that I had given him "an interest" in my business. My master then asked if he would be required to put any capital into "my" business. I explained that it would be all O. K. if Zeus-ikin bought me an old table to put under a palm tree somewhere, so as to establish actual headquarters for my Knotall Trumpeting Agency; and at least a stone's throw or greater distance from the Zeus-ikin warehouse.

I also told my listeners that I had a cousin who sold statuary and who, to help me out, would gladly order one toot of a trumpet. This, together with a trumpet-call announcing that Helen wanted to buy two slaves, would give me the needed three accounts and therefore the same standing as that of the Tauros Agency. Having had wide experience in mass-psychology, so I explained, and knowing the insides of

ZEUS-IKIN PLOTS TREASON

trumpeting as thoroughly as any wire-puller among the statesmen knows *his* politics, I expressed my confidence in soon cornering the largest trumpeting accounts in all Hellas, and thus outrivalling Tauros. I then begged my master to let me have a 2 per cent instead of a 1 per cent interest in my business.

Pushon thereupon remarked that he, too, ought to have at least 1 or 2 per cent in the Knotall Trumpeting Agency; and the rascal even hinted that otherwise he might expose the deal to the Bad Business Busters.

"The band-master of the B-B-B is a very busy body," I quickly retorted. "He found it hard at the start to dig up enough work to justify the stipend he could not earn anywhere else. But today, while chasing all the other detective agencies and the other detectives chasing him, he has no time to pursue poor Knotall." I asked Platon for his opinion.

Platon, talking just like Old Sox, asked: "Would it be good and beautiful to make a secret arrangement here about which those noble organizations, the Daily Drama Dubs and the Magnificent Monthly Meowers, must be deceived? Or, at least, must *seem* to be deceived, in order that they may assent to Knotall's squatting under a palm tree?"

Zeus-ikin pondered a moment.

Then came a *real* idea!

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

"Well, then, my dear Knotall-ikin, I have another plan!" my master cried. "There's the lover of Old Sox,* a capable, wire-and-leg puller. I admit he knows nothing, almost nothing. But he has more money than Tauros and he is a more fluent talker than Bullem, so he's just the man to head a trumpeting agency. Let us form the Alcibiades, Platon and Aristoteles Trumpeting Agency,—yes, the A. P. A.—and I'll be generous; I'll start them out by giving them a full third of all 'my' commissions."

I was preparing to object; since Platon was to do the work, it was surely not fitting that his name should be in the firm name of the trumpeting agency—*but*—just then—

WHO COMES HERE?—HELEN!

We saw an elegant chariot driving by.

And who was in it? Helen, the hetaera of Zeus-ikin!

Seeing us, the handsome woman turned back and stepped out of her wagon. Zeus-ikin told her of his quarrel with Tauros, while we all laughed, none louder than Helen.

* I hope my disciples will not infer that master Zeus-ikin would speak ill of the dead. But why should I not here conceive of Alcibiades as still alive, seeing how happily this heightens the pathos of the passage? and why worry about two or three years in a discussion that keeps everlasting?—KNOTALL.

ZEUS-IKIN PLOTS TREASON

"Oh unctious uncle; thou with thy citation from Solon!" * she cried. Then turning to the rest of us she pushed her uncle playfully aside: for it seems that her lord and master, thanks to Tauros or Old Sox, had become far less lordly and masterful.

"How Fakem's horror-scope fooled him!" she cried. "My Zeusy didn't know that the star of Tauros and Bullem has eclipsed the star of Zeus ever since man began to trumpet."

Zeus-ikin grunted something, but he seemed too abashed to say much.

"And," Helen continued, putting her arm around her lover and pulling him toward her, "How he plotted to feed the Athenians at the trough of Tauros!—and all the time he was being fed there himself!"

"But," asked Platon apologetically, "why blame him? Is not the buller always also a bullee?"

Helen slapped the young man roguishly. Then she told us that ever since the first dinner, she had been thinking about olive oil, buying it herself at the agora and hearing the vendors talk about it. And unbeknownst to Zeus-ikin, she had doubled the quantities of olive oil in his dishes by special tricks in cookery explained to her by her slaves; and Zeus-ikin had

* Solon's famous saying: "thou canst not fool all the people all the time." (Chapter VI)—KNOTALL.

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relished the dishes more than usual. She had also found new ways of using olive oil after the bath; and had learned that it made her long locks of hair more glossy, thereby adding to the daily joy of her lover. "Another merchandise investigator," snickered Pushon.

Thereupon Helen explained that she had learned by talking to many women, that the wives were the real buyers of olive oil, while their husbands were merely the errand boys. She had also studied out what kind of trumpeting lines made women buy. "Just plain talk," she explained, "none of Hotairo's fancy dope."

Then the hetaera blazed her eyes on Zeus-ikin and told him with some show of fury that she was sick of idling and of begging her uncle for a few hundred drachmas every time she wanted to buy a slave.

"My experience," she continued "has taught me the art of trumpeting. I am now an expert. I am going to drive around to all the richest merchants of Athens and tell them that they need my advice. In other words, uncle Zeusy, I am going to incorporate the 'Helen to Hades Trumpeting Agency,' starting with thy account, and at full commission, no splits, my dear uncle."

"Beloved Helen-ikin," my master sighed, "The place of a hetaera is in the home.—Any-

ZEUS-IKIN PLOTS TREASON

way, I have already sacredly promised my olive oil account to the A. P. A."

"The greatest of them all," I declared "the Alcibiades, Platon and Aristoteles Expert Trumpeting Agency."

* * *

OLD SOX—WHERE ART THOU?

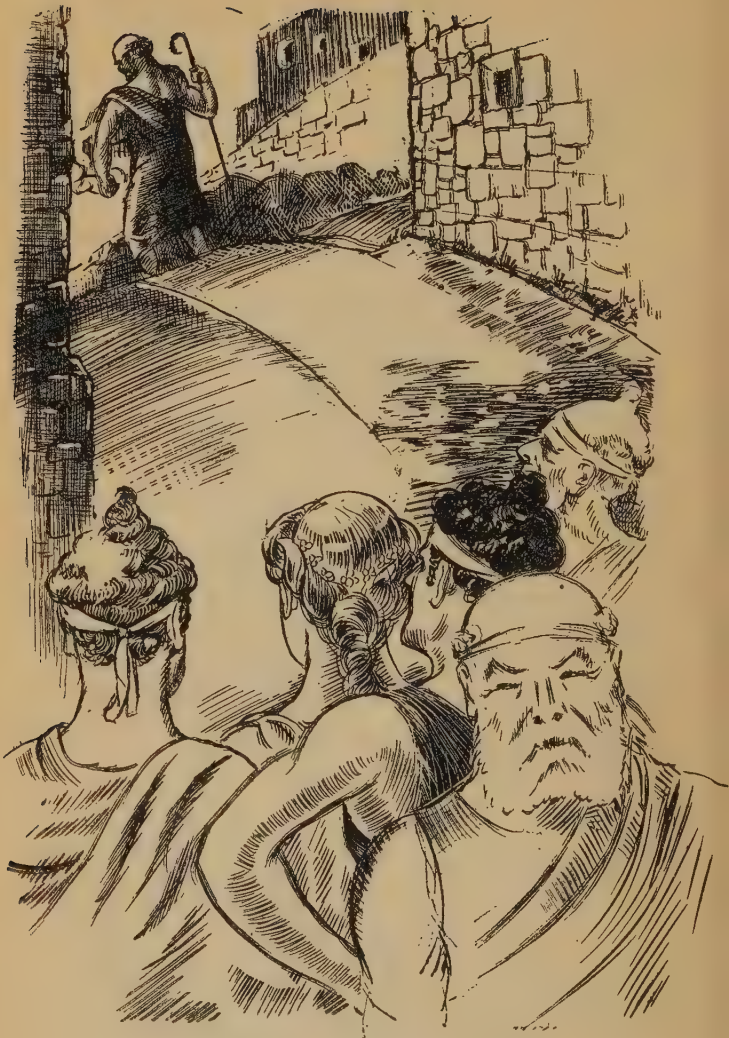
I looked around to see what Old Sox would say. But he had left our circle. We saw him far down the street—walking slowly, staff in hand, his head bowed as in meditation.

* * *

So without waiting for the opinion of Old Sox nor the consent of Platon and Aristoteles, Pushon and I gave a great cheer:—

"To the greatest of them all, the Alcibiades, Platon and Aristoteles Expert Trumpeting Agency!"

But beware!—A spy has heard us!



HE'S GONE!—BUT WHY?—WHY?

CHAPTER XXIII

And—Trumpeting Triumphs!

Tauros in a tirade!—He tramples on the Aristotelian agent-ikin—He prays to Zeus and is answered—Yes! the honor of his profession is saved—Trumpeting is Triumphant!

AT THAT moment the huge door of the Tauros building burst open. Out rushed Tauros himself, swinging his staff and foaming at the mouth like a mad dog.*

“Ye blackguards!” he shrieked. “Ye traitors to the cause of trumpeting.” He shook his staff at Zeus-ikin. “What right hast thou, oh son of Graball, to anoint a new trumpeting agent with thy olive oil? Dost thou not know that every novitiate must wait until he is jointly consecrated by the Daily Dubs, the Monthly Meowers, and the Tip Top Trumpeting Trust?”

* To prove, oh men of Athens and barbarians, that we trumpeting agents have gained in expertness since the days of Tauros, I, the transcriber of this record, will explain how deftly I handled a similar situation only a year ago:—

The world’s largest vendor of trumpets, flutes, fifes and similar instruments, for whom I had trumpeted for a decade and a half, metamorphosed his credit manager into a

OLD SOX ON TRUMPETING

Then turning to Platon, he yelled: "Thou blotter for a salesman's letters! Art thou a man or a manikin? An agent or an agent-ikin?"—

Now it was my turn! For Tauros raised his staff and swung it at my head. If it hadn't been for Helen and Pushon who seized his arm, I believe he would have knocked out my brains; (and that, I am sure, would have been a serious handicap to me in later years and especially serious for the many who in those later years needed my very *best* advice on trumpeting). The staff

trumpeting agency and without removing him even a stone's throw from the master's headquarters. While I continued to cop the commissions from all the monthly meowers, my client's agent-ikin did manage to make a deal-ikin at 15% agency discount for one single toot costing 15,000 drachmas in the world's largest Combination of Weekly Wowzers, an adjunct to the world's largest Combination of Daily Dubs, the Wowser thus gutting me out of my hard-earned 2250 drachmas.

Now then, instead of foaming at the mouth like Tauros, I helped my client by promptly sending all the other wowzers to his agent-ikin, telling them that their competitor, the great Combination Wowser, had recognized *my* "competitor." I also did my duty by my other clients by notifying them that they might be able to get the same 15% discount from the big weekly wowser in lieu of paying it to me. In other words, *instead of hiding my inability to compete as an agent, I was perfectly frank about it with everybody*, including wowzers and meowers as well as clients. For some reason, the huge weekly wowser thereafter took no more toots from this agent-ikin.—*The Transcriber.*

AND—TRUMPETING TRIUMPHS

slipped out of the hands of Tauros. So, putting his arms akimbo, he spat at my sandals, and said:

“Hellas now has more trumpeting agents and agent-ikins than there are trumpeters. That host of agent-ikins fell upon us like locusts, yes like locusts, before we older ones had learned to gather the right kind of insect powder. Since they have already been ‘recognized,’ we accept all these locusts as our fraternity brothers. But, no more—no more!”

And now, the manner of the mighty Tauros Olympou changed. He looked at the black clouds hanging over the Acropolis, then he turned toward Mount Olympus, and raising both his hands, palms upward, he thundered:

“Oh Zeus, All-father! Enough has Athens suffered of late from the Lacedemonians. So spare us the worst. Let not this oily usurper of thy name drag his home-made agent-ikin into our trumpeting temple; or next he will enshrine his hetaera within the circle of Hestia’s virgins!”

My master Zeus-ikin, too, turned his palms, as if to pray. But Tauros pulled down his arms. “Beware,” he whispered in a hoarse and horrible whisper, “lest Zeus, the supreme commander, and I, the quartermaster-general of the Daily Dubs, condemn Zeus-ikin to an oblivion more terrible than exile.”



TAUROS PRAYS TO ZEUS —
NOT TO LET ZEUS-IKIN COP THAT 15%

AND—TRUMPETING TRIUMPHS

This finished Zeus-ikin. He laid both his hands upon the shoulders of Tauros. He said that he had no desire to offend the Daily Dubs; and he solemnly promised not to bust the Trumpeting Trust, nor to do aught else "unethical."

Thereupon Tauros, grinning broadly, picked up his staff. Whistling a few notes from "Onward Attican Soldiers," he tossed the staff into the air and caught it, like a drum-major leading a battalion of trumpeters.

He complained casually about the time he must waste goring troublesome toreadors. Then while turning to leave, he waved his hand back cheerfully, saying:

"Knotall, thy A & P Agency, knowing only amateur arithmetic and plebeian prose, will soon meet a matador. But Tauros is Eternal."

* * *

And I, the transcriber of Knotall's record, recording the sayings by Old Sox and all the other wise-sayings by all those other wise men, can testify:

That this last wise saying by Tauros, sounded like the wisest of them all. For I have searched the archives in vain for any Typhoon of Tooting ever cornered by a Platon or an Aristoteles agency.

But in tracing the Trail of Tauros through 2300 years of traffic in every trade, I find Him

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always Triumphant.—For Truth is his trophy. And Trumpeting is his trump.—Hence, as long as Big Boosting is believed to be back of Big Business, and while Big Business begets the Big Boosting, who dares to declare which of the Big Brothers is the father and which is the son? And where, then, is the truculent Tyro that would try to thrust Tauros off his Throne?

Now and then, here and there, it is true, some trifling toreador or a treacherous trapper tries to make trouble.

But then!—

“Tra-ra-ra, tra-ra-ra,” goes the Trumpet.

And—

“Tramp, tramp, tramp,” comes the March of Man; keeping time to the Trumpet’s tune, keeping step with the Tauros Troop, through eons and eons of Tooting.

* * *

Much of the Tooting may always be necessary; and therefore good and beautiful.

But tell me, does it follow then that Tauros, too, must be Eternal?

THE END of the story.

APPENDIX

*(as added to the second edition; with slight
revisions for the third edition)*

The Emperor's New Clothes

Hans Christian Andersen's fairy story and its relation to Old Sox—Some answer to the writer's critics—Let us meet issues squarely—Honest analysis and careful definition destroy cant and buncombe.

WHEN my parents decided that I had reached the age of independent reading, they held a family conference, and agreed to start me on Hans Andersen's "The Emperor's New Clothes." The story made a profound impression; I read it and re-read it. I pored over it again many times for years thereafter.

When in later boyhood I dreamt of writing many famous books, I thought of re-printing "The Emperor's New Clothes" with every one of my novels, dramas and volumes of essays. I never quite abandoned the idea:—in connection with every unfinished story and treatise I plotted during busy business years, I wondered how in some way I might incorporate Andersen's fairy story.

I should like to have everybody of every nation know this story as we in the Christian world know the Sermon on the Mount. For here is the

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simple tale of a lie boldly planned by dishonest men; then accepted by half-honest followers; finally believed, really believed by the world at large. Later come doubts; first doubts in the minds of a few daring spirits; then of many less bold; finally a dim recognition by all that this lie, built by degrees into a huge structure, is indeed a lie; yet so firmly entrenched and reared so high that we must mold our minds and twist our tongues in order to make that lie seem at least a quasi-truth. Then comes the voice of a child calling out the simple truth; and the seemingly beautiful structure crumbles into its native ugliness.

Thus we have our lies in religion in which we find new words and modernistic "interpretations" to avoid labelling antedeluvian nonsense as nonsense; our lies in politics with the high sounding phrases about democracy, patriotism, devotion to party and what not, all of which we know in our hearts to be cant; our lies about the "family," our lies about "love," dodging honest definitions; and lastly our lies in every branch of industry decorated with various colored plumage where self-interest is smugly garbed in verbiage about cooperation, helpfulness, loyalty.

The industry of trumpeting is by no means the worst among these. I dare say it is probably well above the average, especially in hon-

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est price policies and efforts to render at least some sincere service. In fact, the trumpeting experts of the better type are much more scrupulous than some of their "highest class" clients who believe or profess to believe that their own trumpeting, if artistically mellifluous, should suffer no ethical restriction. For it is in trumpeting, in tooting about their wares, that business men in all lines of industry need most the voice of the child in Andersen's tale. "Old Sox," while exposing the quacks among so-called experts and puncturing by cross examination the honestly-believed "publicity" theories of others, directs his inquiry primarily against the business man who trumpets and only secondarily against the trumpeting expert.

* * *

Permit me to answer briefly in this connection the critics of "Old Sox on Trumpeting," some of whom (particularly the overworked book reviewers) glanced thru the volume hastily, while others, I suspect, deliberately misread it.

FIRST: The treatise is, of course, as one editor said, no book for the Babbitts. While no knowledge of Plato is required (the parody on the master's dialogues being a mere incidental), the ability to read between the lines is essential to an understanding of any philosophical treatise put in narrative or quasi-allegorical form.

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Furthermore, the desire to think independently, unfettered by conventions, and an utterly sincere effort at accurate definition of words and close analysis of abstract reasoning, is demanded of all those who, no matter how feeble both the author's and the reader's efforts may be, would follow the thought-processes of the great Athenian philosopher. Not schooling, but the willingness to think freely, is the basis of an appreciation of Plato.

I was warned again and again regarding my manuscript that "Old Sox on Trumpeting" would prove "above the heads" of business men. But I did not write the book for the Babbitts; I am not interested in their views. In the second edition, I have added some two or three hundred words to clarify passages which were criticized by intelligent readers. But to revise the book by lengthy explanation would, in my judgment, convert it into a bore for those who can, indeed, read between the lines, and for others it would still be a bore.

If "Old Sox on Trumpeting" is to accomplish anything in the direction of forcing analysis of alleged theories and reforming our trumpeting for the benefit of the commonwealth, it can do so only by appealing to the few, the leaders of thought (who are by no means always the so-called leaders of industry), the men who are willing to begin by an utterly independent

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analysis of fundamentals, and who are not afraid to revise the entire substructure of accepted thought wherever it may be found false.

SECOND: The book has been misunderstood as being primarily a burlesque. My answer is that I have no time to write books for entertainment. To the class of readers whom I am really trying to reach, it will appear obvious that the burlesque is used as a dress for the serious and rather abstruse dissertations. The book reviewer who glances at the cartoons and then writes two "sticks," is hardly a "critic."

THIRD: Many regard "Old Sox" as primarily a Phillippic on "bunk" in trumpeting, if not on all trumpeting as such. In this, the book may be somewhat at fault in not bringing out more emphatically suggestions for the right ways to trumpet. But the preface to the first edition (see page 15) narrates the author's quandary: the one thing I know in addition to my basic ignorance is the fact that the fetishes are fetishes. So first we must brush these away. "The beginning of wisdom," said Socrates, "is the knowledge of our ignorance."

Now as for the "Philippics" of "Old Sox":—

Solicitations: — Without claiming that all trumpeting solicitations are in any sense like the one put up by Tauros, there can be no dispute that the opening chapters burlesque actually ex-

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isting and rather prevalent practices. When business men become a bit more "bunk-proof," Tauros will no longer boast that he is eternal. (See pages 356 and 362.)

Plans to bait prospects:—Without asserting that huge "plans" are regularly prepared to lure prospects (see page 272 and following), the fact remains that a large percentage of "accounts" is secured in just that fashion. And why? Because a board of directors, consisting of men who do not stop to analyze, accepts the agency that comes with the most Poetic Piffle and the most artful Art-Full-Ness. Those directors are too busy to look up quiet dignified men who work in their offices, while the go-getters are still-hunting for new clients. Until business men discard this habit of judging experts by the Art-Full "free" plans they submit, there can be no *wide-spread* sincerity.

Pure publicity:—Without denying that mere "publicity" has its value—and here is the main point of the book—is it not futile to maintain in the face of a Socratean analysis that the theories thereon have never been thought out to their logical conclusions? No doubt, Sapolio in early days, more lately Wrigley and others, have made huge successes traceable in large part to the mere trumpeting of the name. But how many sales for each toot? And what has Sapo-

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lio's experience proven except for Sapolio, and Wrigley's for Wrigley?

Pure Piffle:—In connection with the theories of publicity, comes all the piffle about connotation in copy, atmosphere, classiness, and other fol-de-rol. Once coolly analyzed, this "stuff," to my mind, crumbles like the tailor's blatant talk at the end of Andersen's fairy tale. The pure-publicity methods, perhaps, let us say presumably, correct, when applied to certain kinds of merchandise, are utterly misapplied in hundreds, yes thousands of other cases.

Mixed Publicity:—And even where "action" or "reason-why" copy is substituted for pure publicity, practically always there comes that snout of the thing called "classy" or "artistic," something to *mitigate* the effect of a brassy toot on a brassy instrument. (See page 289). A something borrowed from conventional thinking about connotative publicity; a something without rhyme or reason back of it, to becloud a simple selling message. Instead of tooting to have the hearers *do* things, namely to buy or at least to inquire, these thousand of refrigerators; washing machines, automobiles, tooth pastes (the latter with one notable exception) are tooted to create an "effect". — In other cases while action, such as a call on a dealer or the mailing of a coupon, is the ostensible objective,

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nevertheless, just a little of the "classy" effect must be sought *at any cost!* And—as long as those who pay for such trumpeting make no real effort to *trace and to check* comparative results, who shall dispute the effect of "atmosphere," who shall say the expert nay?

"Economic waste":—Thus we know *not* what a whirlpool of "economic waste" or rather "all around waste" the tornadoes of tooting may or may not be causing. Consequently some of those who pay for the trumpeting are becoming like Helen. (See the comments of "Old Sox" on page 172). They have discovered that they know not whether it pays; therefore they "know" it doesn't pay.

A plea in favor of sensible tooting:—The book is directed as much against the Helens, the blind enemies of trumpeting, as it is against the Tauroses and the Zeus-ikins. It is an attack, yes—on the bunk antics of the experts and also on the undigested superficialities of trumpeting theories. But it is likewise a constructive effort to help the trumpeters to a more solid footing. The constructive suggestions I have condensed into two brief talks by Aristoteles (*Chapters 16 and 21*). The boy understands only simple, Platonic prose and amateur arithmetic; "counting noses is all he knows." If amateur arithmetic were thus suddenly applied to all trumpeting campaigns, many a brass in-

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strument would probably be muted at once; but others would toot all the more frequently. The counting of noses is, in my opinion, essential for the business man and needful for the good of the commonwealth.

Socrates and the commonwealth:—That last, the good of the commonwealth, was the first concern of "Old Sox" when he entered in Chapter VI; I am morally certain that if Socrates were to return to us today and should be consulted on trumpeting, his first questions would be somewhat like those of Chapter VI. Then when convinced of the underlying truths of Tauros' somewhat "bunky," yet fundamentally genuine, panegyrics of trumpeting, he, Socrates, would have stayed on for days and days to help Zeus-ikin find the right ways to toot—and this for the sake of the commonwealth.

* * *

Now let us turn to Andersen's tale: "The Emperor's New Clothes."

Andersen's Fairy Tale

MANY years ago there lived an emperor who was so enormously fond of nice new clothes that he spent all his money trying to look really dressed up. He didn't care for his soldiers, didn't care for the theater, didn't care for driving in the park except for the chance to show off his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day, and just as people say about a king, "He is in council," so here they always said, "The emperor is in the wardrobe."

The big city where he lived was a very gay place. Crowds of visitors came every day, and one day two swindlers came. They pretended they were weavers and said they knew how to weave the most gorgeous cloth you could imagine. Not only were their colors and patterns, they said, remarkably beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff had the strange property that they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or who was stupider than the law allowed.

"Those would be nice clothes!" thought the emperor. "If I wore them, I could find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could tell the clever from the stupid."

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Yes, that cloth must be woven for me at once!"

And he gave the swindlers a lot of money in advance to make them begin work.

And they did put up two looms, and pretended to be working but they had nothing at all on their looms. They kept on demanding the finest silk and the costliest gold; this they put into their own pockets, and worked at the empty looms till late into the night.

"Now I should really like to know how far they have got on with the stuff," thought the emperor. But he actually had a queer sensation in his heart when he thought that whoever was stupid or no good in his office couldn't see it. He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but he wanted to send some one else first to see how matters stood. All the people in the whole city knew what peculiar power the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old cabinet minister to the weavers," thought the emperor. "He can tell best what the stuff looks like, because he's a sensible man and nobody is better in his office than he is."

So the decent old minister went into the hall where the two swindlers sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old minister, and

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he opened his eyes wide. "I can't see anything at all!" But he didn't say that.

Both the swindlers begged him to be kind enough to come nearer, and asked if he didn't think that was a lovely pattern and beautiful colors. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister went on opening his eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Dear me!" he thought, "could it be that I am stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office?—No, it will never do for me to tell that I couldn't see the stuff."

"Well, haven't you anything to say about it?" said one of the weavers.

"Oh, it is charming—perfectly darling!" said the old minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we're very glad," said both the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange pattern. The old minister listened carefully, so that he could repeat it when he went back to the emperor. And so he did.

Now the swindlers asked for more money, and more silk and gold, which they said they wanted for weaving. They put everything into

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their own pockets, and not a thread was put on the loom; but they kept on working at the empty frames as before.

The emperor soon sent another simple official to see how the weaving was going on, and if the stuff would soon be ready. He had no better luck than the first: he looked and looked, but, as there was nothing to be seen but the empty looms, he could see nothing.

"Yes, isn't this a fine piece of stuff?" asked the two swindlers; and they pointed out and explained the handsome pattern which wasn't there at all.

"I know I am not stupid!"—thought the man—"It must be my good office, for which I am not fit. That's very queer, but I mustn't let anybody notice it." And so he praised the stuff he didn't see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and the charming pattern. "Yes, it is perfectly darling," he said to the emperor.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The emperor now wanted to see it himself while it was still on the loom. With a whole crowd of chosen men, among whom were also the decent old officials who had already been there, he went to the two cunning swindlers, who were now weaving with might and main without fiber or thread.

"Isn't it magnifique?" said both the good offi-

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cials, who had already been there once. "Will your majesty see what a pretty pattern, what colors?" And then they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could probably see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the emperor. "I can see nothing at all! That is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I unfit to be emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me.—Oh, it is *very* pretty!" he said aloud. "It has our exalted approbation." And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he wouldn't say that he couldn't see anything. His whole retinue looked and looked, and saw nothing, any more than the rest; but, like the emperor, they said, "That is pretty!" and counseled him to wear these splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession soon to take place. "It is magnifique, delicious, excellent!" went from mouth to mouth, and they were all marvelously pleased. The emperor gave each of the swindlers a cross to hang at his buttonhole and the title of Knight of the Loom.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place the swindlers were up, and had more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see that they were hard at work, finishing the emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the stuff

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down from the loom; they made cuts in the air with big scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said, "Now the clothes are ready!"

The emperor came himself with his noblest cavaliers; and the two swindlers lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said, "See, here are the trousers; here is the coat; here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web; one would think one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said all the cavaliers; but they couldn't see anything, for nothing was there.

"Does your imperial majesty please to condescend to undress?" said the swindlers, "then we will put the new clothes on you here in front of the large mirror."

The emperor took off his clothes, and the swindlers pretended to put on him each of the new garments, and they took him around the waist, and seemed to fasten on something; that was the train; and the emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"Oh, how well they look! How wonderfully they fit!" everybody said. "What a pattern! What colors! That *is* a splendid dress!"

"They are standing outside with the canopy which is to be borne above your majesty in the procession!" announced the head master of the ceremonies.

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"Well, I'm ready, of course," said the emperor. "Don't they fit me well?" And then he turned around again in front of the mirror because he wanted it to seem as if he were giving his fine clothes a good look.

The chamberlains, who were to carry the train, groped with their hands on the floor, just as if they were picking up the mantle; then they pretended to be holding something up in the air. They didn't dare to let anybody guess that they couldn't see anything.

So the emperor went in procession under the rich canopy, and every one in the streets said, "Heavens! how matchless the emperor's new clothes are! What a lovely train his mantle has! What a miraculous fit!" No one would let it be known that he couldn't see anything, but that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. Not any of the emperor's clothes had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on!" a little child cried out at last.

"Dear me, listen to what the innocent says," said the father and the people whispered to each other what the child had said.

"He has nothing on; a little child says that he has nothing on!"

"But he has nothing on!" everybody shouted at last. And the emperor shivered, for it seemed

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to him that they were right; but he thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession." And so he carried himself still more proudly, and the chamberlains walked along holding the train which wasn't there at all.

THE END

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